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THE LOUNGER.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS 1785 and 1786.

By the AUTHORS of the MIRROR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE same reasons which, during the publication of the MIRROR, made the Authors anxious to be concealed, and which are hinted in the last paper of that work, made them equally solicitous to be unknown during the publication of the LOUNGER. For this reason, during the time of this last publication, the circumstance of the Authors of these two works being the same, was endeavoured to be concealed from the Public, and several papers were industriously written on the contrary supposition. At the close of the publication, the reasons for that concealment ceased; and therefore, in the concluding Number of the LOUNGER it is admitted, and in this edition announced, to be *by the Authors of the* MIRROR.

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THE

THE

LOUNGER.

N° 1. SATURDAY, *February* 5, 1785.

J'y goûte avec plaiſir
Les charmes peu connus d'un innocent Loiſir :
Toujours occupé ſans avoir rien à faire.

DESTOUCHES.

NOTHING is perhaps ſo difficult as to find out buſineſs proper for the idle : and, though it may appear paradoxical, yet I believe none have ſo much need of it as they. The man who is profeſſionally employed, in whatever department, goes on in the track which habit has marked out for him, at peace with his own thoughts and the world ; but he whom every paſſing moment reproaches with doing nothing, muſt often fly for relief to very uſeleſs or very unworthy occupations. He will often be diſſipated without amuſement, and in-

temperate without pleaſure, merely becauſe diſſipation is preferable to vacancy, and intemperance to liſtleſſneſs.

There is however a kind of men, whom accident has thrown out of the buſineſs of life, and whom temperament, if not virtue, keeps out of the diſſipation of it, who hold a ſtation of leſs deſtructive and more dignified indolence, whom the company of their own thoughts renders independent of vulgar ſociety, and the vigour and variety of whoſe imagination free from the neceſſity of reſorting to frivolous or cenſurable amuſements. Among the firſt ſort, the tranſition is eaſy from the yawn of inanity to the roar of riot and intemperance; but perſons of the latter deſcription, idle in conduct, but of active minds, as they ſeldom experience the uneaſineſs of the one, ſeldom incur the blame of the other.

As far as the freedom from diſſipation extends, the writer of the preſent Paper thinks he may lay claim to the laſt of thoſe characters. It were needleſs, and indeed improper, to trouble his readers with the hiſtory of thoſe incidents in his life which have thrown him out of the number of the profeſſionally buſy; ſome untoward circumſtances in point of fortune, and ſome feelings, perhaps blameable from their nicety, drew him, at an early period of life, out from

from among the buſtle of mankind; but without the miſanthropy that ariſes from diſguſt, or the deſpondency that is ſometimes the conſequence of diſappointment.

Thoſe incidents, however, did not abridge, but perhaps rather increaſed, the extent of his ſociety. Within the pale of a particular profeſſion, a man's companions and aſſociates are chiefly limited to ſome particular claſs with which that profeſſion is connected. But he who is an idler without unſocial diſpoſitions, finds occaſional companions in all characters and profeſſions, who are neither eſtranged from him by the jealouſy of rivalſhip, nor kept at a diſtance by the oppoſite nature of their purſuits and occupations.

The buſy, it muſt be owned, are apt to treat ſuch a man with more kindneſs than deference. This it was not long before I experienced: but, of a temper not eaſily offended, I only ſmiled at perceiving it; and it rather ſoothed my indolence, than provoked my ſpleen, when I found that I had acquired a denomination more innocent than reſpectable. I was called a *Lounger* by all my acquaintance, and much the greater part of my friends agreed to the appellation. If at any time I felt the undigniſied ſound of the name, yet I took credit with myſelf, on the other hand, for not deſerving it. It flattered a ſecret

pride to be somewhat more than the world thought me.

Of generic names, indeed, people are not always very scrupulous in the application, and therefore I could easily pardon those who ranked me under the class of men which the title of *Lounger* distinguishes. He whose walks are pointed neither to the resorts of the merchant, the lawyer, the soldier, or the churchman, it may fairly be supposed, has no motive for them at all; and the first of any of those professions who crosses him in his way, will accuse him of being a *Lounger*. He will still more seem to deserve that name, if he frequents their places of meeting without having any business congenial to those places.

The same superiority will be assumed by the professedly idle as by the professionally busy. In the haunts of amusement and of pleasure, the man who does not warmly worship the deity of the place, will be accounted a supernumerary by his votaries. At balls and card-parties I have as frequently heard myself called a *Lounger*, as on Change or in Courts of Law.

Abroad, for I was prevailed on by a friend to accompany him for some time on his travels, I was not just called a *Lounger*, the French and Italian languages not possessing an exactly synonymous term, and those which approach nearest

to

to it not being reſpectful enough to be applied to a ſtranger. Both nations indeed are idle with ſo much activity, and contrive to do nothing, and to ſay nothing, with ſo much intereſt in their looks, and ſo much movement in their geſtures, that it is no wonder the word ſhould not find a place in their vocabulary: but they too marked ſome traces of my character; though, as is their cuſtom, they tacked a compliment to their draught of it. "Monſieur," ſaid the Abbé ——, at a petit ſouper of Madame de V——'s, at Paris, "Monſieur eſt quelquefois "*Rêveur*, mais toujours intéreſſant, toujours "aimable!"

On all thoſe occaſions, however, I was not quite ſo idle as thoſe around me imagined. Like Alfred in the Daniſh camp, I harped for them, but obſerved for myſelf; and like him too, enjoyed my obſervation the more that it was ſecret and unſuſpected. If this reſemblance ſhould convey ſome idea of treachery, of advantage over thoſe with whom I aſſociated, let it be known, at leaſt, that in the uſe of it I was perfectly inoffenſive. The *Lounger* is one of the beſt-natured characters in the world, even in the ſenſe which I allow the term to apply to myſelf. 'Tis the player who frets, and ſcolds, and is angry: the looker-on ſees more errors in the play; but he applies them only to the theory of

the game, and thinks but little of the party who commits them.

As a *Lounger*, I had from my earlieſt age been fond of books, and ſometimes ventured to write when I was tired of reading. A *Lounger* of the ſort I could wiſh to be thought, is one who, even amidſt a certain intercourſe with mankind, preſerves a conſtant intimacy with himſelf; it is not therefore to be wondered at, if he ſhould ſometimes, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, correſpond with himſelf, and write down, if he can write at all, what he wiſhes this favourite companion more particularly to remark. Exactly of this ſort are the notes and memorandums I have ſometimes been tempted to make: tranſcripts of what I have felt or thought, or little records of what I have heard or read, ſet down without any other arrangement than what the diſpoſition of the time might prompt. Theſe little papers formed a kind of new ſociety, which I could command at any time, without ſtirring from my fire-ſide. It was, of all ſorts of company, the moſt fitted for a *Lounger*; company in which he could be unaccommodating without offence, and inattentive without incivility.

The idea of giving thoſe trifles to the world in the form of periodical eſſays, is an effort beyond the uſual force of my character. Unknown, however, as a Man, and new as an Author,

Author, the *Lounger* risks but little either in censure or in praise. There is a censure, indeed, and a suffrage, which no man can escape, to which one of his disposition is peculiarly liable, I mean that of his own mind. He trusts his publication will be such as to risk nothing on this ground; it is the only promise which he will venture on its behalf. It may be gay without wit, and grave without depth, when its author is disposed to gaiety or to thought: but while it endeavours to afford some little amusement by the one, or some little instruction by the other, it will at least be harmless in both.

Z

N° 2. SATURDAY, *February* 12, 1785.

THE precepts of the Moraliſt and Philoſopher are generally directed to guide their diſciples in the great and important concerns of life, to incite to the practice of cardinal virtues, and to deter from the commiſſion of enormous crimes: The advices of Wiſdom and Experience point out the road to ſucceſs and to honour in ſtations of public conſequence, or in nice and important circumſtances of private duty.

In the earlier periods of ſociety, a very ſimple code of morality and of rectitude was all that was neceſſary. To controul the violence of the ſtronger paſſions, to preſcribe the rules of diſtributive juſtice, and to inculcate the duties of active humanity, was the proper and eſſential province of the inſtructor, as well as of the legiſlator. At firſt, indeed, theſe two characters would be nearly the ſame; legiſlation embracing all that was required of morality, and morality having no range beyond that of the laws. And even when man advanced to a certain point, where the doctrine of morals went beyond the legal rules of conduct; yet that would contain incentives to the exertion only of principal and leading virtues, in certain modes and

and ſituations, which the law could not foreſee, and for which it could not provide.

In a ſtate of ſociety ſo advanced as ours (for it is needleſs to trouble my reader with the intermediate gradations), every one will ſee the neceſſity of a nicer and more refined ſyſtem of morality. The family of the ſocial virtues, like the genealogical tree of an extenſive anceſtry, ſpreads with the advancing cultivation of mankind, till it is branched out into a numerous liſt of collateral duties, many of which it needs an acute diſcernment to trace up to their ſource; and ſome acknowledge their connection, without being able to unravel their pedigree.

The ſtudy of thoſe leſſer branches of duty and of excellence is called the ſcience of *Manners*; but our language has no word to diſtinguiſh the teacher of it. As *Moraliſt* is applied to the teacher of the more important obligations, ſo *Manneriſt* ſhould have been the denomination of him who inculcates the leſſer, had not that word been already appropriated to a very different meaning.

But however the profeſſors of the art may be diſtinguiſhed, its importance will not be denied. It is ſeldom that in more eſſential points of duty men of a certain claſs are deficient. In moſt particulars, the obligations of morality are aided by the ties of honour, and the fear of puniſhment

enforced by the dread of ſhame. But in the ſmaller offices of ſocial life, men may be wanting in their duty, without incurring either puniſhment or obloquy. The decalogue (if the phraſe may be allowed) of manners, the laws of civility, of gentleneſs, of taſte, and of feeling, are not preciſely ſet down, and cannot eaſily be puniſhed in the breach, or rewarded in the obſervance: And yet their obſervance forms, amidſt the refinement of modern ſociety, an important part of our own happineſs, and of that regard we owe to the happineſs of others. To practiſe them is ſomewhat difficult; to teach them is ſtill more ſo: Yet 'tis an art which, though difficult, does not always obtain the honours of difficulty. The pictures which it exhibits muſt be drawn in thoſe middle tints which it requires a nice pencil to hit; and yet when attained they acquire but a ſmall portion of that applauſe which ſtronger colouring and deeper ſhades are calculated to procure. It is not eaſy to define that right which our neighbour poſſeſſes to general complacency, or to little attentions; nor to mark with preciſion that injury we do, thoſe wounds we inflict, by a contrary behaviour; and yet the favour in the firſt, and the wrong in the latter caſe, is often as ſtrongly felt as in the ſerious exertions of kindneſs or malevolence. I have known a friend acquired

for life by a trifling civility in a crowded theatre; and a lasting enmity created by a boisterous laugh, or a mutilated bow.

Amidst weighty business indeed, and momentous concerns, such things do not easily find place. But the number of those who are within their reach more than compensates for the consequence of the few who are beyond it. 'Tis but a very small proportion of men who can move in the sphere of government or of greatness; but scarce any body is exempted from performing a part in the relations of ordinary life. Even of the first class, the reward they hope for their labours consists often in the opportunity of coming down with advantage to the region of the latter; like the hero of a pageant, who looks forward to the hour when he shall undo his trappings, and enjoy, in his plain apparel, the tale of the day at his family fire-side.

A periodical paper, though it may sometimes lift its voice against a neglect of the greater moralities, yet has for its peculiar province the correction and reform of any breach of the lesser. For that purpose it is perhaps better calculated than more laboured and more extended compositions, from its diurnal or weekly appearance. The greater virtues are always the same; but many of the lesser duties of social intercourse receive much of their complexion from the daily

fluctuating circumstances of custom and of fashion. But the creed of Custom is not always that of Right; and it is the privilege of such a work, as well as one of its chief uses, to attack the entrenchments of Fashion, whenever she is at war with Modesty or Virtue.

Of this study of Manners, the *Lounger* had early discovered the use and the necessity. He who seldom quits the walk of a particular science or occupation, has a determined object in his view, the pursuit of which leaves little time for scattering attentions around him, and always affords some apology for the neglect of them. But for such neglect, the man of no profession cannot so easily be excused, who has neither the hurry of business to occupy his time, nor its embarrassments to distract his thought. It is not, however, by the etiquette of a court, or the ceremonial of a drawing room, that this virtue is to be regulated. Genuine excellence here, as every where else, springs from nature, and is to be cultivated only, not created, by artificial instruction. There is more complacency in the negligence of some men, than in what is called the good breeding of others; and the little absences of the heart are often more interesting and engaging than the punctilious attention of a thousand professed sacrificers to the *Graces*.

Idleness,

Idleneſs, or that ſpecies of little occupations which is attached to no particular buſineſs or profeſſion, is a ſtate more difficult to ſupport than is generally imagined. Even the perfect idler, like ſome other harmleſs and inſignificant animals whom naturaliſts are acquainted with, though he can live on air, cannot ſubſiſt *in vacuo:* And the Idler of a higher ſort needs perhaps more ideas, more ſtore of mind about him, than would go to the furniſhing of twenty brains of mere plodding men of buſineſs.

The *Lounger* feels for the family of the idle in all its branches, however diſtant their relation to that of which he owns himſelf deſcended. To them, therefore, his lucubrations will in a particular manner be adapted. To thoſe in whom the want of active employment has not relaxed the power of thought, they may afford ſome opportunity for ſpeculation; and even to that prodigal of mind as well as time, who has forgotten how to think, the few moments required for the peruſal of them, will be at leaſt a ſmall portion of life harmleſsly ſpent, and, it may be, ſaved from leſs innocent employments.

N° 3. SATURDAY, *February* 19, 1785.

Quid refert quantum habeas? multo illud plus est quod non habes. SEN.

IT is an old and a common obſervation, that men are more deſirous to be thought to poſſeſs talents and qualities to which in truth they have no pretenſions, than thoſe in which they excel in an eminent degree. Of this, *Cicero* was in ancient times a remarkable example; and the obſervation of every one muſt have furniſhed inſtances as ſtriking in our own days. We ſee grave and profound ſtateſmen wiſhing to paſs for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen valuing themſelves upon their knowledge of things of which they are moſt ignorant. If you wiſh to compliment the gay, the elegant *Lothario*, you muſt not mention his taſte in dreſs, his fine figure, or the lively elegance of his converſation: You muſt dwell upon his knowledge of the intereſts of the different ſtates of Europe, his extenſive political information, and his talents for buſineſs. *Camillus* is a barriſter of the firſt eminence, poſſeſſed of great knowledge in his profeſſion, an acute reaſoner, and a powerful pleader. In external appearance nature has been leſs bountiful to Camillus: His figure is mean

mean and ungraceful; and from his air and manner a ſtranger would be apt to take him for any thing rather than a gentleman. With all this, *Camillus* fancies that there is an uncommon degree of elegance in his form, and cannot conceal his ambition to be conſidered as a man of faſhion.

But the moſt amuſing inſtance of this ſort I have met with was that of the late Duke of ——. His Grace was undoubtedly poſſeſſed of ſound judgment, a cultivated underſtanding, a greater portion of knowledge than uſually falls to the ſhare of thoſe of his rank; and though not perhaps calculated to make a brilliant figure in the ſenate, his talents were admirably adapted for buſineſs, and muſt in any age have intitled their poſſeſſor to reſpect and conſideration. Amidſt his other ſtudies, the Duke had happened to look into ſome books of phyſic; from that moment he commenced a moſt ſkilful phyſician, and, compared to himſelf, conſidered the whole faculty as a ſet of ignorant blunderers. An artful courtier, well acquainted with this whimſey of his Grace's, contrived to let it be known, that he was affected with a particular diſorder, in the cure of which the Duke thought himſelf more than commonly expert. He kindly offered his aſſiſtance, which was received with becoming gratitude; and from

from time to time he was acquainted with the progreſs of the cure, and the effects of the medicine ſuppoſed to have been adminiſtered in conſequence of his preſcriptions. At the end of ſix weeks, the wily patient had to thank his noble phyſician, both for a complete cure, and a conſiderable employment which he had long in vain ſolicited.

Among the other ſex, though, from their ſituation, and the narrower circle of their acquirements, this weakneſs has leſs room to diſplay itſelf, yet it is not unfrequently to be found. *Elizabeth* might be quoted as a counterpart to *Cicero*, were it not that the claim to beauty is ſo natural to a woman, that we do not wonder when we find even a Queen not ſuperior to that pretenſion. But there are, in our own times, ladies who forget the certain empire of their beauty, and aſpire to the doubtful reputation of knowledge. *Mirtilla* has of late turned her fine eyes from terreſtrial objects to the ſtudy of aſtronomy; and you cannot flatter her ſo much as by aſking her opinion of the laſt new meteor, or the *Georgium Sidus*. And *Euanthe*, ſince ſhe read *Reaumur*, has left her ſociety of beaux for a curious collection of butterflies.

But while people are thus ambitious of being thought to poſſeſs talents and qualities to which they have no pretenſion, it does not thence fol-

low, that they eſtimate at too low a rate thoſe attainments in which they are allowed to excel. In judging at leaſt of thoſe around us, we are, I am afraid, too apt to undervalue ſuch as may be deficient in any particular in which we have acquired eminence, however reſpectable ſuch perſons may otherwiſe be. The man of letters looks down with a conſcious ſuperiority on the man of buſineſs engaged in the ordinary affairs of life: The men of the world, on the other hand, feeling the importance of their own occupations, conſider the purſuits of literature as at beſt but a finer ſpecies of diſſipation, a mere paſtime, leading to no end, and attended with no conſequence.

This ſort of mutual contempt is viſible in every rank and condition of life; and even the beſt, the moſt moderate, and the moſt cultivated minds, are not, perhaps, altogether exempted from it. Mr. *Hume*, in his Hiſtory of England, expreſſes himſelf in the following terms: "Such a ſuperiority do the purſuits of "literature poſſeſs above every other occupa- "tion, that even he who attains but a media- "crity in them, merits the pre-eminence above "thoſe that excel the moſt in the common and "vulgar profeſſions." It is not my object at preſent to inquire how far this opinion be well or ill founded: Allowing it to be juſt, what

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muſt Mr. Hume's ſtation be in the ſcale of excellence? That queſtion, I am perſuaded, his gentle modeſty hardly permitted him to conſider. It is well known that Mr. Hume, a few years before his death, received a penſion of 200*l.* a year. It might have been amuſing at the time, to conſider the oppoſite ideas entertained by the givers and the receiver of that penſion. In the pride of preſent power, and amidſt the ſelf-importance foſtered by perpetual adulation, the miniſter and his minions might view with a certain degree of contempt a man on whom they were beſtowing ſo paltry a recompence: On the other hand, the author, while receiving this mark of favour, and expreſſing his gratitude for it, might not be able to check the riſing thought, that his name would live for ever, ranked with thoſe whoſe envied lot it had been, to inform, to enlighten, to delight mankind; while his patrons, diſtinguiſhed only by rank or ſtation, were buried in oblivion with the common herd of kings, miniſters, and ſtateſmen, whoſe names poſterity reads with the moſt perfect indifference, of whom little more is commonly known, than that they lived and died at ſuch and ſuch a period. Of this idea Mr. Hume himſelf gives a fine illuſtration. Talking of the little regard paid to *Milton* when alive, "*Whitlocke*," ſays he, "men-

" mentions *one* Milton, as he calls him, a blind " man, who was employed in tranſlating a " treaty with Sweden into Latin. Theſe forms " of expreſſion are amuſing to us, who conſider " how obſcure Whitlocke himſelf, though Lord " Keeper and Ambaſſador, and indeed a man " of great abilities and merit, has become in " compariſon of Milton."

When Lord Keeper Whitlocke expreſſed himſelf in thoſe terms, he muſt have felt a conſcious ſuperiority over *one Milton*, employed to tranſlate the Swediſh treaty into Latin. But if we may gueſs at what paſſed in the mind of Milton while employed in that humble ſervice, it is not improbable, that if ever he was led to eſtimate his own merit in compariſon with that of Whitlocke, a juſt ſenſe of his own ſuperior excellence might teach him, that, though conſtrained by ſituation to ſubmit to a drudgery ſo unworthy of him, yet ſtill he was by nature intitled to a place in the Temple of Fame far above his employer; and he might perhaps enjoy, by a ſort of anticipation, that ample juſtice which poſterity has done him. Such examples may convey a uſeful leſſon to the great, may teach them to ſmooth ſomewhat of their " creſt- " ed pride," and to treat with more obſervance and regard, than they are often diſpoſed to do,

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men equal to them by nature, perhaps ſuperior in Nature's beſt and choiceſt gifts.

Of the laſt ſpecies of weakneſs taken notice of in this paper, the credit we take for the talents we poſſeſs, the reaſon ſeems obvious enough, that partiality to ourſelves, and our own poſſeſſions, which runs through every circumſtance of life. Of the firſt, our deſire to be remarked for talents to which we have no proper claim, the reaſon may, I think, be drawn from the period of life at which it commonly takes its riſe. Our real endowments were ours, or began to be attained, at an early age, when we were but little liable to the impreſſions of vanity or ſelf-conceit; but the new and imperfect acquirements on which men are apt very abſurdly to plume themſelves, begin after the habit of vanity is formed, which appropriates to itſelf every acquiſition, however trifling, which its poſſeſſor may happen to make.

But whatever may be the cauſe of ſuch weakneſſes, no doubt will be entertained of their exiſtence. It will readily be acknowledged, that men are apt to fall into thoſe two oppoſite and ſeemingly contradictory extremes, when they think of themſelves and of others. On one hand, the childiſh vanity of new acquirements leads us to overlook thoſe talents which in rea-

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lity we poſſeſs, and to value ourſelves on thoſe to which we have little or no pretenſion; yet when we come to form a judgment of our own merit, in compariſon with that of our neighbours, we are apt to deſpiſe every perſon who is deficient in any one particular in which we excel. We ought, however, to recollect, that to aim at univerſal excellence is a vain and fruitleſs attempt, which ſeldom fails to expoſe even men of the moſt ſuperior talents to deſerved ridicule: And, if this be allowed, it muſt follow, that it is no leſs unjuſt than ungenerous, to deſpiſe others for the want of a particular quality or accompliſhment which we may happen to poſſeſs; becauſe it is extremely probable that we may be equally deficient in ſome article, perhaps more important and more uſeful to mankind, in which they have attained a high degree of excellence.

N° 4. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1785.

Laudator temporis acti. JUVENAL.

"GET thee a place, for I muſt be idle," ſays *Hamlet* to *Horatio* at the play. It is often ſo with me at public places: I am more employed in attending to the ſpectators than to the entertainment; a practice which, in the preſent ſtate of ſome of our entertainments, I frequently find very convenient. In me, however, it is an indolent, quiet ſort of indulgence, which, if it affords ſome amuſement to myſelf, does not diſturb that of any other body.

At an aſſembly at which I happened to be preſent a few nights ago, my notice was peculiarly attracted by a gentleman with what is called a freſh look for his age, dreſſed in a claret-coloured coat, with gold buttons, of a cut not altogether modern, an embroidered waiſtcoat with very large flaps, a major wig, long ruffles nicely plaited (that looked however as if the faſhion had come to them rather than that they had been made for the faſhion); his white ſilk ſtockings ornamented with figured clocks, and his ſhoes with high inſteps, buckled with ſmall round

round gold buckles. His ſword, with a ſilver hilt ſomewhat tarniſhed, I might have thought only an article of his dreſs, had not a cockade in his hat marked him for a military man. It was ſome time before I was able to find out who he was, till at laſt my friend Mr. S—— informed me he was a very worthy relation of his, who had not been in town above twice theſe forty years; that an accidental piece of buſineſs had lately brought him from his houſe in the country, and he had been prevailed on to look on the ladies of Edinburgh at two or three public places before he went home again, that he might ſee whether they were as handſome as their mothers and grandmothers, whom he had danced with at balls, and ſquired to plays and concerts, near half a century ago. "He was," continued my friend, "a profeſſed admirer and "votary of the ſex; and, when he was a young "man, fought three duels for the honour of "the ladies, in one of which he was run "through the body, but luckily eſcaped with "his life. The lady, however, for whom he "fought, did not reward her knight as ſhe "ought to have done, but ſoon after married "another man with a larger fortune; upon "which he forſwore ſociety in a great meaſure, "and though he continued for ſeveral years to "do his duty in the army, and actually roſe to

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" the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, mixed but " little in the world, and has for a long ſpace of " time reſided at his eſtate a determined bache- " lor, with ſomewhat of miſanthropy, and a " great deal of good nature about him. If you " pleaſe I will introduce you to him;—Colonel " Cauſtic, this is a very particular friend of " mine, who ſolicits the honour of being known " to you."——The Colonel kiſſed me on both cheeks; and ſeeming to take a liking to my face, we appeared mutually diſpoſed to be very ſoon acquainted.

Our converſation naturally began on the aſ- ſembly, which I obſerved to be a full one. " Why yes," ſaid the Colonel, " here is crowd " enough, and to ſpare; and yet your ladies " ſeem to have been at a loſs for partners. I " ſuppoſe the greateſt part of the men, or ra- " ther boys, whom I ſee now ſtanding up to " dance, have been brought in to make up a " ſet, as people in the country ſometimes fill " up the places in a dance with chairs, to help " them to go through the figure. But as I " came too late for the minuets, I preſume the " dreſſed gentlemen walked up ſtairs after they " were ended."—" Why, Sir, there are now- " a-days no minuets."—" No minuets!"— (looking for a while at the company on the floor;)—" I don't wonder at it."—" Why, " perhaps,

" perhaps, Colonel," ſaid I, " theſe young " gentlemen have not quite an aſpect ſerious " enough for the *pas grave;* and yet yonder is " one ſtanding with his back to the fire."—" Why, yes, there is ſomething of gravity, " of almoſt melancholy, on his face."—" Yes, " *melancholy and gentleman-like,*" ſaid I, " as " *Maſter Stephen* in the play has it."—" Why, " that young man, Sir,—now that I have ob- " ſerved him cloſer,—with that roll of handker- " chief about his neck, his ſquare-cut ſtriped " veſt, his large metal buttons, and nankeen " breeches,—Why, Sir, 'tis a ſtable-boy out of " place!"

" Pray, who are thoſe gentlemen," ſaid Colonel Cauſtic, " who have ranged themſelves " in a ſort of phalanx at the other end of the " room, and ſeem, like the devil in Milton, to " carry ſtern defiance on their brow?"—" I " have not the honour of their acquaintance," I replied; " but ſome of them, I preſume, " from the cockades in their hats"—" You do " not ſay ſo," interrupted the Colonel. " Is " that the military air of the preſent day? But " you muſt be miſtaken; they cannot be real " ſoldiers: Militia, or train-band ſubalterns, " believe me, who, having neither ſeen ſervice " nor good company, contrive to look fierce, " in order to avoid looking ſheepiſh. I re-

" member indeed of old, some of our *boys* used " to put on that fierce air in coffee-houses and " taverns; but they could never dream of wear- " ing it before the ladies."—" I think, how- " ever," said Mr. S—— smiling, " the ladies " don't seem much afraid of them."—" Why, " your ladies," answered the Colonel, " to say " truth, have learned to look people in the " face. During the little while I have been in " town, I have met with some in my walks, in " great-coats, riding hats, and rattans, whom " I could not shew an eye to: But I am newly " come from the country; I shall keep a better " countenance by-and-by."

At that moment a lady and her party, for whose appearance the dancers were waiting, were just entering the room, and seemed in a great hurry to get forward. Their progress, however, was a good deal impeded by a tall stout young man, who had taken his station just at the threshold, and leaning his back against one of the door-posts, with his right foot placed firm on the end of a bench, was picking his teeth with a perfect *nonchalance* to every thing around him. I saw the Colonel fasten a very angry look on him, and move his hand with a sort of involuntary motion towards my cane. The ladies had now got through the defile, and we stood back to make way for them.

" Was

"Was there ever ſuch a brute?" ſaid Colonel Cauſtic. The young gentleman ſtalked up to the place where we were ſtanding, put up his glaſs to his eye, looked hard at the Colonel, and then—put it down again. The Colonel took ſnuff.

"Our ſex," ſaid I, "Colonel, is not per-
"haps improved in its public appearance; but
"I think you will own the other is not leſs
"beautiful than it was." He caſt his eye round for a few minutes before he anſwered me.
"Why, yes," ſaid he, "Sir, here are many
"pretty, very pretty girls. That young lady
"in blue is a very *pretty girl*. I remember her
"grandmother at the ſame age; ſhe was a *fine*
"*woman*."—"But the one next her, with the
"fanciful cap, and the *panache* of red and
"white feathers, with that elegant form, that
"ſtriking figure, is not ſhe a fine woman?"—
"Why, no, Sir, not quite a fine woman; not
"quite ſuch a woman as a *man*," (raiſing his cheſt as he pronounced the word *man*, and preſſing the points of his three unemployed fingers gently on his boſom,) "as a man would be
"proud to ſtake his life for."

"But in ſhort, Sir," continued he,—"I
"ſpeak to you becauſe you look like one that
"can underſtand me.—There is nothing about
"a woman's perſon merely (were ſhe formed

" like the *Venus de Medicis*), that can conſtitute " a *fine woman*. There is ſomething in the " look, the manner, the voice, and ſtill more " the ſilence, of ſuch a one as I mean, that has " no connection with any thing material; at " leaſt no more than juſt to make one think " ſuch a ſoul is lodged as it deſerves.—In ſhort, " Sir, a fine woman,—I could have ſhewn you " ſome examples formerly.—I mean, however, " no diſparagement to the young ladies here; " none, upon my honour; they are as well " made, and if not better dreſſed, at leaſt more " dreſſed than their predeceſſors; and their " complexions I think are better. But I am an " old fellow, and apt to talk fooliſhly."

" I ſuſpect, Cauſtic," ſaid my friend Mr. S——, " you and I are not quite competent " judges of this matter. Were the partners of " our dancing days to make their appearance " here, with their humble foretops, and brown " unpowdered ringlets,"—" Why, what then, " Mr. S——?"—" Why, I think thoſe high " heads would overtop them a little, that's all." " Why, as for the *panache*," replied the Colonel, " I have no objection to the ornament it- " ſelf; there is ſomething in the waving move- " ment of it that is graceful, and not undigni- " fied; but in every ſort of dreſs there is a cer- " tain character, a certain relation which it

" holds

" holds to the wearer. Yonder now, you'll " forgive me, Sir, (turning to me,) yonder is a " ſet of girls, I ſuppoſe, from their looks and " their giggling, but a few weeks from the " nurſery, whoſe feathers are in ſuch agitation, " whiſked about, high and low, on this ſide and " on that,"—" Why, Sir, 'tis like the Counteſs " of *Caſſowar*'s menagerie ſcared by the en- " trance of her lap-dog."

" As to dreſs, indeed, in general," continued the Colonel, " that of a man or woman of " faſhion ſhould be ſuch as to mark ſome at- " tention to appearance, ſome deference to ſo- " ciety. The young men I ſee here, look as if " they had juſt had time to throw off their " boots after a fox-chaſe. But yet dreſs is only " an acceſſory, that ſhould ſeem to belong to the " wearer, and not the wearer to it. Some of " the young ladies oppoſite to us are ſo made up " of ornaments, ſo ſtuck round with finery, " that an ill-natured obſerver might ſay, their " milliner had ſent them hither, as ſhe places " her doll in her ſhop-window, to exhibit her " wares to the company."

Mr. S—— was going to reply, when he was ſtopped by the noiſe of a hundred tongues, which approached like a gathering ſtorm from the card-room. 'Twas my Lady *Rumpus*, with a crowd of women and a mob of men in her ſuite. They

were people of too much conſequence to have any of that deference for ſociety which the Colonel talked of. My nerves, and thoſe of my friend S——, though not remarkably weak, could barely ſtand their approach; but Colonel Cauſtic's were quite overpowered.—We accompanied him in his retreat out of the dancing-room; and after drinking a diſh of tea, by way of ſedative, as the phyſicians phraſe it, he called for his chair, and went home.

While we were ſitting in the tea-room, Mr. S—— undertook the apology of my Lady Rumpus and her followers. "We muſt make allow-"ance," ſaid he, "for the faſhion of the times. "In theſe days, preciſion of manners is ex-"ploded, and eaſe is the mode."—"Eaſe!" ſaid the Colonel, wiping his forehead. "Why, "in your days," ſaid Mr. S——, "and I may "ſay in mine too, for I believe there is not "much betwixt us, were there not ſometimes "fantaſtic modes, which people of rank had "brought into uſe, and which were called gen-"teel becauſe ſuch people practiſed them, though "the word might not juſt apply to them in the "abſtract?"—"I underſtand you, S——," ſaid the Colonel, "there were ſuch things; ſome "irregularities that broke out now and then. "There were mad-caps of both ſexes, that "would venture on ſtrange things; but they

"were

" were in a ſtyle ſomewhat above the canaille:
" ridiculous enough, I grant you, but not per-
" fectly abſurd: coarſe, it might be, but not
" downright vulgar. In all ages, I ſuppoſe,
" people of condition did ſometimes entrench
" themſelves behind their titles or their high
" birth, and committed offences againſt what
" leſſer folks would call decorum, and yet were
" allowed to be well bred all the while; were
" ſometimes a little groſs, and called it witty;
" and a little rude, and called it raillery: but
" 'twas falſe coinage, and never paſſed long.
" Indeed, I have generally remarked, that
" people did ſo only becauſe they could not do
" better; 'tis like pleading privilege for a debt
" which a man's own funds do not enable him
" to pay. A great man may perhaps be well
" bred in a manner which little people do not
" underſtand; but, truſt me, he is a greater
" man who is well bred in a manner that every
" body underſtands."

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N° 5. SATURDAY, *March* 5, 1785.

Hiſtoriæ decus eſt, et quaſi anima, ut cum eventis cauſæ copulentur. BACON, *De Augm. Scient.*

OF the various kinds of literary compoſition, there is hardly any which has been at all times more cultivated than that of HISTORY. A deſire to recount remarkable events, and a curioſity to hear the relation of them, are propenſities inherent in human nature; and hence hiſtorians have abounded in every age, in the rudeſt and ſimpleſt, as well as in the moſt poliſhed and refined. The firſt poets were hiſtorians; and Homer and Oſſian, "when the light "of the ſong aroſe," but recounted the virtues and exploits of their countrymen.

From poetic numbers, Hiſtory at length deſcended to proſe; but ſhe was ſtill of the family of the Muſes, and long retained many features of the race from whence ſhe ſprung. *Hiſtoria*, ſays Quintilian, *eſt proxima poetis, et quodammodo carmen ſolutum.* She profeſſed, indeed, that her purpoſe was to inſtruct, not leſs than to pleaſe; yet ſuch was her hereditary propenſity, that for many ſucceſſive ages ſhe continued more ſtudious to cultivate the means of *pleaſing*, than anxious

to

to gather the materials of *instruction*. But when all her arts of pleasing had been exhausted; when the charms of novelty and the bloom of youth were gone, she began to feel the decay of her power. In her distress she looked around for aid, and wisely embraced an union with PHILOSOPHY, who taught her the value of the rich field of *instruction* she had so long neglected, shewed her how she might add new graces to her powers of giving delight, how she might not only recover but extend her empire, and be crowned with honours that should never fade.

To drop the allegory: The truth is, that although to afford pleasure and to convey instruction have been ever the professed ends of History, yet they have not always been mingled in due proportion. The former has been the object of the greater part of historians; and their aim of instruction has seldom gone farther than to illustrate some moral precept, and to improve the heart by exhibiting bright and illustrious examples of virtue. It is of late only that History, by taking a wider range, has assumed a different form; and with the relation of splendid events uniting an investigation of their causes, has exhibited a view of those great circumstances in the situation of any people, which can alone yield solid instruction.

Hiſtorians may therefore be divided into two kinds, according to the methods they have followed, and the ends they have chiefly had in view in their compoſition. The *firſt* claſs, and which is by far the moſt numerous, conſiſts of thoſe who have confined themſelves to the mere relation of public tranſactions; who have made it their principal aim to intereſt the affections; and who, in aſſigning any cauſes of events, have ſeldom gone beyond thoſe immediately connected with the particular characters of the perſons whoſe actions they deſcribe. The *ſecond* claſs comprehends the very few hiſtorians who have viewed it as their chief buſineſs to unfold the more remote and general cauſes of public events, and have conſidered the giving an account of the riſe, progreſs, perfection, and decline of government, of manners, of art and of ſcience, as the only true means of rendering Hiſtory inſtructive.

In the former of theſe claſſes we muſt rank almoſt all the celebrated hiſtorians of ancient Greece and Rome. In general they merely relate diſtinguiſhed events; but to ſearch out and reflect upon the general cauſes of them they ſeldom attempt; and to mark the ſtate of government, of laws, of manners, or of arts, ſeems not to have been thought of by them as falling within the province of Hiſtory. To delight the imagination ſeems to have been their favourite aim;

and

and accordingly, from the ſuperior effects of recent events in intereſting the paſſions, we find that many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed hiſtorians of this claſs have choſen for their ſubjects, either tranſactions of which they were themſelves witneſſes, or that were very near their own times. *Thucydides* and *Xenophon* record little but the events of their own day, and in which they themſelves bore a part; *Cæſar* gives us nothing but memoirs of his own exploits; and *Tacitus* confines himſelf very nearly to his own times. Even *Herodotus*, who takes a larger range, is, in general, only a relater of facts which he either ſaw himſelf, or reports on the teſtimony of others; and *Livy*, who commences his hiſtory with the foundation of Rome, ſcarce thinks of any thing beyond a mere detail of wars and revolutions, and ſeems only careful to embelliſh his ſtory by intereſting narrative and flowing language.

When ſuch were the limited bounds of this ſpecies of writing, Hiſtory was an ART, the deſign of which was to pleaſe; not a SCIENCE, the purpoſe of which was to inſtruct. It was, as Quintilian ſays, *proxima poetis*; and critical rules were laid down for its compoſition, ſimilar to thoſe for the ſtructure of an epic poem. To ſelect a ſubject, the recital of which might be intereſting; to arrange and diſtribute the ſeveral parts with ſkill; to embelliſh by forcible and

picturesque description; to enliven by characteristic and animated speeches, and to clothe the whole in beautiful and flowing language; formed all the necessary and essential parts of the composition. In these the ancients held the highest excellence and perfection of History to consist; and so little did their views reach any farther, that *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, a critic of taste and acuteness, says, that the first object of a person about to write History ought to be, "to select a subject striking and pleasing, and "such as may not only affect but overpower the "minds of the readers with pleasure." And he condemns *Thucydides* for his choice of the Peloponnesian war; "becaufe it was neither ho-"nourable nor prosperous, nor ever should have "been engaged in, or at least should have been "buried in silence and oblivion, that posterity "might be ignorant of it."

Thus confined were the ideas of the ancients with regard to the objects of History. But while we may regret this, we are not to ascribe it to any defect of genius: it arose from causes which a little reflection may render sufficiently obvious, and from the circumstances in which they were unavoidably placed.

In ancient times, mankind had before their eyes but a very limited field of observation, and but a short experience of the revolutions of na-

tions. Their memorials of former events too were ſcanty and imperfect, being little more than traditions, involved in uncertainty and disfigured by fable. They poſſeſſed not that extenſive experience, nor that large collection of facts, which can alone lead to general reaſonings, or can ſuggeſt the idea of *Philoſophical Hiſtory*. Nothing farther could occur to them as the object of hiſtory, but to delight the imagination and improve the heart; and accordingly they choſe ſubjects that made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion on their own minds, and might moſt intereſt the paſſions of others. To explain the *immediate* motives and ſprings of actions, was neceſſary even for connecting their narrative; but to proceed farther, and trace the remote cauſes, and to perceive how much public events were affected by the degree of advancement which a nation had reached in government, in manners, and in arts, were diſcoveries yet hid from their view.

The ancient world wanted that communication and intercourſe of one nation with another, which, of all circumſtances, has the greateſt effect in generalizing and enlarging the views of an hiſtorian. It is with nations as with individuals; no family knowledge, no domeſtic ſtudy, can ever afford that large and extended information which mixing with other men, which commerce with the world, will beſtow. In the time

time of the Grecian republics, man conſiſted but of two diviſions, Greeks and Barbarians; though the ſubdiviſion of the former into ſmaller ſtates promoted the ſpirit of philoſophic reſearch conſiderably more than when to the name of Roman was confined every ſcience, every art, every privilege and dignity of man. In modern times, the nearly equal rank and cultivation of different European kingdoms, gives much more opportunity than was enjoyed by the ancient world, for the compariſon of facts, and the conſtruction of ſyſtem in the hiſtory of mankind; while at the ſame time the literary intercourſe of thoſe different kingdoms gives to ſuch reſearches at once the force of union and the ſpur of emulation.

In ſhort, the oppoſite ſituation and circumſtances of the preſent age have beſtowed on Hiſtory its moſt ſignal improvement, and have given it a form before unknown. The many and various revolutions which an experience of more than three thouſand years has exhibited to mankind, and the contemplation of the riſe, progreſs, and decline of ſucceſſive empires, have led to the diſcovery, that all human events are guided and directed by certain general cauſes, which muſt be every where the ſame. It has come to be perceived, that nations, like individuals, have their infancy, maturity, decline, and

and extinction; and that in their gradual eſtabliſhment and various revolutions, immediate cauſes ſpringing from the actions and characters of individuals, and even all the wiſdom and foreſight of man, have had but a very ſlender ſhare, in compariſon of the influence of general and unavoidable circumſtances.

Theſe reflections, which the experience of many ages could alone ſuggeſt, and to which the great improvements of the preſent age in reaſoning and philoſophy have much contributed, have led men to view the hiſtory of nations in a new light. To inveſtigate the general cauſes and the true ſources of the advancement, the proſperity, and the fall of empires, has become the uſeful and important object of the hiſtorian. While he relates the memorable tranſactions of each different period, and deſcribes the conduct and characters of the perſons principally engaged in them, he at the ſame time unfolds the remote as well as immediate cauſes of events, and imparts the moſt valuable knowledge and information. He marks the advancement of mankind in ſociety, the riſe and progreſs of arts and ſciences, the ſucceſſive improvements of law and government, and the gradual refinement of manners; all of them not only curious objects of contemplation, but intimately connected with a narration of civil tranſactions, and without which

which the events of no particular period can be fully accounted for.

The few who have treated hiſtory in this manner form the *ſecond* of the two claſſes into which I have divided hiſtorians; and it is to the preſent age we owe this union of *Philoſophy* with *Hiſtory*, and the production of a new and more perfect ſpecies of hiſtorical compoſition. Preſident *Monteſquieu* was perhaps the firſt who attempted to ſhew how much the hiſtory of mankind may be explained from great and general cauſes. M. *de Voltaire*'s Eſſay on General Hiſtory, with all its imperfections, is a work of uncommon merit: with the uſual vivacity of its author, it unites great and enlarged views on the general progreſs of civilization and advancement of ſociety. The ſame track has been purſued by other writers of reputation, particularly by the late Mr. *Hume*, who in his *Hiſtory of England* has gone farther in inveſtigating general cauſes, and in marking the progreſs of laws, government, arts, and manners, than any of his predeceſſors. Much, however, yet remains to be done; for it is a field but juſt begun to be cultivated: and if it be true, as the laſt-mentioned hiſtorian has obſerved, that the world is ſtill too young to fix many general truths in politics, we have to fear that it is reſerved for ſome ſtill diſtant age to ſee *Philoſophical Hiſtory* attain its higheſt perfection.

N° 6. SATURDAY, *March* 12, 1785.

A FEW mornings ago I was agreeably surprised with a very early call from my newly-acquired friend *Colonel Caustic*. "'Tis on a "fooliſh piece of buſineſs," ſaid he, "I give "you the trouble of this viſit. You muſt know "I had an appointment with your friend S—— "to go to the play this evening, which a par- "ticular affair that has come acroſs him will "prevent his keeping; and as a man, after "making ſuch an arrangement, feels it irkſome "to be diſappointed (at leaſt it is ſo with an old "methodical fellow like me), I have taken the "liberty of calling, to aſk if you will ſupply his "place: I might have had one or two other "conductors; but it is only with certain people "I chooſe to go to ſuch places. Seeing a play, "or indeed any thing elſe, won't do at my time "of life, either alone, or in company not quite "to one's mind. 'Tis like drinking a bottle of "claret: the liquor is ſomething; but nine- "tenths of the bargain is in the companion with "whom one drinks it." As he ſpoke this, he gave me his hand with ſuch an air of cordiality—methought we had been acquainted theſe forty years;—I took it with equal warmth, and aſſured

assured him, truly, it would give me infinite pleasure to attend him.

When we went to the Theatre in the evening, and while I was reading the box-list, to determine where we should endeavour to find a place, a Lady of the Colonel's acquaintance, happening to come in, begged our acceptance of places in her box. We entered accordingly; and I placed my old friend in a situation where I thought he could most conveniently command a view both of the company and of the stage. He had never been in our present House before, and allowed, that in size and convenience it exceeded the old one, though he would not grant so much as the Lady and I demanded on that score. "I know," said he, "you are in the "right; but one don't easily get rid of first im- "pressions: I can't make you conceive what "a Play was to me some fifty years ago, with "what feelings I heard the last music begin, "nor how my heart beat when it ceased."— "Why, it is very true, Colonel," said the Lady, "one can't retain those feelings always." ——"It is something," said I, "to have had "them once."——"Why, if I may judge from "the little I have seen," replied the Colonel, "your young folks have no time for them now- "a-days; their pleasures begin so early, and "come so thick."——"'Tis the way to make

"the

" the moſt of their time."——" Pardon me " Madam," ſaid he, " I don't think ſo : 'tis like " the difference between your hot-houſe aſpa- " ragus and my garden ones ; the laſt have their " green and their white ; but the firſt is taſte- " leſs from the very top." The Lady had not time to ſtudy the alluſion ; for her company began to come into the box, and continued coming in during all the firſt act of the comedy. On one ſide of Colonel Cauſtic ſat a Lady with a *Lunardi* hat; before him was placed one with a feathered head-dreſs. Lunardi and the Feathers talked and nodded to one another about an appointment at a milliner's next morning. I ſat quite behind, as is my cuſtom, and betook myſelf to meditation. The Colonel was not quite ſo patient : he tried to ſee the ſtage, and got a flying vizzy now and then ; but in the laſt attempt, he got ſuch a whiſk from Miſs Feathers on one cheek, and ſuch a poke from the wires of Miſs Lunardi on t'other, that he was fain to give up the matter of ſeeing ;—as to hearing, it was out of the queſtion.

" I hope Colonel, you have been well enter- " tained," ſaid the miſtreſs of the box, at the end of the act. " Wonderfully well," ſaid the Colonel.——" That *La Maſh* is a monſtrous comical " fellow !"—" Oh ! as to that, Madam, I " know nothing of the matter : in your Lady- " ſhip's

" ſhip's box one is quite independent of the " Players."——He made a ſign to me: I opened the box door, and ſtood waiting for his coming with me. " Where are you going, Colonel?" ſaid the Lady, as he ſtepped over the laſt bench. " To the Play, Madam," ſaid he, bowing, and ſhutting the door.

For that purpoſe we went to the pit, where, though it was pretty much crowded, we got ourſelves ſeated in a very centrical place. There is ſomething in Colonel Cauſtic's look and appearance, ſo much not of the form only but the ſentiment of good breeding, that it is not eaſy to reſiſt ſhewing him any civility in one's power. While we ſtood near the door, a party in the middle of one of the rows beckoned to us, and let us know that we might find room by them; and the Colonel, not without many ſcruples of complaiſance, at laſt accepted the invitation.

We had not long been in poſſeſſion of our place before the ſecond act began. We had now an opportunity of hearing the Play; as, though the converſation in the box we had left, which by this time was reinforced by ſeveral new performers, was about as loud as that of the Players, we were nearer to the talkers in front, than to thoſe behind us. When the act was over, I repeated Lady ——'s interrogatory as to the Colonel's entertainment. " I begin," ſaid he, putting

putting his ſnuff-box to his noſe, "to find the "inattention of my former box-fellows not "quite ſo unreaſonable."—"Our Company of "this ſeaſon," ſaid a brother officer, who ſat near us, to Colonel Cauſtic, "is a very nume-"rous one; they can get up any new Play in "a week."—"I am not ſo much ſurpriſed, "Sir," replied the Colonel, "at the number of "your Players, as I am at the number of the "audience."—"Moſt of the new performers "are *drafts* from the Engliſh and Iriſh ſtages." "—From the *awkward diviſion* of them, I pre-ſume."—"You are a ſevere critic, Sir," re-plied the officer; "but the houſe has been as "full as you ſee it every night theſe three "weeks."—"I can eaſily believe it," ſaid the Colonel.

As the Play went on, the Colonel was aſked his opinion of it by this gentleman and one or two more of his neighbours. He was ſhy of venturing his judgment on the piece; they were kind enough to direct him how to form one. "This is a very favourite Comedy, Sir, and "has had a great run at Drury Lane."—"Why, gentlemen," ſaid he, "I have no doubt "of the Comedy being an excellent Comedy, "ſince you tell me ſo; and to be ſure thoſe "gentlemen and ladies who make up the *dra-"matis perſonæ* of it, ſay a number of good "things,

" things, some of them not the worse for ha-
" ving been said last century by *Joe Miller*; but
" I am often at a loss to know what they would
" be at, and wish for a little of my old friend
" *Bayes*'s insinuation to direct me."—You mean,
" Sir, that the plot is involved."—" Pardon
" me, Sir, not at all; 'tis a perfectly clear plot,"
" as clear as the sun in the cucumber," as An-
" thonio in *Venice Preserv'd* says. The hero
" and heroine are to be married, and they are
" at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth
" act."—" You will see, Sir, how the last scene
" will wind it up."—" Oh! I have no doubt,
" Sir, that it will end at the dropping of the
" curtain."

Before the dropping of the curtain, however, it was not easy to attend to that winding up of the plot which was promised us. Between gentlemen coming into the house from dinner parties, and ladies going out of it to evening ones, the disorder in the boxes, and the calling to order in the pit, the business of the Comedy was rather supposed than followed; and the actors themselves seemed inclined to slur it a little, being too well bred not to perceive that they interrupted the arrangement of some of the genteelest part of their audience.

When the curtain was down, I saw Colonel Caustic throw his eye round the house with a look

look which I knew had nothing to do with the Comedy. After a ſilence of two or three minutes, in which I did not chooſe to interrupt him, "Amidſt the various calculations of lives," ſaid he, "is there any table for the life of a *Beauty?*" —"I believe not," ſaid I, ſmiling; "there is a "fragility in that, which neither *Price* nor *Ma-* "*ſeres* ever thought of applying figures to."— "'Tis a ſort of mortality," continued the Colonel, "which, at ſuch a time as this, at the "ending of ſome public entertainment, I have "often thought on with a very melancholy feel- "ing. An old bachelor, like me, who has no "girls of his own, except he is a very peeviſh "fellow, which I hope I am not, looks on "every one of theſe young creatures in ſome "meaſure as a daughter; and when I think "how many children of that ſort I have loſt,— "for there are a thouſand ways of a Beauty's "dying,—it almoſt brings tears into my eyes. "Then they are ſo ſpoiled while they do live. "Here I am as ſplenetic as before I was melan- "choly. Thoſe flower-beds we ſee, ſo fair to "look on,—what uſeleſs weeds are ſuffered to "grow up with them!"—"I do not think, Co- "lonel, that the mere *flower* part is left un- "cultivated."—"Why, even as to that, 'tis "artificially forced before its time. A woman "has a character even as a Beauty. A Beauty,

"a toaſt,

" a toaſt, a fine woman, merely conſidered as
" ſuch, has a ſort of profeſſional character,
" which it requires ſome ſenſe and accompliſh-
" ments to maintain. Now-a-days, there are
" ſo many irregulars who practiſe at fifteen,
" without a ſingle requiſite except mere outſide!
" —if we go a little farther, and conſider a
" woman as ſomething more than a Beauty;
" when we regard the ſex as that gentle but
" irreſiſtible power that ſhould mould the world
" to a finer form; that ſhould teach benignity
" to wiſdom, to virtue grace, humanity to va-
" lour; when we look on them in leſs eminent,
" but not leſs uſeful points of view, as thoſe *dii*
" *penates*, thoſe houſehold deities, from whom
" man is to find comfort and protection, who
" are to ſmooth the ruggedneſs of his labours,
" the irkſomeneſs and cares of buſineſs; who
" are to blunt the ſting of his ſorrows, and
" the bitterneſs of his diſappointments!—You
" think me a fool for declaiming thus."—" No,
" upon my ſoul, don't I; I hope you think bet-
" ter of me than to ſuppoſe ſo."—" But I may
" come down from my declamation. Yonder
" are a ſet, fluttering in that box there,—young
" to be ſure, but they will never be older, ex-
" cept in wrinkles,—I don't ſuppoſe they have
" an idea in their heads beyond the colour of a
" ribbon, the placing of a feather, or the ſtep

" of

" of a cotillon!—And yet they may get huſ-
" bands."—If it pleaſe God," ſaid I.—" And
" be the mothers of the next generation."—
" 'Tis to be hoped."—" Well, well, old Cau-
" ſtic will be in his grave by that time!"

There was what Shakeſpear calls " a humo-
" rous ſadneſs" in the thought, at which I did not well know whether to ſmile or be ſorrowful. But on the whole, it was one I did not chuſe to preſs too cloſe on. I feel that I begin to love this old man exceedingly; and having acquired him late, I hope I ſhall not loſe him ſoon.

Z

N° 7. SATURDAY, *March* 19, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Παρὰ τα δεινα Φρονιμωτερος. ANON.

SIR,

THE art of knowing ourſelves has been recommended by the moraliſts of all ages; and its attainment inculcated with that earneſtneſs which implies both a conviction of its high value, and a ſenſe of its difficulty. The great obſtacle to the acquiſition of this moſt deſirable ſpecies of inſtruction, is acknowledged to be that ſelf-deceit by which the ſame vices or defects which we keenly note in the character of others, and judge of with rigour and ſeverity, are viewed in ourſelves through a medium of partial indulgence. Though unable to reſiſt the ſeductions to a deviation from duty, we cannot endure the avowal of our own depravity. We are anxious to hide our weakneſs from ourſelves, as well as from others; and our ingenuity is exerted to deviſe ſpecious apologies and ſubterfuges. "Reaſon panders Will;" and thus it may be ſaid, though paradoxically, yet truly, that the love of virtue itſelf is a ſecondary cauſe of our continuance in the practice of vice.

The

The effectual removal of this veil of self-deceit is what the weakneſs of our nature, perhaps, prevents us to hope can ever be accompliſhed: yet, though not completely removed, it may be partially withdrawn. I have often thought, that ſhould a man be really in earneſt in the deſire of attaining a knowledge of his own character, there are times and circumſtances which lay it open before him: there are ſituations which diſſipate for a while that miſt of errors which hides him from his own eyes, and force an acknowledgment of many defections from virtue, many a deſertion to vice, which he would bluſh to be ſuſpected of by others.

In eſtimating the characters of men, we are often ſenſible of great revolutions in our opinions. The ſame perſon who at one time poſſeſſed our approbation or eſteem, at another is perhaps become the object of our averſion. The man whom formerly perhaps we diſregarded as of a weak underſtanding, we afterwards diſcover to poſſeſs conſiderable abilities. He whom ſome unfavourable circumſtances have led us to ſuſpect of a deficiency in moral rectitude, may afterwards, on a more intimate acquaintance, be found of the moſt ſcrupulous integrity. The frequent experience of thoſe errors in judgment, will evince to us the folly and danger of an implicit reliance on our own opinions; will incul-

cate a salutary distrust of their foundation, and a conviction of the perverting influence of our ruling passions and prejudices. And this, Sir, is no inconsiderable advance in the science of self-knowledge.

In the perusal of history, or of the more limited pictures which biography presents to us, there is no reader who does not take a warm interest in every thing that regards a truly deserving character; who does not feel a sensible pleasure in those instances where the benevolent purposes of such a person have been attended with success, or his virtuous actions followed by reward. This approbation paid to virtue is a tribute of the heart, which is given with ease, which is bestowed even with pleasure. But in life itself, it is unhappily found that virtue has not the same concomitant approbation. The same instances of generosity, of humanity, of candour, temperance, and humility, which we applaud in those records of the dead, we slightly regard in our intercourse with the living. The jealousy of a competitor is an insuperable obstacle to esteem. But of the competition of the dead we have no jealousy: for they arrogate no substantial rewards; their reputation anticipates no promotions which we seek, no emoluments which we covet; and therefore their praise is heard without the pang of envy or the fear of rivalship.

This

This contraſt of opinions, of which we have daily experience in our own breaſts, is an important object of attention to him who truly deſires to attain a knowledge of his own character. It furniſhes that ſpecies of proof which is attended with direct conviction, and which it is impoſſible to reſiſt. We are compelled to acknowledge the depravity of our hearts: for where the ſame objects create oppoſite perceptions, the error muſt be in him who perceives them.

The effect of this change in our opinions, in ſubſtantiating (if I may ſo ſay) our defects, is never ſo perceptible as when, on the death of a perſon who was well known to us, we compare the idea we formed of his character when alive, with that which we now entertain of him. His excellencies and defects are now more impartially eſtimated. On the former, the memory dwells with peculiar ſatisfaction, and indulges a melancholy pleaſure in beſtowing its tribute of approbation. On the latter, we kindly throw the veil of charitable alleviation: we reflect on our own imbecility; we find apologies for a nother in the weakneſs of our own nature, and impute the error of the individual to the imperfection of the ſpecies.

But above all, ſhould it happen that the perſon thus removed by death was one who had approved himſelf our friend, and whoſe kind af-

fections we had repeatedly experienced, the difference we now perceive in our eſtimate of ſuch a character, is apt to ſtrike the mind with the moſt forcible conviction of our own unworthineſs. Memory is induſtrious to torment us with the recollection of numberleſs inſtances of merit we have overlooked, of kindneſs we have not returned, of ſervices repaid with cold neglect. The injury we have done is aggravated by the reflection that it cannot be repaired; for he whoſe life was perhaps embittered by our ingratitude, is now inſenſible to our contrition.

Ah, Sir! the man who now writes to you bears witneſs himſelf to the miſery of that feeling which he deſcribes. He who now addreſſes you was once bleſt with the affection of the beſt, the moſt amiable of women. When I married my *Maria*, engaged to her by that eſteem which an acquaintance almoſt from infancy had produced, I knew not half her worth. The ſituation in which ſhe was now placed, brought to my view many points of excellence which were before undiſcovered. Muſt I own to my ſhame, that the poſſeſſion of this treaſure diminiſhed its value? Fool that I was! I knew not my own happineſs till I had for ever loſt it. Six years were the ſhort period of our union: Would to Heaven that term were yet to live again! I loved *Maria*:— Severely as I am now diſpoſed to review my paſt conduct,

conduct, I cannot reproach myself with a failure in affection. But what human being could have been insensible to loveliness, to worth, to tenderness like her's? Poor was that affection which often preferred the most trivial selfish gratification to her wishes or requests; and of small value was that regard, which a sudden gust of passion could, at times, entirely obliterate.

It was my character, Sir, as that of many, to see the path of duty and propriety, but to have the weakness to be for ever deviating from it. Educated in a respectable sphere of life, but possessing a narrow income, which with strict œconomy was barely sufficient to maintain with decency that station which we occupied, it was the care of my *Maria* to superintend herself the minutest article of our domestic concerns, and thus to retrench a variety of the ordinary expences of a family, from her own perfect skill in every useful accomplishment of her sex. Though fond of society, and formed to shine in it; though not insensible to admiration; (and what woman with her graces of person could have been insensible to it?) though possessing the becoming pride of appearing among her equals with equal advantages of dress and ornament; she sparingly indulged in gratifications which ill accorded with our limited fortune. She weighed with admirable discretion the greater against the lesser duties of

life, and made no ſcruple to ſacrifice the one, when they interfered ever ſo little with the performance of the other.

Shall I own, that to me, thoughtleſs, extravagant and vain, the conduct of this excellent woman appeared oftener to merit blame than approbation! Regardleſs of conſequences, and careleſs of the future while I enjoyed the preſent, I cenſured that moderation, which was a continual reproach to my own profuſeneſs. Incapable of imitating her example, I denied that it was meritorious; and what in her was real magnanimity, I, with equal weakneſs and ingratitude, attributed to poorneſs of ſpirit. How ſhall I deſcribe to you, Sir, her mild and gentle demeanor, the patience with which ſhe bore the moſt unmerited reproofs, the tender ſolicitude and endearing efforts which ſhe uſed, to wean me from thoſe ruinous indulgences to which vanity or appetite was continually prompting me! Too often were theſe efforts repaid by me with ſplenetic indifference, or checked at once by ſarcaſm or by anger.

'Tis but a poor alleviation of the anguiſh I feel for theſe reflections, to remember, that, even while my *Maria* lived, the eſteem which I ſincerely felt for her virtues, the affection which I really bore her, and the ſenſe I had of her tenderneſs, wrung my heart at times with the deepeſt remorſe,

remorse, and prompted me to atone for my injustice, by the warmest expressions of kindness and regard. Many a time, Sir, in those tranquil moments, when no wayward inclination or peevish humour overpowered my better feelings, have I firmly resolved, that my future conduct should make ample reparation for the offences of the past. Nor were these resolutions altogether fruitless; for while under the influence of this salutary conviction of my errors, I have so far amended them as to feel for a time a genuine relish for calm and domestic happiness. But how short this dawning of amendment! A new temptation presented itself, and my weak resolution yielded to the force of returning passion. With my former errors I resumed the despicable pride of justifying them, and every deviation from duty was aggravated by harshness and ill-humour.

Ever offending, and ever purposing to atone for my offences, I have now irretrievably lost the opportunity. That best of women is now no more. I have received her latest breath, and heard her last supplication, which was a prayer to Heaven to pour its blessings on the most unworthy of men!

Here let me end this letter.——No words can express the feelings which these reflections convey to the breast of

LUCILIUS.

N° 8. SATURDAY, *March* 26, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Edinburgh, March 2.

I AM greatly pleaſed, Mr. Lounger, with your account of yourſelf, and your innocent and uſeful manner of ſliding through the buſtle of life. I ſincerely wiſh that many of my friends and viſitors would follow your example, and learn to be idle, without diſturbing thoſe who are obliged, from their ſituation, to be buſy. I ſuffer daily ſo much from the intruſion of a ſet of female Loungers (forgive me for uſing your title), that it has prompted me to addreſs myſelf to you, in hopes that you will, in ſome of your future Eſſays, teach my unfortunately idle friends how to employ their tedious forenoons, without obliging me to be as idle as themſelves. But to make you, Sir, fully ſenſible how much I ſuffer from Ladies who cannot kill time at home, I muſt inform you, that I am the wife of a gentleman whoſe fortune has been made by a ſteady application to a branch of buſineſs that obliges both him and me to be extremely attentive to thoſe who employ him.

A family

A family of seven children makes it necessary for him still to continue in business. Our sons are attending such branches of education as will fit them for the different employments they have chosen. Our three daughters I am attempting to educate under my own eye, as the present boarding-schools and governesses are much too expensive for people of our moderate fortune. I find so much pleasure in superintending every part of my daughters' education, that not an hour of the day is unemployed, or can hang heavy on my hands: But alas, Sir, how cruelly teasing is it, when I am set down to hear my youngest girl read, with Eliza and Mary at their work seated by me, to be broke in upon by Miss *Flounce*, who comes to tell me how charmingly she has improved upon Lady *Chenille*'s new trimming, and assures me her bottle-green satin was the sweetest and most admired dress at last Assembly. Then, without observing that she interrupts me by her stay, she proceeds to give me an account of all the different dresses that she took hints from, to convince me how much her superior taste has improved upon that of her companions. When I am just expecting the conclusion of her uninteresting narration, her cousin Miss *Feathers* swims into the room, assures us she is happy to find us together, that she may tell us how Mrs.

Panache had almoſt fainted away on ſeeing her new *Figaro* hat, with a plume of feathers in a much higher taſte than her own. This introduces a ſmart diſpute between the Ladies, whether plain or Figaro feathers are the moſt elegant and becoming. They at laſt agree to refer their diſpute to Miſs *Taſtey*, and leave me in haſte to obtain her deciſion.

I gladly reſume my pleaſing taſk, but find that Eliza has miſplaced the colours in ſhading a violet, and Mary broke her needle, by attending too much to the Ladies' converſation. I have perhaps got matters adjuſted, and little Anne has read half a page, when in totters Mrs. *Qualm*. This Lady, though always ſick, is ſtill able to come abroad every day, and wearies her acquaintance with the detail of her numberleſs complaints. A whole hour is loſt to me by this new intruſion; and thus a forenoon is ſpent without improvement either to my daughters or myſelf: And, I am ſorry to ſay, few days paſs in which I have not cauſe to regret, that there is no pleaſure to be found for Idlers at home. Were I a woman of quality, or perfectly independent, I might rid myſelf of theſe intruders, by being not at home; but in my ſituation I dare not ſhut my doors, leſt I ſhould give offence to people who are able to hurt my huſband's buſineſs. In this diſtreſſed ſituation,

I hope Mr. Lounger will forgive me in offering a hint to him, which if he would dreſs out in his ſenſible perſuaſive manner, I think I ſhould ſoon be freed from the fatigue of entertaining Lounging Ladies, and they would be much more ſuitably amuſed than in my working parlour. My hint, Sir, is, that you would recommend a forenoon's *converſation*, or place of meeting, for Ladies and Gentlemen who muſt be in any company rather than their own. There, I think, if you would have the goodneſs to preſide, and direct them how to amuſe each other till the time of dreſſing for dinner, you would confer a high obligation on them, and a ſtill greater on thoſe who, like me, ſuffer now from the heavy burden of their inſipid company. You, my good Sir, who have lounged about to ſuch good purpoſe as to be able to improve others, will, I hope, take your weaker brothers and ſiſters under your direction; and if you will make *Dunn*'s Rooms a Lounging Hall inſtead of a Chapel, I think I may venture to aſſure you it will be better attended in the one character than in the other; and if your lectures can make the forenoons paſs eaſily, and without the trouble of thinking to thoſe Idlers, by drawing them together under your direction, and freeing the more employed part of the world from their unwelcome intruſion,

you

you will greatly oblige many of your readers, particularly your admirer,

M. CAREFUL.

There is ſuch an air of goodneſs in Mrs. *Careful*'s letter, and I conſider her morning's employment as of ſo very important a kind, that I would do much to afford her relief; but really that branch of our family of which ſhe complains is ſo numerous, and ſo difficult to deal with, that I am afraid the attempts of any individual for their better regulation or diſpoſal would be fruitleſs. With regard to our ſex, ſome benevolent young gentlemen have already tried ſeveral projects ſimilar to that ſuggeſted by Mrs. Careful, but apparently without ſucceſs. They ſet afoot a *cock-pit* to give play to our minds, and in the froſt, a *drag-hunt* to give exerciſe to our bodies: but the only effect thoſe paſtimes produced, was to furniſh additional ſubjects for the idle to talk of, and to plague the buſy with hearing them.

The ſet of people of whom my correſpondent complains, are a ſort of vagrants, or ſturdy beggars, whom, like others of the tribe, idleneſs ſets afloat, to the diſquiet of the induſtrious part of the community, and whom it ſhould be a matter

a matter of public police not to ſuffer to moleſt our houſes. A ſhort clauſe in the new *bill for the improvement of Edinburgh*, might provide a *work-houſe* for thoſe faſhionable mumpers, who ſo importunately ſolicit a ſhare of our time and attention, and whom unluckily, as Mrs. Careful obſerves, thoſe doors only can ſhut out whoſe owners would ſuffer leaſt from their getting in. None but people of a certain rank can always prevent thoſe unwelcome viſitors from "*beſtow-*" *ing* (as *Dogberry* in the play ſays) *all their te-*" *diouſneſs upon their honours.*"

Such an inſtitution as I hint at would be of great uſe both to the community and to the objects of it, who might be aſſembled in the different wards, as in the *Spin-houſe* of Amſterdam, each employed in the occupation moſt congenial to their former manner of living. For young Ladies *Poupées* might be provided, on which to practiſe the invention of caps, the ſuiting of ribbands, the poſition and ſize of curls, and the grouping of feathers. Ladies a little more advanced might be employed in the working up of Novels, or the weaving of Rebuſes and Enigmas. At a ſtill maturer age, they could be employed in making matches; and at the inner end of that ward, there might be a cloſe one, for the fabrication of Scandal.

The

The *male* Idlers might have another wing of the building, where the places of reception and employment ſhould be analogous to the female. The ſame genius that goes to the dreſſing of a female figure, would ſuffice for the *undreſſing* of a male one; for inventing the buſhy club and whiſkers, the knotted handkerchief round the neck, the powdered back, the colours for three or four under-waiſtcoats, the ſhort bludgeon, and the hanging boot. Certain Magazines and Novels, with the *Sportſman's Kalendar*, might ſupply the literary wants of the ſecond claſs; *Hazard* and *Pharo* might employ the third; and Politics would be the natural occupation of the fourth. For Ladies like Mrs. *Qualm*, mentioned in Mrs. Careful's letter, and for gentlemen of ſimilar temperaments, a *ſick-ward* muſt be provided, where the nervous, the rheumatic, and the bilious, might find names and conſolation for their diſorders. But as their chief comfort ariſes from having patient liſteners to their complaints, I would propoſe their being accommodated with attendants from the *Academy for the deaf and dumb*.

As to what the players call the *property* of the Houſe, ſeveral articles would ſerve indiſcriminately for both diviſions. Snuff-boxes, tooth-picks, and mirrors, would be of equal uſe in both; lap-dogs might be diſtributed in one, pointers

pointers and ſpaniels in the other; the crack of fans might enliven the female, and that of whips the male ward. At battledore and ſhuttlecock they might meet, like the two houſes of Parliament in the *Painted Chamber*, and make a noiſe in conjunction. Tea would of courſe be furniſhed to the Ladies, and wine to the Gentlemen.

Such an inſtitution would ſerve both as an hoſpital and a ſchool;—both as a place of retreat for paſt ſervices, and of inſtruction for ſervices to come. Here, from the lower orders, great men might find cork-drawers, butts, and hearers; great ladies might procure humble companions, tea-makers, and tale-bearers. If from the higher ranks any one ſhould chuſe a wife or a huſband, they would at leaſt have the advantage of chuſing them under their real and undiſguiſed characters, and, like dealers at open market, would know their bargain before they purchaſed it.

N° 9. Saturday, *April* 2, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR,

I AM the deſcendant of an ancient and reſpectable family. The eſtate which I inherit was once reckoned a good one; but it has, comparatively, ſunk much in its value by the late inundation of fortunes from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies. My father beſtowed upon me the beſt education which this country could afford; and it was his plan, after I had finiſhed my ſtudies at the Univerſity, and had arrived at that age when I could ſee and judge for myſelf, that I ſhould make the Tour of Europe. The period deſtined for this purpoſe approached, and I was taking meaſures to prepare for it. Almoſt the only diſagreeable feeling I had in leaving my native country for a few years, was the taking leave of a young Lady for whom I had formed the moſt ſincere and warm attachment. *Aſpaſia* was beautiful in her perſon, and not leſs lovely in her mind. Endowed with the moſt tender ſenſibility, ſhe poſſeſſed at the ſame time a purity and an ingenuouſneſs of character, which

to

to me was moſt enchanting. There was a ſimplicity and innocence in all her thoughts and actions, which ſeemed to realize thoſe pictures the poets have given us of the golden age. Warmly intereſted as I felt myſelf in her, and attentive as I was to her every word and action, I at times thought I could diſcover that I had alſo created an intereſt in her mind, though perhaps even ſhe herſelf was not conſcious of it.

I heſitated long, before I ſet out on my travels, whether I ſhould diſcloſe to her the ſentiments of my heart. The reaſons for this ſtep were ſo obvious, that they need not be mentioned; but, on the other hand, ſtrong motives diſſuaded me againſt it. It was impoſſible for me to ſettle in life till my return from abroad; and though I was reſolved to conſider myſelf as moſt ſtrictly engaged to her, yet it ſtruck me as a want of generoſity and confidence to bring her under any obligation, or to reſtrain the ſubſequent freedom of her choice by any tie that looked only to futurity. This motive prevailed with me. Our laſt parting was inexpreſſibly tender; and though not a word eſcaped me which could indicate the ſituation of my heart, yet ſhe muſt have been blind indeed if ſhe did not diſcover how dear ſhe was to me.

During

During the time I was abroad I heard repeatedly concerning Aſpaſia. The laſt accounts I received of her gave me much uneaſineſs. I was informed, that ſhe had of late been much in public places; that ſhe diſcovered a fondneſs for dreſs, a vanity and love of admiration unworthy of her, and unlike her former deportment. I trembled at thoſe reports: unſuitable as they were to her former character, I began to think that the very purity and ſimplicity of ſoul which I had ſo much admired in her, might when ſhe came to mingle in the world, put her off her guard, and render her more a prey, than one of a leſs pure mind, to the ſeductions of vanity and folly. I recollected a remark which I had ſomewhere met with, that the fineſt natures are the moſt apt to be hurt, as the fineſt plants are the ſooneſt nipped by the froſt; and that, like thoſe plants, they require to be ſheltered and guarded to prevent their being blaſted.

In a ſtate of anxiety which cannot eaſily be deſcribed, I ſhortened the remaining period of my being abroad, and returned home as ſoon as I poſſibly could. On my arrival I learned that Aſpaſia had fallen a prey to the ſeductions of vanity, and to that warmth of mind which made her the dupe of appearances, alas! I fear, the martyr of deception!—The ſtory is too long for

for my recital at preſent; nor can I yet eaſily bear its recollection—let me only tell you, that ſhe had forgotten *Hortenſius*, and ſix weeks before my arrival had married a young coxcomb, who in reality had nothing but what ſhe thought faſhion and a pair of colours to recommend him.

Upon my return home, I found parliament was on the eve of a diſſolution, and that different candidates had already declared themſelves for the next election. My father, who had died while I was abroad, had, in a former parliament, repreſented the county in which our principal family-eſtate was ſituated; my friends now propoſed to me to ſtart candidate. To this propoſal I felt a good deal of reluctance: and the late ſevere ſhock I had met with increaſed my unwillingneſs. Nevertheleſs, the very weakneſs of mind which that affliction had created, made me the more eaſily put myſelf under the direction of my friends; and I yielded to their ſolicitations. On looking over the liſt of voters, I found, that a conſiderable part of them were particularly connected with myſelf; and others were young men who had been my ſchool companions, and had ſince remained my intimate acquaintance. From many of them I had meſſages welcoming my return to the country, and giving at the ſame time oblique hints of the propriety of my ſetting up as candidate,

and

and of the certainty of my meeting with ſucceſs. Encouraged by ſuch hopes, I began my canvas; and wherever I went I was favourably received. I was repeatedly adviſed to perſiſt; and though I did not obtain promiſes from many, was conſtantly flattered with aſſurances that I ſhould not be diſappointed. My opponent was a man new and unknown in the county, but who had lately purchaſed an eſtate in it, and had brought home an immenſe fortune from India, which, it was ſaid, gave him conſiderable influence in the direction of affairs in that quarter of the world. I was repeatedly told, that one ſo well known, and ſo much eſteemed in the county as I was, whoſe family had been ſo long and ſo much reſpected there, had nothing to fear from a ſtranger. The day of election, however, was drawing nigh; and I now made another round of the county, expecting to have ſomething more than general good wiſhes and flattering aſſurances of ſucceſs. Though I ſtill heard thoſe good wiſhes and recommendations to continue my canvas as ſtrongly expreſſed as ever, yet I found in thoſe friends and well-wiſhers a ſtill greater backwardneſs than before to bind themſelves by engagements. On expreſſing my aſtoniſhment at this to *Atticus*, one of the few friends who had from the firſt engaged himſelf to me in the warmeſt manner, he

he expreſſed himſelf as follows: "Be not ſurpriſed, my dear Hortenſius; the longer a man "lives in the world, he will find leſs reaſon to "be ſurpriſed at any thing. I have for ſome "time ſeen how matters were going. Thoſe "friends in whom you truſted the moſt, who "were the warmeſt in puſhing you to ſtand "candidate, neither mean now, nor ever meant "to ſerve you; their only object was to ſerve "themſelves. They wiſhed you to ſtand, not "that you might gain your election, but that "there might be a conteſt in the county. Be"fore you appeared they knew that *Sir Thomas* "*Booty* was to be candidate; they knew his "great influence, and they were reſolved he "ſhould be their repreſentative. But they wiſhed "not to diſpoſe of their votes too cheaply; they "wiſhed to have their value enhanced by the "dread of a competitor. Your family, your con"nections, the reſpectableneſs of your charac"ter, made you be conſidered as a perſon from "whom Sir Thomas might expect a powerful "oppoſition, and to prevail over whom promiſes "and favours would be thought neceſſary: ſuch "promiſes and favours have not been wanting. "In a word, his fortune and intereſt at Court is "greater than yours, and that private friendſhip "you ſo much relied on has been found light in "the balance."

Theſe

These words of Atticus made a deep impression on me. I now recollected a thousand circumstances which proved their truth. I at once took my resolution, and immediately declared that I gave up the competition, and left the field to Sir Thomas. No sooner was this known, than my *good* and *trusty* friends came all flocking to me, and expressed their astonishment at the step I had taken. They assured me, that I had given up the canvas with a most improper precipitation. I now too well understood their conduct; I gave them a civil answer, and despised them.

Thus disappointed in the two great objects of the human heart, love and ambition, I formed the resolution of quitting the promiscuous society of the world, of abandoning a town-life, and betaking myself to solitude and retirement in the country. I now remenbered to have read at college, that the goods of life were of two kinds, those which were external, and those which were internal; that the first were transient, uncertain, and derived from the will of others; that the last were durable, certain, and self-derived; that the person who made the last his choice, placed his happiness on a sure foundation, on a rock above the rage of the fighting elements, and inaccessible to all the attacks

tacks of fortune. On this foundation I now reſolved to build my happineſs.

Beſides the family eſtate in the county where my unfortunate project of ambition had taken place, I was poſſeſſed of a ſmall property, ſituated in a remote part of the kingdom, but amidſt the moſt beautiful and romantic ſcenery. Here I reſolved to take up my reſidence for the future days of my life, to enter no more into the buſy and ambitious purſuits of the world, but to enjoy the innocent, the undiſturbed, the elegant pleaſures of ſolitude and retirement. In the ſcene of my intended reſidence there was a ſmall manſion-houſe, but the fields around it were left in the ſtate in which Nature had formed them. I knew that by the ſkilful hand of Art, the romantic ſcenes of Nature might be much aided and improved; and I already enjoyed, by anticipation, the happineſs I expected to derive from the beauty of the place, and the ornaments I propoſed to add to it. I purchaſed alſo a conſiderable library of books, and propoſed to reap much pleaſure from the peruſal of them, and from the renewal of the ſtudies of my early days, which had for ſome time been interrupted. In ſhort, I pictured out to myſelf an elyſium of enjoyment, a life of philoſophic eaſe and happineſs; and notwithſtanding my preſent contempt of the world, and my

idea of the vanity of its purſuits, I confeſs I had ſtill ſo much of the world in me, as to feel ſome ſecret pleaſure from the thought that I ſhould be conſidered as a moſt accompliſhed pattern of taſte and elegance in a retired and ſolitary life.

But I proceed to inform you, that I put my plan in execution, and retired from the world and its cares to my little paradiſe at B——. For ſome years of my reſidence there, I found my happineſs come up to my expectations. I paſſed my time moſt delightfully, as I thought, in improving the appearance of my grounds, in beautifying the landſcape, in planting a ſhrub, or directing the current of a brook. My reading alſo gave me much amuſement; it lay almoſt entirely in works of taſte, the claſſics, and the beſt modern books of belles lettres. I felt a vanity in thinking my taſte was every day improving, and that my natural ſenſibility of mind became more and more delicate.

But I did not long remain in this ſtate. I began, at times, to feel a languor, a liſtleſſneſs, which ſeemed to grow ſtronger at every return. I now found my *ferme ornée* gave me little amuſement; the charm of novelty was worn off, and I grew tired of having always under my eye the ſame objects, however beautiful; there was not a tree the ſhape of which I was not acquainted

quainted with, nor a walk which I had not a thouſand times meaſured with my ſteps. My books, too, had loſt their charms. My reading, as I have already ſaid, lay almoſt entirely in books of taſte; but I now found, inſtead of relieving my mind, this ſort of reading fatigued and exhauſted it. The enjoyment which I received was of a kind which reſted in itſelf, and led to no farther purſuit; ſo that I became more and more languid, weakened, and inactive. This I have experienced to be the caſe with all pleaſure ariſing from inanimate beauties, and from every thing that may be termed an object merely of taſte; they all terminate in themſelves, and lead to wearineſs and ſatiety, unlike the exerciſe of the ſocial affections, where every enjoyment multiplies itſelf, and leads to ſtill fuller and more endearing ſources of delight. Many a time have I felt a craving void in my heart, and how to fill it up I knew not. The very indolence which this ſtate of mind created, heightened the evil, by depriving me of the power of trying to baniſh it. When the morning came, I have been unwilling to get out of bed, becauſe I knew not what to do when I ſhould get up; and at night I have been afraid to lie down, becauſe I knew, that when the night was ſpent, it would only lead to the nothingneſs of the next day. Many a ſummer afternoon have I

ſpent, ſtretched on a ſofa, and looking through the window, with a book in my hand, unable either to read the book, or to venture forth into the fields; and many a winter night has been employed in doing little more than ſitting in an eaſy chair, and gazing in the fire. In this ſtate I have been ſometimes tempted to wiſh for the perfect torpor of patient dulneſs. Without the activity of thought, I was liable to the reproach of thinking; and, inſtead of the quiet in which vacant ſouls are rocked by Indolence, I found her ſlumbers, like the broken ſleep of a fever, weary inſtead of refreſhing me. I frequently felt twitches of mind from a ſenſe of my own inactive uſeleſſneſs; and the accounts I ſometimes received of the ſucceſs in projects of ambition of others whom I knew, and once thought my inferiors, added poignancy to my ſelf-reproach.

I made an effort to diſpel my ſorrows, by keeping company with my neighbours. Moſt of them were indeed diſtant; but diſtance in that part of the country is no bar to viſits. In the ſociety of my neighbours, however, I found no amuſement; the inhabitants of the country had no converſation which could afford me any pleaſure; and the company of ſome *bucks*, who came from town to reſide a few months for the ſake of ſport, was ſtill more intolerable. The only connection

nection I had with them arose from their abusing my servants, and breaking down my fences.

I sometimes received a visit from *Atticus*, and a few other friends, with whom I had always kept up a correspondence, and for whom I still entertained the most sincere regard. But even their visits did not yield me much enjoyment. Every year I found growing more and more upon me a shyness, a reserve, and an awkwardness, which diminished my pleasure even in the company of those who had been my most intimate friends. When they came to see me, I felt myself different from them; I wished to hide myself from their sight. In their useful talents, in the activity of their minds, there was a reproof to my situation which I could not easily bear; when they were gone, I felt a greater blank than ever, and upbraided myself for prizing so little their excellent company.

Such now is, and such for many years past has been, the tenor of my life. I could picture it out more fully by a variety of other particulars; but I must have already tired you, and I hasten to a conclusion.

It may perhaps be asked, To what purpose this so long detail? I answer, To caution others who have not had my experience, against the errors I have committed. There is a certain delicacy of mind which is not incompatible with

the higheſt ambition; but when that ambition receives a check in its early beginning, when that delicacy is hurt by ſome unexpected and ſore misfortune, a perſon of ſuch a character is apt to quarrel with the world, and to ſeek for happineſs without its range. But let your readers, Sir, particularly thoſe of a warm and romantic caſt, be aſſured, that happineſs is not thus to be found. Men were born to live in ſociety; and from ſociety only can happineſs be derived. The ſtation of life requires activity and effort. For theſe was mankind formed; and thoſe who do not contribute to the happineſs of themſelves and others by ſtrenuous exertions of virtue, are unworthy of a place in the great theatre of the univerſe. Let not any one, therefore, in a moment of diſguſt, give up the ordinary cares and projects of the world, and indulge in ideas of that viſionary bliſs which exiſts only in romantic pictures and deluſive repreſentations of ſolitude and retirement. Let not one diſappointment, nor even a ſeries of diſappointments, induce them to abandon the common road of life. 'Tis only a pettiſh child, when it is croſſed, that is intitled to ſpurn from it its toy of happineſs.

I remember to have read in a letter, of *Shenſtone*'s, if I miſtake not, ſomething to the following purpoſe: "You and I, my friend, left "happineſs when we deviated from the turnpike-"road

" road of life. Wives, children, alliances, vi-
" ſits, the ordinary employments of the world,
" are neceſſary ingredients of happineſs. A
" man with them may, from a variety of cauſes,
" be abundantly miſerable; but without them
" he cannot be happy." From long experience, I can bear a full teſtimony to the truth of this remark.——I am, &c.

HORTENSIUS.

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N° 10. SATURDAY, *April* 9, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years ago, I retired to a family-seat in a remote part of Scotland, where I have passed my time ever since. There the management and improvement of my estate, the society of a few friends, and a good collection of books, enable me to pass my days in a manner much to my satisfaction; and there I experienced more happiness than you, Sir, accustomed to great cities, will perhaps readily believe.

Some weeks ago, a piece of important family business brought me to town. The morning after I arrived, I sent for a tailor, wishing to make a decent appearance in your city; which, by the way, I found so much changed since I had left it, that till I got into what is now called the *Old Town*, I did not know where I was, and could not recognise the ancient dusky capital of Caledonia. As I was at no time very attentive to dress, and as now I only wished to comply so far with the fashion of the times,

times, as not to offend thoſe with whom I was to mingle in ſociety, I deſired my tailor to make me a plain ſuit of clothes, leaving the choice of the colour, &c. entirely to him. Next day, he brought me home a blue frock, a ſcarlet waiſt-coat, with gold buttons, and a pair of black ſilk breeches. I could not help obſerving, that I ſhould have preferred a plain ſuit, all of a piece, to the party-coloured garment in which he had decked me. But he ſhut my mouth, by ſaying, that it was quite the faſhion; that every body wore it; that he had made a ſuit of the ſame kind for Mr. ——, one of his beſt cuſtomers, who informed him that at London nothing elſe was worn.

Being engaged to dine at the houſe of a gentleman high in office, I dreſſed myſelf in my new ſuit; and when I joined the company, which was numerous, I found that my tailor had done me juſtice, almoſt every body being preciſely in the ſame dreſs; and ſome of the gueſts were of the firſt diſtinction.

After the uſual compliments were over, the converſation turned upon the excellence of the preſent adminiſtration. Above all, the virtues and the talents of the firſt miniſter were mentioned in the warmeſt terms of approbation. One talked of his eloquence in public debate, and in that particular gave him the preference

to all his cotemporaries: another dwelt upon his wiſdom and ſagacity in counſel, ſo aſtoniſhing at his early years: a third expatiated upon his pure and unblemiſhed character, and mentioned the happineſs the country might expect from a miniſter who carried into office every virtue which could adorn private life. Although no politician or party-man, as a good citizen, and a well-wiſher to my country, I felt a real ſatisfaction from this flattering account of our preſent ſituation: yet I at length began to wiſh that the converſation would take ſome other turn, and become a little more general. There were in company men of diſtinguiſhed name in the literary world, and I longed to hear them on ſome ſubject of literature. In this view, though naturally ſhy in the company of ſtrangers, I endeavoured to introduce ſome topics of that kind: but all my attempts proved fruitleſs, and the converſation immediately recurred to its original channel. In a word, Sir, we parted as we met, reſounding the praiſes of the miniſter, and of the meaſures of the preſent adminiſtration.

Next day I went to dine at the houſe of Lord ——, to whom I have the honour of being related. I found aſſembled a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Soon after I entered the room we were called to dinner; and

at

at table I had the good fortune to be placed next to the beautiful and ſprightly Lady ——. As upon the former day, ſo here, the converſation ſoon turned upon the preſent adminiſtration; but, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, the opinion of every perſon preſent was in every particular directly oppoſite to every opinion I had heard the day before. I was now told, that in the hands of a *preſumptuous boy* (for ſo the miniſter was termed) the nation muſt go to ruin; — that nothing could ſave us but placing at the head of affairs a man of diſtinguiſhed abilities, of a bold and vigorous mind, capable of planning and of executing ſuch meaſures as could alone reſtore the empire to its priſtine glory. After canvaſſing the public character of the miniſter, they proceeded to an inveſtigation of his private deportment, in which they did not ſeem diſpoſed to allow him thoſe virtues and good qualities which, on the former day, I had heard ſo highly extolled. In this converſation the ladies bore a part, and ſeemed to be as warmly intereſted as the men.

I ventured to aſk Lady —— what objection ſhe had to Mr. Pitt? "O, I can't bear him," ſaid ſhe, "he does not like us; and the only "mark of attention he ever paid us, was im-"poſing an odious burden upon our ruffs and

" aprons." At that inſtant I happened to unbutton my coat, and Lady —— immediately exclaimed, " Lord, Sir, are you a Pittite? " I took you for one of us." I, though ſurpriſed at the queſtion, anſwered gravely, that I was no more a *Pittite* than a *Hittite*. " Then, " Sir, why do you wear a red waiſtcoat? I am " ſick at the very ſight of it. Why are you not " in *Buff?* I would not give a farthing for a " man but in buff."

This obſervation called my attention to the dreſs of the gentlemen at table, and I found that all of them were dreſſed in buff waiſtcoats, to which ſome of them, who appeared to be moſt zealous in their political principles, had added buff breeches. I then proceeded to examine the dreſs of the Ladies, and found that moſt of them wore a fox's tail by way of decoration in their head-dreſs. My neighbour Lady —— teſtified her attachment to the ex-miniſter by another piece of dreſs, which I own I found a little offenſive. She wore a large *muff*, made of the ſkin of our common red fox, which, from ſome error, I preſume, in the method of preparing it, had a perfume not the moſt agreeable in the world. I could not help remarking this to Lady ——, who, with great good humour, admitted that my obſervation was juſt; but added, twirling round her muff upon a beautiful

beautiful well-turned arm, "that were it ten "times worſe, ſhe would wear it for the ſake "of her dear *Carlo*."

In ſhort, Sir, I now find that the good people of your town are divided into two oppoſite parties, and that a ſpirit of faction univerſally prevails. Amidſt thoſe zealots by whom I am ſurrounded, I find myſelf in an awkward and an unpleaſant ſituation. I am a plain man, and though I love my King and country, and have as high a veneration for the Britiſh conſtitution as any man in the iſland, I have ever been an enemy to faction, and have always thought that men in a private ſtation, like me, were not called upon, and indeed not intitled, to take a violent concern in affairs of ſtate, or the government of the nation. With theſe principles I find, that I am not acceptable to either party. My *red* waiſtcoat, which, now that I have got it, I am unwilling to throw aſide, gives me at firſt ready acceſs to the *Pittites*: but when they find that I cannot enter into all their ideas, they conſider me either as an enemy in diſguiſe, or, what is perhaps ſtill worſe in their eſtimation, as a lukewarm friend. On the other hand, the *Foxites*, who, from my dreſs, conſider me as attached to the oppoſite faction, ſeem to be diſpleaſed with me for not taking part againſt them with ſufficient keenneſs and ſpirit; they talk of me

me as a *Trimmer*, and plainly insinuate, that my only object is to keep well with both parties, and avoid giving offence to either.

In this hard situation, I have resolved to apply to you for advice. In my own name, then, and in the name of all those who, like myself, have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from either of the contending parties, be so good as point out what conduct one ought to pursue, who, though interested in the general welfare of his country, feels no inclination to connect himself with either of the parties who are now struggling for the government of it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

NEUTER.

I am the better qualified to advise my correspondent *Neuter*, from having experienced the same distress myself. About a year ago, when the contest between the opposite parties was at its greatest height, I was a good deal puzzled how to act. A friend to whom I communicated my distress, advised me to get both a red and a buff waistcoat, and to wear them alternately. But it occurred to me, that wearing the distinguishing badge of both parties, might have

have the appearance of something deceitful, and might expose me to a worse appellation than that of *Trimmer*. After due deliberation, therefore, I equipped myself in a suit of *black*, which I resolved to wear till the present dissensions should subside. I have adhered rigidly to this resolution, except that sometimes when I wish to make a smarter figure than common, I enliven my distress by putting on a brown or a grey frock over my black waistcoat. Partly by this prudent caution, and partly by my known indolence of character, I have continued to steer tolerably well between the contending factions, without giving offence even to the zealots of either.

In Britain we enjoy the most perfect system of freedom that ever existed in any society. But from the very nature of our government, we must necessarily be exposed to the violence of faction; and when the spirit of party runs high, when the fever is at the height, it naturally breaks out into external appearances, always ridiculous, and sometimes whimsical to the last degree.

The little extravagancies of which I complain, are not confined to those who may be considered as belonging in some measure to the party whose livery they wear. We daily see men possessing no political influence, and equally inca-

pable of ſupporting adminiſtration as of aiding oppoſition, engaging keenly in party; and, like the fabled fly upon the wheel, fondly imagining that the machine of government is accelerated or retarded by them. Even the loweſt and moſt inſignificant of mankind take upon them to inliſt under the banners of a Pitt or a Fox, and to aſſume the badges of that party to which they wiſh to attach themſelves, and by which they hope to be drawn from their own natural inſignificance.

Were this folly confined to the men, I ſhould regret it leſs. But unhappily a ſpirit of party prevails with equal, if not greater, violence among the ladies. My illuſtrious predeceſſor, the Spectator, juſtly obſerves, that "party-"rage is a male vice, made up of many angry "and cruel paſſions, that are altogether repug-"nant to the ſoftneſs, the modeſty, and thoſe "other endearing qualities which are natural to "the fair ſex." After recording the *party-patches* by which the ladies of thoſe days marked their political principles, Mr. Addiſon expreſſes himſelf in theſe words: "This account of party-"patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable "to thoſe who live at a diſtance from the fa-"ſhionable world; but as it is a diſtinction of a "very ſingular nature, and what, perhaps, may "never meet with a parallel, I think I ſhould not

"have

" have discharged the office of a faithful *Specta-*
" *tor*, had not I recorded it."

Every one who attends to the progress and change of manners, must be struck with this passage. The enormity, of which Mr. Addison here complains, and which he seems to suppose would hardly be believed by those who had not seen it, consisted in this, that at the Opera and Playhouse, a *Whig* beauty wore her patches on one side of her forehead, while a *Tory* toast patched upon the other. Had the fair of the present times distinguished their political principles in the same inoffensive manner, had they gone no farther than wearing those tails and muffs mentioned by my correspondent, I, who am ever averse to find fault with their conduct, might have been disposed to wink at the absurdity of placing the tail of a fox on the head of a fine woman; and it is with pleasure I remark, that the Ladies of *Edinburgh* have contented themselves with such little eccentricities of appearance, and never indulged in those excesses which prevailed in other parts of the island, particularly in the capital. There, I am sorry to say, our female politicians have gone much farther, and have exerted themselves in support of their party, in a manner much more decided and more vigorous. We have seen " the first and " fairest of our British dames" marching under the

the banners of the "Man of the People," or of "Pitt and Conſtitution," expoſing their charms to the view and to the inſults of a lewd rabble, mingling in ſcenes in which nothing but neceſſity and a ſenſe of duty could engage any *man* of delicacy and taſte to bear a part. If Mr. Addiſon thought that the party-patches of his fair cotemporaries might appear improbable, what would he have ſaid had he lived to ſee what we have ſeen! To check the little improprieties of his day, he employed his delicate ſatire, his fine and elegant raillery: but had he witneſſed the enormities of which I complain, he perhaps might have thought that the keen cauſtic of a Juvenal would not have been too ſevere.

Perhaps it may be thought that I have ſaid more than was neceſſary, upon a temporary ebullition of party-zeal, which it is to be hoped has now ſubſided. But I own I am always ſenſibly hurt with any thing which affects the purity and delicacy of the ſex. Beſides, the contagion of ſuch an example ſpreads far and wide: it is not confined to one place, or to the preſent time; it taints the manners of the riſing generation, who, by ſeeing and hearing of ſuch enormities, may become familiarized with them, may in their time be led to imitate their mothers, and, if poſſible, to indulge in ſtill greater exceſſes.

ceſſes. Indeed, if our ladies go on improving as politicians, and as tools of a party, I ſhall not be ſurpriſed, if, in a few years, duels, which ſeem now to be going out of faſhion among the men, ſhould become faſhionable among the women. We may then read in the papers ſuch paragraphs as the following:

"Yeſterday a duel was fought in Hyde Park, "between the Counteſs of —— and Lady ——. "The Counteſs received a ſhot in her left curl, "and Lady —— eſcaped a dangerous wound "by means of a large black buſhy muff, in "which the ball of her antagoniſt happily "lodged. The ſeconds then interpoſed, and "the combatants were parted without further "miſchief. We are told the quarrel between "theſe celebrated beauties was occaſioned by "ſome high words which paſſed between them "on the huſtings in Covent Garden, where the "Counteſs appeared in ſupport of Sir H. W. the "miniſterial candidate, and Lady ——, in ſup-"port of Mr. J. R. the popular candidate."

"We hear Lady —— has, at the earneſt de-"ſire of her huſband, and of all the friends of "that ancient family, declined to fight Mrs. "—— till after ſhe is brought to bed; ſo that "the duel cannot take place for ſome months.

"The

" The quarrel took its rise from something that
" dropped from Mrs. —— in pressing into the
" gallery of the House of Commons, to hear the
" debate on Mr. ——'s motion for regulating
" trade and navigation."

As, however, I would not wish to part with my fair readers (for whom I entertain the truest respect and regard) in bad humour, I must assure them, that I make these remarks, that I venture this remonstrance, not with the severity of a censor, but with the anxiety of a friend. I know both the extent and the importance of their power; and, for the sake of our sex as much as theirs, I wish them not to forfeit it, by a departure from that modesty, that gentleness, those feminine graces, which are the supports of an influence so essential to the manners and to the happiness of society.

N° 11. Saturday, *April* 16, 1785.

To the Author of the Lounger.

Occupatus nihil agendo.

SIR,

AS I have the honour of being your name-ſake, and deſcended from an ancient race of Loungers, I rejoiced when I was informed, that one of our illuſtrious name and family began to make a figure in the literary world, and to publiſh his lucubrations weekly in the capital of Scotland. I have ſpent a great part of my life in ſtudying the genealogies, hiſtories, and characters of the ſeveral branches of our flouriſhing family. With this view, I have viſited every city, town, and village in the kingdom, and have had the happineſs to meet with near relations in every place, except Paiſley, Kilmarnock, and a few dirty manufacturing towns. From the obſervations I have made in my travels, I am fully convinced, that, if all the members of our family take in your paper, you will be the moſt popular and ſucceſsful writer of the preſent age, and your works will paſs through more

more editions than either the *Pilgrim's Progreſs* or *Robinſon Cruſoe*.

The chief object of all my travels has been, to collect materials for a great work, in which I have been engaged about fifty years. It is one of the peculiar excellencies of our family, to do nothing in haſte. This famous work will be intitled *Biographia Loungeriana Scottica*, or, The Lives of the moſt eminent Loungers of Scotland, from the reign of Fergus I. to the preſent times. It will make two ponderous volumes in folio, to be publiſhed by ſubſcription. The price to ſubſcribers will be *only* ſix guineas; but to thoſe unfortunate gentlemen who neglect to ſubſcribe, the price may be, I know not how much. The firſt volume will contain the Lives of the *Strenuous* Loungers, and the ſecond, the Lives of the *Indolent* Loungers. Theſe are the two great branches into which our family is divided. Each volume will be adorned with twenty copper-plates, engraved by the moſt eminent artiſts, repreſenting the eaſieſt and moſt graceful poſtures for lounging in coaches, coffee-houſes, taverns, drawing-rooms, play-houſes, aſſembly-rooms, churches, colleges, courts of juſtice, &c. Theſe plates will be of great utility, not only to fine ladies and fine gentlemen, but alſo to politicians, preachers, profeſſors, ſtudents, lawyers, judges, and many others of

of all ranks. The frontiſpiece will be an elegant drawing of the outer Parliament-houſe in the middle of the ſeſſion. To engage gentlemen to do themſelves the honour to ſubſcribe, I ſend you a ſhort article, which I beg you will publiſh in your entertaining paper, as a ſpecimen of this excellent work.

" My late couſin, Sir *Thomas Lounger* of *Loiterhall*, in *Lingerdale*, was the eldeſt ſon of my good uncle Sir Timothy, and his Lady *Mrs. Suſan Dowdy* of the *Slatterington* family. Sir Timothy died of a lethargy, with which he had been long afflicted; and Sir Thomas came to the poſſeſſion of the eſtate and honours of his anceſtors in the twenty-ſecond year of his age. But the eſtate was then in a very bad condition in all reſpects. Two thirds of the rents would hardly pay the intereſt of the debts;—the manſion-houſe was an old, cold, damp, ruinous caſtle, in the middle of a great moraſs;—the farms were almoſt in a ſtate of nature, the rents ſmall and ill paid;—the extenſive moors and hills yielded little or nothing.

Sir Thomas was then a ſtrong, healthy, young man; and as he had been two winters at the college of Aberdeen, and thought himſelf much wiſer and cleverer than any of his forefathers, he determined to retrieve the ruined fortunes, and

and revive the faded honours, of his family, by paying off all his debts, repairing or rebuilding his caſtle, draining his moraſs, improving his farms, cultivating his moors, and planting his hills. But he determined to do all this in the wiſeſt, moſt cautious, and prudent manner; and never to engage in any undertaking till he had examined every circumſtance, and provided againſt every obſtacle and difficulty.

Sir Thomas ſpent ſeveral years in forming plans for the payment of his debts, which he found not ſo eaſy a matter as he had imagined. At length he hit upon one which he believed would do the buſineſs effectually. He propoſed to go to the Eaſt Indies, to dethrone half a dozen *Rajahs*, cut the throats of half a million of their ſubjects, and come home with three or four hundred thouſand pounds in his pocket. This project pleaſed him mightily for ſome time, till he began to reflect on the great diſtance of the Eaſt Indies, the danger of his being drowned in going or returning, and the ſtill greater danger of being damned, if he deſtroyed ſo many of his fellow-creatures, to enrich himſelf; which made him give up all thoughts of becoming a Nabob. The next ſcheme Sir Thomas formed for the payment of his debts pleaſed him better, as it was not attended with ſo much danger either to his ſoul or body. When he was about

fifty

fifty years of age, he came to a reſolution to marry ſome beautiful young lady, of an honourable ancient family, with a prodigious fortune, that would enable him to pay all his debts, and execute all his projects. He ſpent ſeveral years in ſearching for ſuch a lady, and at length fixed on Miſs Betty Plum. It is true, Miſs Betty was neither young nor handſome, and her grandfather had been a cobler, but ſhe had a great fortune; and, after a violent ſtruggle between poverty and pride, he reſolved to ſtoop and make his addreſſes. But while he was meditating on the moſt effectual method of doing this, he received the unwelcome news, that his intended bride had married an Iriſh fortune-hunter. My couſin behaved very much like a gentleman on this occaſion. He called Miſs Betty all the bad names he had ever heard, curſed the whole ſex, and forſwore matrimony for ever.

While Sir Thomas was forming ſchemes for the payment of his debts, he was not unmindful of his old caſtle, and got many plans, ſome for repairing, and ſome for rebuilding it, for draining the moraſs, and laying it into a lawn, with gardens, orchards, walks, viſtas, &c. But at laſt he found that this would be more expenſive than building a new ſeat in the modern taſte; and he very wiſely determined to build a moſt elegant convenient manſion, for the future reſi-

dence of his family. But he as wiſely reſolved not to lay one ſtone, till he had found the moſt healthy, pleaſant, and commodious ſpot in his whole eſtate. Many a long day did he wander in ſearch of this ſpot, but never could find one to his mind. One was too high, another too low; one too damp, another too dry; the proſpect from one was too confined, from another too extenſive.

Sir Thomas never forgot the improvement of his farms. That was his favourite taſte and ſtudy. He choſe the moſt proper places for building ſubſtantial convenient farm-houſes; he traced and marked the line of all the hedges, ditches, and walls, that would be neceſſary for incloſing his fields, gardens, and orchards; he carefully examined the ſoil of every field, and ſettled the methods of cultivation that would be moſt proper for each, to bring it to the higheſt poſſible degree of fertility: in this he was much aſſiſted by the painful peruſal of ſeveral excellent ſyſtems of agriculture, compoſed in the garrets of Grubſtreet. When he had got all in readineſs, he aſſembled his tenants in the great hall of his caſtle, laid his plans before them, and in a long elaborate diſcourſe, explained how they were to be carried into execution, concluding with a demand of two guineas a-year of rent for every acre. This harangue, particularly the concluding

cluding ſentence, produced various ſtrong emotions in the audience. Some grinned, others groaned; ſome laughed, others cried; ſome curſed, others prayed: but all declared that they would not give one farthing more rent, nor change their methods of huſbandry in the leaſt. Sir Thomas was greatly enraged at the obſtinacy of his tenants, and diſcharged a dreadful volley of oaths and threats upon them; but when his paſſion ſubſided, and he began to reflect that they were all of his own clan, deſcended from the younger brothers and baſtards of the family, he could not find in his heart to turn any of them out of their farms.

My couſin was equally induſtrious, and as unſucceſsful, in his ſchemes for cultivating his moors. For when he had, by long thought and ſtudy, formed one of the moſt beautiful plans in the world for that purpoſe, he never could find any perſon who would execute any part of it.

But ſtill the planting of his hills promiſed every thing. By long and laborious inveſtigations he found, that they would admit ten millions of trees, and that thoſe trees, when forty years old, would be worth ten millions ſterling, which would make him the richeſt ſubject in Europe. Tranſported with joy at this proſpect, he determined to loſe no time. He actually collected ten buſhels of beech-maſt, and an equal quantity of

acorns, and wanted nothing but a proper place for a nurſery, to begin his operations; but ſtaying abroad too late, one evening in April, in ſearch of ſuch a place, he got a violent cold, which threw him into a fever, of which he died, in the ſeventy-fifth year of his age, in the ſame tattered bed and ruinous caſtle in which he was born; his debts unpaid, his moraſs undrained, his farms unimproved, his moors uncultivated, and his hills unplanted.

With a heavy heart, I attended the precious remains of my dear couſin to his grave, and ſaw a ſtone laid upon it, with this inſcription:

" Hic jacet
Illuſtriſſimus Dominus *Thomas Lounger*,
de Loiterhall, Baronettus.
Dum vixit,
Multa propoſuit,
Nihil perfecit,
Secundum morem
Loungeriorum."

I am, &c.

L. L.

N° 12. SATURDAY, *April* 23, 1785.

Hippocrates——*in his chapter of Hats.*
MOCK DOCTOR.

IT has often been remarked, that men are apt to display more of their real character in circumstances apparently slight and unimportant, than in the greater and more momentous actions of life. Our behaviour, or even the remark we may drop upon some seemingly trifling occurrence, will often strongly denote the real complexion of our mind; and it is upon this account that we admire so much the happy talent of those writers who, by a well-chosen circumstance, contrive at once to paint and make us acquainted with the character of the persons whom they wish to describe.

The great passions which actuate men in the pursuits of life, present little diversity of features to afford any just discrimination of character. Besides, in conducting the pursuits to which these passions incite, men are taught to be upon their guard: they are restrained by the customs and opinions of the world, and, under a kind of disguise, are constantly acting an artificial part.

But in the more trifling circumſtances of manner and behaviour, and in the more ordinary occurrences of life, which tend to no particular object, and in which therefore men are leſs upon their guard, the diſguiſe is forgot to be aſſumed, and we give way to the natural caſt of our mind and diſpoſition. It is there we are apt to betray thoſe peculiar features of character, and thoſe often nice ſhades of diſtinction, that difference and diſcriminate us from one another.

I have often amuſed myſelf with thinking, that, even in what may be deemed very ſlight circumſtances of outward deportment and manner, I could diſtinctly trace ſomething of the peculiar character of the man. There are particulars in our ordinary demeanour and appearance which are more connected with our turn of mind than we are apt to ſuſpect, and more eſpecially when they are ſuch as from conſtant and daily repetition neceſſarily become familiar to us. I remember that a friend of mine, who was a great obſerver of thoſe ſmaller traits which eſcaped others, aſſured me, that in the circle of his acquaintance he could, in the pace and manner of walking of each, mark out ſomething which indicated its ariſing from the particular temper and diſpoſition of the man. Nay, even where the manner of walking was the reſult, not of nature, but of affectation, he uſed to ſay,

he

he could thence alſo diſcover the character; and that, independent of the meanneſs of affectation in ſo frivolous a circumſtance, we might be certain that the affected pace was aſſumed to give the appearance of ſome quality which the perſon wiſhed to poſſeſs, and knew himſelf to want. "La gravité," ſays Rochefoucault, "eſt un myſtère du corps, inventé pour cacher "les defauts de l'eſprit." In confirmation of this, I remember that I once knew a Noble Lord who affected on all occaſions a very ſlow and ſolemn pace, walking even acroſs the room, or from one room to another, with all the leiſurely ſolemnity of an uſher at a funeral; but no one had ſat at table with his Lordſhip for a ſingle hour, without being ſufficiently convinced, from his coarſe jokes and horſe-laugh, that real dignity was no feature of his mind, and that he wiſhed to ſupply the want, by what he fancied a very dignified gait, and manner of walking.

I happened, not long ſince, to be at an election dinner, where, as is uſually the caſe, the company was very numerous, very noiſy, and very dull. In taking our places at table, I chanced, unfortunately, to be ſeparated from ſome friends whom I had wiſhed to ſit by; and finding none near me from whoſe converſation I could derive much entertainment, I was left to amuſe myſelf with my own reflections on the crowd, and

noiſe, and confuſion which ſurrounded me. I happened at laſt to caſt my eyes upon the oppoſite ſide of the room, where I perceived that every one ſeated in that row had hung up his hat on the wall behind him. Upon ſurveying thoſe hats, and remarking that each had ſomething particular which, to an attentive obſerver, diſtinguiſhed it from its neighbour, I began next to indulge my imagination, in fitting the hat to the head of its owner, and in trying if the diſtinguiſhing figure of each hat did not correſpond with ſomething in the manner and character of the perſon to whom it appertained.

From the military hat and the navy hat, I could learn nothing; theſe, like their owners, being too much under regulation and diſcipline, to admit of any diverſity. It was amongſt the other hats only that I could expect a field for obſervation. The firſt which attracted my attention was a new and gloſſy hat, made up and cocked in the very extremity of the faſhion. Had it been graced with a cockade, I ſhould have proceeded to the next; but wanting that, I looked below to find out the owner, and ſoon diſcovered, that it could belong to none but a young barriſter, who is leſs ſtudious of his brief than of being thought a man of faſhion, above the pedantry of his profeſſion, and I think is very likely to attain his wiſh. The next hat

was

was juſt the reverſe of the former. It was of a form and cock that has been out of date theſe ten years, and yet withal it ſeemed new. Cloſe below it, I diſcerned the careful owner, who, for fear of accidents, had cautiouſly placed himſelf near. He is rich and penurious; and by the moſt wretched ſaving has amaſſed a fortune. Contiguous to theſe hung a hat which appeared to have ſuffered more by negligence than by age. It ſeemed to have been intended to be moderately faſhionable; but from the inattention of its owner, had its air and form a good deal impaired. It was the property of a learned philoſopher, who ſat not far diſtant, and who is too much abſorbed in abſtract ſpeculation, to give attention to circumſtances of dreſs. Not far diſtant hung a hat ſeemingly freſh and new, excepting in its front angle, where the cock was ſo ſqueezed, compreſſed, and crumpled, as ſufficiently to denote its very familiar acquaintance with the hand of its owner. I had no difficulty in appropriating it. Its maſter is the moſt complaiſant man in town, knows every body, is conſtantly in the ſtreet, and in places of public reſort, and bows with the moſt reſpectful attention to every one he meets. Near this laſt was a hat which for ſome time puzzled me what to make of it. It was neither new nor old; it was neither much in nor much out of the faſhion;

and seemed to be a strange mixture between the old fashion and the new, with a kind of studied endeavour to be most of the latter. After some time, I believe I hit upon its owner. He is a gentleman who wishes to be of the fashion as far as his affection to his money, which is the stronger principle with him, will permit; and his whole life is a warfare between his vanity and his avarice.

On the next peg was stuck a round riding-hat, with a broad brim flapp'd down, and a double hat-band, which, however, instead of surrounding it at the proper place, had started, like the hoops of a staved cask, and was seen loose upon its top; it was covered partly with powder, and partly with dirt, half brushed, and had several little cuts on the crown. I easily discovered the owner, though his place was a good way off; a tall stout-looking young man, who sat near the bottom of the table, with his arm thrown negligently over the back of his own chair, and his leg, on which was a rumpled boot, resting on the cross bar of the chair next him; from which attitude he was only moved by our toast-master's frequent calls for a bumper, which command he very religiously obeyed. I was too distant to profit by his conversation, of which however he seemed very sparing, being of that order of *Bucks* who have been

taught to drink long before they have learned to ſpeak.

After this there was a blank, the peg immediately adjoining being occupied by no hat whatever. On looking below I diſcovered the perſon whoſe hat ſhould have filled it. He was dreſſed in a ſhining ſuit, his waiſtcoat ſplendidly embroidered, at the breaſt of which appeared a quantity of rich laced ruffle. He ſat erect in his chair, and ſeemed moved by no intruſive idea, except when ſometimes he ſhrunk with fear, if perchance a bottle tripped on the joinings of the table, or a glaſs was ſpilled by an awkward neighbour. His hat was only a bit of black ſilk, of which I diſcovered the corner ſticking out of his pocket, his foretop being too nicely dreſſed to admit of any covering. But I believe I ſuffered nothing from the want of any diſtinguiſhing mark of his character or diſpoſition. The man is in reality nothing; 'tis his coat only that makes a figure in the world. As for emotions, paſſions, virtue, or knowledge, he puts them, like his hat, into his pocket.

After this ſurvey, at which, perhaps, ſome of my readers will ſmile, I amuſed myſelf with conſidering how in this ſlight particular of dreſs we may be apt to diſcover our character, and even upon the bit of beaver with which we cover our heads, to ſtamp ſomewhat of the image of our

minds. I was pleaſed with thinking, that however men may wrap themſelves up in artificial diſguiſe in the greater actions of life; yet even amidſt all their concealments, there are circumſtances to be found where nature will diſcover itſelf, and by which an attentive and diligent obſerver may be able to read the real character of the man.

I have often thought of diſcovering amongſt the ladies ſome circumſtance which might lead me to diſtinguiſh their characters in the ſame way that the hat diſcriminates thoſe of the gentlemen. But I found them ſo little free agents in this matter, ſo much the uniform creation of milliners and hair-dreſſers, that it was impoſſible to trace any characteriſtical mark about them. All my efforts, therefore, have hitherto been baffled; and I was about to have abandoned the thing as impoſſible, till a Lady who has lived much in the world, to whom I mentioned my difficulty, very lately aſſured me, that ſhe can furniſh me with a pretty remarkable particular which will perfectly anſwer the purpoſe, and that ſhe will impart to me a ſet of obſervations which ſhe herſelf has made, to confirm the certainty of the teſt. When ſhe is pleaſed to favour me with theſe, they ſhall be communicated to my readers.

N° 13. SATURDAY, *April* 30, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I Inherited from my anceſtors an eſtate of about 1000*l.* a-year; and as I never had any deſire for figuring in the world, I married, early in life, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, and till of late years lived at home, ſatisfied with the ſociety of my friends and neighbours. I found my fortune fully ſufficient for my purpoſes; and was in hopes that I might provide decently for my younger children, who are four in number, without its being neceſſary to part with an eſtate, which, as it had been ſome centuries in our family, I had an old-faſhioned inclination to preſerve in it.

I am ſorry, however, to add, that, from the circumſtances I am now to take the liberty of mentioning, thoſe hopes have given way to proſpects of a very different kind, proſpects unſpeakably mortifying to me, and which ought to be ſtill more diſtreſſing to the reſt of my family.

My eldeſt ſon, as he poſſeſſed but a very limited genius, and ſhewed no propenſity to any particular

particular profeſſion, I wiſhed to follow my own example, and become a country gentleman. But a winter in your city, after having paſſed a few years at one of our univerſities, taught him that this was a plan quite unfit for a young man of ſpirit. As he had there acquired a taſte for what he was pleaſed to call genteel life, by hunting, drinking, wenching, and gambling with all the idle young men about town, at a greater expence than what ſupported all the reſt of the family at home, I was perſuaded to purchaſe for him a cornetcy of horſe, in compliance with his own earneſt deſire, and in hopes that, by a removal from his preſent companions, he might learn to retrench his expences, and be gradually reclaimed from the dangerous habits he had contracted in their ſociety.

While my ſon was thus learning to be a *Gentleman*, my wife thought it no leſs neceſſary that my daughters ſhould learn to be *Ladies*.

Accordingly, when the eldeſt was about thirteen, and the other about twelve years of age, they both left my houſe in the country, and were placed in a boarding-ſchool of the firſt reputation in Edinburgh.

At home they had paſſed their time, as I imagined uſefully, in learning to read, to write, to work, to keep accounts, and to aſſiſt their mother in the little cares of our houſehold. They had

had been taught to dance; and they ſung, not perhaps with much art or ſkill, but in ſuch a manner as moſt people liſtened to with pleaſure. Theſe attainments, however, were of a very inferior kind to what it was now thought neceſſary they ſhould acquire. They were quickly provided with maſters for all the polite and faſhionable branches of education. They were taught dancing (for they would not allow what they had learned in the country to deſerve that name), drawing, French, Italian, and muſic; and a female relation, who was kind enough to take ſome charge of them, ſent us the moſt flattering accounts of their progreſs in thoſe various accompliſhments.

When I received the bills of the boarding-miſtreſs, even for the firſt ſeaſon, I was, I muſt confeſs, ſomewhat out of humour; and it required all the eloquence of my wife, and the flattering accounts of her kinſwoman, to perſuade me that the expence was quite ſo well beſtowed as they ſeemed to imagine. It was, however, a trifle, compared to that which followed. In a few years my young miſſes were transformed into young ladies; and as the kindneſs of our female friend procured them an introduction, as ſhe told us, to all the genteel families in town, what between private parties and public

public places, where they now began to figure, they very ſeldom found leiſure to be at home. The expence which this occaſioned, added to that of their education (for they ſtill continued to improve themſelves), was ſuch as I could by no means afford to beſtow on two members of my family; eſpecially as it now became neceſſary to fit my two younger boys for the profeſſions they choſe to follow; Jack, the elder, being deſtined for the bar, and Bob for the Eaſt Indies, where, under the protection of an uncle, it was hoped he might one day become a Nabob.

The beauty and accompliſhments of my daughters had now become a favourite topic with my wife and other friends of my family; and to have buried them in a country retirement, would have been deemed the height of folly and barbarity. For their ſakes, therefore, as well as the education of my ſons, I was now told it was abſolutely neceſſary we ſhould paſs a conſiderable part of the year in Edinburgh. The ſeparate board I muſt otherwiſe beſtow on my boys and girls, was ſuppoſed to render this a plan of œconomy; and the few objections I made to it were ſilenced, by telling me of many gentlemen, from all parts of the country, who had found this the only method of giving their children

children a genteel education, without the abſolute ruin of their fortunes.

To theſe reaſons, though not altogether ſatisfied, I gave way. We provided ourſelves with a houſe in town; and, for theſe five years paſt, have ſpent our winters in Edinburgh, and only retired to the country, like other faſhionable people, at the end of the ſeaſon, when it becomes neceſſary that one part of the family ſhould provide health, and another money, for the gaiety of the next.

During this period I have witneſſed the full effect of that faſhionable education I had beſtowed on my daughters; and it is now ſome years that they have joined to the other pleaſures of a town-life, the envied diſtinction of Beauties and *Toaſts*.

You will eaſily conceive how much this muſt have gratified the vanity of a mother. My own, Sir, was not altogether proof againſt it; nor can I deny the pleaſure it gave me, to find the company of my daughters univerſally ſought after, and to ſee their beauty attract all eyes, in every company, and at every public place in which they appeared. I ſoon, however, found the effects of this diſtinction to be very different from thoſe which the ſanguine expectations of ſome of us had ſuggeſted. Our houſe indeed was filled with viſitors in the morning, and in the

the evening my girls were attended at public places by many of the gay young men of rank and fortune. But the fashion of beauties is scarce more lasting than that of the dress they wear. The admiration which my daughters for some time attracted now sensibly declines; and, amidst the crowd of admirers which turned their heads, I do not find there has been one whose admiration led to any other consequence, than that of gratifying his own vanity, and feeding theirs by a temporary homage to their fashion and their beauty. My poor girls, meanwhile, have contracted a habit of living, and a turn of thinking, which will prevent any sensible man of their own station from thinking of them as companions for life; and which, I fear, would ill qualify them for such a situation, if it should be offered them, or if their own vanity could allow them to stoop to it.

Jack has been now some time at the bar, and at first gave hopes of such application as would probably have ensured success. But he has not been proof against the vanity of keeping that fashionable company to which the situation of my family gave him access; and now spends his time in a continued circle of idleness and expence, with such young men of fortune as think it an honour done him to admit him of their parties, and will despise him, perhaps too justly,

juſtly, when he can no longer afford to partake of them.

My eldeſt ſon, far from profiting by his military plans, has retained the ſame taſte of life which gave riſe to them. Beſides advancing the price of two commiſſions, I have repeatedly diſcharged debts which he is pleaſed to call debts of honour. After all, he is now obliged to ſell out of the army, and end where he ſhould have begun, in the life of a country-gentleman, with the advantage of having contracted a thorough diſtaſte for it; of having thrown away, in a round of faſhionable vice and extravagance, the plain talents, the honeſt ſentiments, and the ſober diſpoſitions, that qualify men for a ſtation which they are too apt to deſpiſe.

The profuſion of this thoughtleſs boy, added to the expences of my family, has conſumed the ſavings of my happier years; and not only diſabled me from continuing our preſent ſtyle of life, but obliged me to diſpoſe of a conſiderable part of my eſtate, and leaves it very uncertain what reſidue I ſhall be able to preſerve for my own ſupport, and for the proviſion of my family.

Thus, in place of thoſe flattering hopes we had once formed, my wife and I, now in the decline of life, have before us the melancholy proſpect of leaving, as companions for each other,

other, a bankrupt gambler, living embarraſſed and diſtreſſed on the ſhattered remains of a fortune; and two neglected beauties, paying, I am afraid, much too dear for the pleaſure they once derived from that envied diſtinction; while the moſt promiſing of our younger ſons has fallen a prey to the ſame faſhionable folly and extravagance; and the whole hopes of a once-flouriſhing family are left to depend on the doubtful ſucceſs of an Eaſtern adventurer.

Such, Sir, are the conſequences of that prepoſterous faſhion which leads men of moderate fortunes to give their children an education and taſte of life altogether unſuited to the ſituations they are likely to occupy.

Even to thoſe whoſe fortunes enable them to move in the ſphere of faſhionable diſſipation and expence, the real pleaſures and privileges of their ſituation are much leſs conſiderable than they are commonly imagined; but to men of more limited circumſtances, an attempt to riſe into that region of extravagance is fatal indeed; it leads them from the moderate ſtation where every happineſs was to be found, and abandons them to want embittered by diſcontent, and to diſtreſſes heightened by ſelf-reproach.

AGRESTIS.

N° 14. SATURDAY, *May* 7, 1785.

THEY who live in the buſtle of the world, are not perhaps the beſt or moſt accurate obſervers of the progreſſive change of manners in that ſociety in which they paſs their time. In ſuch a ſituation we adopt the modes and manners of thoſe with whom we live, with ſo much eaſe and facility, that any change is hardly perceptible, or if perceived, leaves but a ſlight impreſſion. Like the alteration produced by time upon the human form, though we know that there is a conſtant change, we do not obſerve it in thoſe with whom we are daily accuſtomed to aſſociate. A ſtranger in a foreign land ſees many beauties, and diſcovers many deformities, which eſcape the eye of a native. To the ſtranger every object is new; it ſtrikes his imagination, it calls forth his attention, and he views and conſiders it in all its various lights. In judging indeed of what he ſees, his national prejudices may be apt to miſlead him; he may ſuppoſe defects where in truth there are none, and he may exaggerate ſlight imperfections into capital faults.

A perſon who after living a number of years in retirement returns again into ſociety, is ſomewhat

what in the situation of the foreigner. Like him, he is apt to be misled by prejudices; but, like him too, he remarks many things which escape the observation of those whose sensations are blunted by habit, and whose attention is less awake to the objects around them.

It was this which afforded me so much amusement in the conversation of my new acquaintance *Colonel Caustic*, of which I gave my readers some account in a former paper. Like the *Sleepers*, when they entered the city of *Ephesus*, Colonel Caustic, on coming to Edinburgh after forty years residence in the country, found a total change in the appearance, in the dress, the manners, and the customs of its inhabitants. Every man, perhaps, at an advanced age, is more or less, a *laudator temporis acti*, and naturally feels a predilection for those happy days when novelty added to the charms of life, and gave a zest to every enjoyment. If to this natural feeling be joined any particular cause of disgust; if, like Colonel Caustic, a man has been driven from society by any particular disappointment or misfortune; if in silence and in solitude he has suffered his distresses to prey upon his mind; if he has fondly brooded over them for a long course of years; he must indeed be endowed by nature with a more than common share of philanthropy, to be able to come

come back into the world without discovering marks of sourness and chagrin.

To those causes must be ascribed the severity of my friend Caustic's observations. All his natural good sense and benevolence of disposition could not prevent him from being hurt and affected by a thousand little improprieties which he perceived, or fancied that he perceived.

But I had some time ago an opportunity of seeing my friend Caustic in a situation where, it must be owned, there was some reason for severity of remark. In a former paper, I mentioned the pleasure I received from attending him to the theatre. As we were waiting in the passage till we could get chairs, we found Mr. B——, a contemporary of Caustic's, waiting for his carriage. Mr. B. expressed much satisfaction at seeing his old acquaintance; and after a gentle reproof on the score of visiting, he begged that Caustic and I would do him the honour to dine with him, *sans façon*, that day week. Caustic, after stealing a look at me, accepted of the invitation; and I, at the same time, agreed to be of the party. When Mr. B. left us, Caustic, who had not seen him for many years, asked me some questions with regard to his situation in life. "Why," replied I, "he has become very "rich, and it is his chief wish that his friends "should enjoy his wealth. He lives *en Prince*,

"as

" as you will see."——" When I knew him," said Caustic, " he was poor enough; but though " a little vain now and then, he was upon the " whole a good well-disposed man."

Upon the day appointed, I attended Caustic to Mr. B.'s. We went precisely at four o'clock, which he had informed us was his hour. Upon entering the house, I found the servants waiting in the hall, dressed out in their laced liveries, with a look of insolent importance in their faces; and there was an air of preparation in every thing we saw, from the gilded knockers at the gate to the Gobelins tapestry in the drawing-room. Soon after we entered the room, the servant announced Lady ——. Upon hearing her name, Caustic started from his chair with an uncommon degree of satisfaction in his countenance. Lady —— was a beauty of the last age, when Caustic was a gay and fashionable man about town. In the height of her beauty, she had retired from the world to dedicate her time to the education of her children. At the age of sixty-five, she still retains an eye expressive of that tempered vivacity, that animated benignity and goodness, which equally attracts our regard and commands our respect. In every thing she says, she discovers a sound understanding, accompanied with a most engaging cheerfulness of disposition, not abated by age, and perhaps rather heightened by the

the pleasing reflection on a life spent in the uniform practice of every virtue. Lady —— and Caustic had not met for many years. It was with pleasure I saw the respectful, yet affectionate manner with which my friend now addressed her, and the kind affability with which she on her part received his compliments.

The conversation soon turned upon the improvements of this city. Mr. B. spoke with much fluency on this subject; and, addressing himself to Caustic, observed, that formerly Edinburgh was in a manner uninhabitable; that thirty years ago there was not a house fit for a gentleman to live in; that the pleasures of society were then unknown; and that we now only begin to know how to live. Caustic admitted, that as a *town*, Edinburgh no doubt was improved: "But you must forgive me," added he, "for doubting if the society of Edin-"burgh has improved in an equal degree." "Unquestionably it has," said Mr. B. "You "must remember the time when there was not "a dinner to be had in any house in town; when "the men passed their whole time in taverns, "and the women were left alone, to amuse "themselves as they best could." "There is "some truth in the observation," said Lady ——; "but yet, upon the whole, those were "not bad times." "I agree with your Lady-

" ſhip," ſaid Colonel Cauſtic. " It is true " we did not then inhabit palaces, and we ſel- " dom ſaw thoſe ſumptuous entertainments, " where one ſits, between *etiquette* and *ennui*, " labouring through two courſes and a deſſert, " as I had the misfortune to do but yeſterday, " placed between a lady who did not chooſe to " ſay any thing, and a gentleman who ſpoke of " nothing but the excellence of the cook, and " who, in the fulneſs of his heart, communicated " to me a new mode of dreſſing *currie*, which " he had juſt received from a friend high in of- " fice at Calcutta, by the laſt expreſs over land." " For my part," added the Colonel, " I would " not exchange an hour paſſed in the ſociety I " have had the honour to ſee aſſembled in your " Ladyſhip's drawing-room, for twenty ſuch " dinners. There a converſation, at once gay " and polite, afforded the higheſt entertainment " of which a rational creature is capable. There " I have ſeen a *Hume* trifling with the beautiful " and the young, and at the ſame time commu- " nicating knowledge and inſtruction in a man- " ner the moſt pleaſing, ſimple, and unaffected. " There I have ſeen a *Hamilton* ſubmitting his " verſes to the correction and criticiſm of a fair " circle, who did not truſt alone to beauty the " moſt ſuperior for the preſervation of their em- " pire over mankind. There I have ſeen"——

" Hold,

"Hold, hold, my good friend," said Lady ——, "if you run on at this rate, those ladies (bowing to two young ladies who sat opposite to her) will think you as unreasonably partial to your old friends, as unjust in your estimate of modern manners." Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of some additional guests, among whom there was an old gentleman, who, notwithstanding his age, seemed to possess a great flow of animal spirits, and who addressed every person in company with the same undistinguishing familiarity, and vulgar coarseness of manner. Caustic looked at Lady —— with an air of triumph.

Our entertainer now began to discover symptoms of uneasiness. He had more than once informed us that the Countess of ——, Lord C. Sir W. D. and several other persons of fashion, were to be of the party, not one of whom had hitherto appeared, although it was long past the hour of dinner. At length our ears were assailed with a loud noise in the stair-case, and the door opening, Lord C. Sir W. D. and two other young men, rushed into the room with their hair uncombed, and in every respect in the most complete dishabille. Without paying the least attention to any one person in company, they began to tell us of the excellent sport they had that morning enjoyed at a cock-fight.

But this recital was cut ſhort by the ſervant's announcing the Counteſs of ——; who, without the ſmalleſt apology for making the company wait dinner for near two hours, walked up to a large mirror at one end of the room, and, adjuſting a curl, aſked Lord C. what made him leave D——'s ſo ſoon laſt night? "We had a charming party, and did not ſup "till two this morning. Before ſupper I won "50 from D—— at Piquette: but I believe I "had the advantage of him; for he had rather "drunk too much wine with you at dinner." "Your ſon was of the party," added ſhe, turning to the old gentleman; "I got ſome of his "money too. But what has become of him? "he promiſed to meet me here to-day."—"O "the graceleſs dog! I know nothing of him." At that inſtant the young man entered the room, and we were immediately called to dinner. At table, Lady —— contrived to place her friend Cauſtic next to her; and they were ſo much engroſſed with their own converſation, that they paid little attention to that of the company, which was carried on by the Counteſs and her faſhionable friends, in the ſame ſtrain in which it had begun. Mr. B. was buſied in diſplaying the elegance of the entertainment, and was particularly ſolicitous to call Cauſtic's attention to it. "How do you like my champaigne?" "I

"am

" am no connoiſſeur; I ſeldom drink cham-
" paigne," ſaid Cauſtic dryly. " It is damn'd
" good," ſaid Lord C.; " it is as good as we
" uſed to drink with our ambaſſador at Paris laſt
" year. I was ſent thither by my father to learn
" to ſpeak French; but I ſpent my time to much
" better purpoſe. I was admitted a member of
" the cricket-club, and kept no other company."
" I did not know," ſaid I, " that cricket had been
" known in France." " Neither is it among your
" French fellows; they have not genius for it.
" Our club was to a man all *Anglois*, as they
" called us. At firſt the French were con-
" foundedly ſurpriſed to ſee us on the plains of
" Sablons, playing with our ſervants, all ſtripped
" to the buff."

After much converſation equally edifying, the ladies at length retired, and the maſter of the feaſt began to puſh the bottle briſkly about. The old gentleman ſeemed to be particularly pleaſed with this; and his ſon enjoyed it no leſs. The father told us anecdotes of his ſon's debaucheries, and the ſon amuſed us with ſtories of his father's licentiouſneſs. Cauſtic was ſhocked to the laſt degree at this exhibition. He made a ſignal to me, that he wiſhed to retire. Before we could accompliſh that, the old man got hold of the bottle, and, filling a bumper, aſked leave to give a toaſt and then roared out a *ſentiment*, as he called it,

in terms moſt ſhockingly groſs and indecent. "Well done, my old boy!" exclaimed the ſon; —"here goes in a bumper; and may we all, at "your age, be as jolly and as wicked as you are."

Cauſtic could endure this no longer; he quitted the company, and I followed him. When we were alone, he aſked me if ſuch ſcenes were common among us? "If this," ſaid he, "be the "improvement and the refinement of which our "friend B—— talked ſo much, I hope I have "done with it. Folly and impertinence may be "ſubmitted to; but the profligacy of that old "man provoked me beyond meaſure. We need "not wonder at the degeneracy of the times, if "a father is to teach debauchery to his own "children, and by precept and example to en-"courage their progreſs in vice. For my part," added he, "I conſider this as a ſpecies of par-"ricide (if we may apply the word to a father's "crime), for which no puniſhment is too ſe-"vere."

N° 15. SATURDAY, *May* 14, 1785.

THOUGH I would ſeldom chooſe to venture on any ſubject ſo purely ſcientific as that which I propoſe for the paper of to-day; yet as I have a great reſpect for the very learned and curious correſpondent from whom the following letter was received, I cannot reſiſt my inclination to communicate it entire to my readers.

"DEAR SIR, *Madrid, 27th Feb.* 1785.

I have been at all poſſible pains to diſcover, by means of thoſe philoſophers and travellers here who are beſt acquainted with Africa, whether any traces ſtill remain of that ſpecies of men of whom your learned countryman has taken notice, mentioned by *Agatharchides* and *Sir Francis Drake*, called the Ακριδοφαγοι, *Graſhopper-eaters*, or, as I incline to render the word, *Locuſt-eaters*; but hitherto my inquiries have met with no degree of ſucceſs. Though unſucceſsful, they have not, however, been unproductive; as, in the courſe of my ſearch after that ſpecies, I have met with very well authenticated relations of another variety of the human kind, ſtill extant in that country, which

I think has not been taken notice of by either of the above-mentioned authors, unleſs you ſuppoſe it to be the ſame with that of the Αχρίδοφαγοι above mentioned, or perhaps with the Ιχθυοφαγοι, or Fiſh-eaters, recorded alſo by Agatharchides, and copied from him by Diodorus, and ſome other later writers. The variety I mean is that of the Φυσαλοφαγοι, or *Toad-eaters;* of which I proceed to give you a particular account, which I have been, happily, not only enabled to collect from the report of ſome voyagers who had viſited their country, but have actually had an opportunity of examining one myſelf, which is now in the poſſeſſion of that illuſtrious and munificent patron of the arts, *Don Gabriel de Crapolino*, who had him from a learned prieſt of the order of Jeſus, ſeveral years a miſſionary in Africa, whoſe account alſo makes up a conſiderable part of my relation.

The *Phuſalophagos* or *Toad-eater*, though found in different degrees of latitude, is a native of *warm* climates only, and ſeems to be of the migrating kind, who change their reſidence according to the difference of times and ſeaſons. In his original ſtate, he appears, as indeed it is highly probable all ſavages are, inclined to creep or walk on all fours; and the habit of walking erect or ſtraight is only an acquired one, which ſeems uneaſy to him; and therefore he takes

every

every opportunity of returning to his former grovelling or bending poſture. Indeed, from ſome anatomical obſervations, which the above-mentioned learned Jeſuit had an opportunity of making on the body of one who had died, it appears that Nature has fitted them more for this poſture than for any other. The muſcle called by anatomiſts *biceps-cruris*, by which the leg is bent, appeared to have been much enlarged by conſtant uſe; whereas the *longiſſimus dorſi*, by which the back is kept ſtraight and erect, was of no ſtrength at all. The elevators alſo of the upper eye-lid, called by ſome anatomiſts the *muſculi admirationis*, were capable of great extenſion, and ſeemed to have been in conſtant uſe, which may be likewiſe accounted for from the prone poſition of the body, natural to this ſpecies. The width of the throat or ſwallow was alſo remarkable; with which Nature undoubtedly provided them, in conſideration of the kind of food on which they ſubſiſt.

His forehead, like that of the natives of *Aracon*, was flat and large, and probably had been made ſo by an operation ſimilar to what the inhabitants of that country practiſe on their children, to wit, by preſſing a plate of lead on their foreheads immediately after their birth. For in that one diſſected by the miſſionary, the *os frontis* was exceedingly thick and hard, and ſeemed ca-

pable of ſuſtaining very great violence without any material impreſſion.

Like the inhabitants of the *Friendly Iſles*, they uſe a liquor made of the ſpittle of others, called by our late circumnavigators *cava*, which the *Phuſalophagi* ſwallow either in its natural ſtate, or, like the *Otaheiteans*, in a ſtate of fermentation. Indeed, they do not at all reſemble the *Ichthuophagi*, or Fiſh-eaters, in the circumſtance of living entirely without drink, as they ſeem, on the contrary, very much inclined to drinking: like the Fiſh-eaters, however, (as Diodorus reports them,) it muſt be confeſſed, they have very little ſenſe of the το καλον, or the το πρεπον, the beautiful or the decent. One inſtance of this the learned Father gave me, that, as far as he was informed or could perceive, they had no objection (as indeed is the cuſtom among ſeveral other ſavage nations) to an union with a female who had formerly had an illicit intercourſe with the other ſex; but, on the contrary, like the *Tartars* and *Tonguſians*, often preferred ſuch to all others.

The agility of this ſpecies, like that of the *Acridophagi*, is amazing. That one whom I ſaw in the poſſeſſion of the noble perſon above mentioned, would ſkip over chairs and tables, at a ſignal given, with the moſt amazing alertneſs. In this they reſemble a good deal the monkey tribe,

tribe, as well as in their faculty of imitation, in which my informer told me they excel in a very wonderful degree. Their ſtrength, likewiſe, the miſſionary reports to be very uncommon. He ſays, he has ſeen ſome of them bear to be loaded with burdens that would have wearied a porter of *Baſſora*.

This one had learned the uſe of ſpeech, though not to a very high degree of perfection, and indeed his natural propenſity ſeemed to be rather to liſten: yet with that inclination to ſilence which is common to man in a ſavage ſtate, he did not ſeem to have the melancholy caſt of either the *Orang Outang*, or the other varieties of uncultivated mankind; on the contrary, he had a mirthful diſpoſition, or at leaſt a facility of laughing and ſeeming merry, beyond any thing that could have been imagined of one in his ſituation.

He had, by the time I ſaw him, perfectly loſt all inclination and reliſh for his former manner of living, and was by no means averſe to the delicacies of refined cookery. His taſte, however, was far from being acute, as at times he appeared highly to reliſh, and to be extremely fond of very indifferent fare, when it was ſet before him by his maſter. According to the miſſionary, his countrymen, like the *Bedas* of *Ceylon*, have a cuſtom of ſeaſoning every thing with honey, a practice which accordingly this particular one at Don Gabriel's ſtill continued; and his Excel-

lency, as well as ſome of his gueſts, aſſured me they found it very palateable.

Like his taſte in this inſtance, his other ſenſes appear to be ſubject to much uncertainty. His ſeeing and hearing are at ſometimes remarkably acute; at others he ſeems hardly to poſſeſs thoſe faculties at all. Like the *Chacrelas*, in the iſland of *Java*, his ſight is generally much quicker in the night than the day-time: and the later the hour, it appears to be the clearer and the more diſtinct. Like ſome other ſavages, he ſeems to delight in muſic; though his diſcrimination of ſounds, as might be expected, is not very nice. His patron, Don Gabriel, plays on the Viol de gamba but very indifferently; and yet he ſeems more pleaſed with the ſound of this inſtrument, than with that of ſome others played by the ableſt muſicians of the King's opera.

The powers of his mind ſeem to be of a very limited ſort. He does not, however, appear to be naturally ſo dull as ſome of his countrymen, of whoſe ſtupidity *Charlevoix* gives remarkable inſtances; who, according to his account, cannot count beyond the number 3. Though I never had occaſion to try his conception of numbers in its utmoſt extent, I ſaw that he could very readily number the gueſts at Don Gabriel's table, who often greatly exceeded the above denomination, or even the diſhes, which were ſtill more numerous. He reſembles thoſe natives of

Guinea

Guinea more nearly in another particular; he, as Father Charlevoix tells us of them, ſeems very ſeldom to think ſpontaneouſly. In point of memory, however, he differs widely from thoſe natives of Guinea, of which faculty he ſeems endowed with a wonderful proportion. When he had learned enough of the Spaniſh to be able to hold a converſation eaſily, he gave many inſtances of a memory exceedingly tenacious, and often remembered things which had happened to Don Gabriel, or which Don Gabriel related, though nobody elſe had the moſt diſtant recollection of them.

Nor was he more diſtinguiſhed from that ſpecies mentioned by Charlevoix in memory, than in patience and temper. "Though poſ-"ſeſſed of little genius," ſays that traveller, "theſe Guinea negroes are extremely acute in "their feelings. According to the manner in "which they are treated, they are lively or "melancholy, laborious or ſlothful, friendly or "hoſtile. When well fed and not ill treated, "they are contented, cheerful, and ready for "every employment; but when ill uſed and "oppreſſed, they grow ſullen, and often die of "melancholy. Of injuries, as well as of bene-"fits, they are extremely ſenſible; and againſt "thoſe who injure them they bear a moſt im-"placable hatred." The very reverſe of all this ſeems to be the temperament of the *Phuſa-*

lophagos.

lophagos. He is extremely patient under harſh uſage, inſenſible to injuries, and is equally cheerful and ready for any employment when ill as when well treated, with the exception, however, of good feeding, which ſeems neceſſary to him in common with the Guinea men.

I have thus, my very worthy and reſpected Sir, endeavoured to give you as particular a deſcription of the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of this ſpecies, as the accounts I could rely on, or my own obſervation, could furniſh me with. But as I know how far ſhort any recital, how copious or exact ſoever, falls of an actual examination, I am not without hopes of being able to afford you an opportunity of examining a ſpecimen of the Phuſalophagi yourſelf, by means of ſome of our merchants who have opportunities of correſpondence with Africa. But as the keeping of one, I am informed by Don Gabriel's maitre d'hotel, is ſomewhat expenſive, you will be kind enough to inform me in your next, whether there is any individual naturaliſt who would be deſirous of ſuch a preſent; if your acquaintance does not furniſh ſuch a perſon, it may be as well that I ſend him, not to enrich any private collection, but to the Preſident or Vice-Preſident of the Royal or Antiquarian Society.

I am, &c.

Z W. C.

N° 16. SATURDAY, *May* 21, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent Mrs. Careful has given a very juſt picture of the Female Loungers, in her entertaining letter. The diſturbance which the morning viſits of thoſe idlers give to ſober families, is become matter of very ſerious concern to many a mother in this town, who would wiſh to educate their daughters in ſuch a way as to qualify them for performing their parts with propriety, in whatever rank they may be called to.

Idleneſs and frivolity ſeem to form the character of the times. According to the preſent ſyſtem of female education amongſt us, the culture of the mind and heart, the knowledge of thoſe uſeful duties which a good wife and a good mother owes to her huſband and her children, are but ſlightly attended to, if not altogether neglected, for thoſe exterior accompliſhments which ought properly to be the handmaids of the former. Hence the diſſipation of individuals, and the final wreck we often ſee of families!

The

The task I am going upon is a melancholy one; to illustrate the truth of the above observation from my own woeful experience: yet, as it may be a caution to others, I think it a duty on me to communicate to you the following narrative.

I was married, a few years ago, to an amiable young woman, the only daughter of a wealthy and respectable merchant. My father-in-law, Mr. *Lumber*, had gone early to the West Indies, where he was so successful in trade as to make a very considerable fortune, with which he returned to settle in his own country. As he had raised himself, and had few relations, to supply that want, he married a daughter of the Honourable Mr. *Stingy*, younger brother to the Earl of *Loftus*, by which connection he at once acquired relationship with a score of Honourable and Right Honourable cousins, some of whom did him the honour to breakfast, dine, or sup with him almost every day.

Mr. Lumber was a sensible man in his way, and had seen a good deal of the world; he might therefore have managed his family in a manner much more to its advantage than that in which it was conducted, had he been allowed the perfect guidance of it. But in this he was a good deal restrained, from the circumstance of his

his inferior birth. It was impoſſible for the ſon of a plain citizen to underſtand any thing ſo well as the grand-daughter of a Peer. He was contented, therefore, to maintain a ſort of divided empire: He was allowed to ſuperintend the education of his two boys, who, after having been ſome time in a reſpectable houſe in Holland, now aſſiſt in carrying on the buſineſs in their father's counting-houſe. As to his daughter, he left her to the management of her mother, and of her aunt Miſs Bridget Stingy, a maiden Lady, who lived in the family. As my grievances all took riſe from that root, I muſt be indulged in mentioning the characters of theſe ladies.

The circumſtances of Mr. Stingy did not perhaps allow of giving his daughters the moſt liberal education; but what he might have given, he did not think it neceſſary to give: to be the daughters of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, and grand-daughters of the Earl of Loftus, was enough, without any other endowment. Bred with high ideas of birth and rank, they were ignorant of almoſt every branch of uſeful knowledge; and as moſt of their time paſſed alternately amongſt their quality relations, they had learned to deſpiſe taking any concern in the uſeful employments of domeſtic life.

On the death of the Honourable Mr. Stingy, Miſs Bridget, his eldeſt daughter, was left to the care

care of her relations: but as they appeared rather cool with regard to her, she was, by the benignity of Mr. Lumber, brought home to his house, and to ease and plenty, if she could have used them with good humour and discretion.

This Lady was several years older than her sister Mrs. Lumber, a weak good-natured woman, over whom she assumed a superiority and direction more than was consistent with her situation, and which Mr. Lumber, though a good-humoured man, did not at all times approve of. In place of making herself and her sister happy in the enjoyment of the real blessings which they possessed, Miss Stingy's chief study was, to teach her sister a number of wants to which she was not entitled as the wife of a merchant. To many of these Mr. Lumber gave way; such as, adding another servant to the table-arrangement, who plied behind his Lady's chair in a plain suit and ruffles; changing the post-chaise into a body-coach; and promoting Jack the driver to the rank of John, Coachman. But, to the no small disquiet of Miss Bridget, Lumber was inflexible to his wife's demand of a weekly route and card-assembly. This, and several other indulgences, she did not find Mr. Lumber silly enough to grant; but she generally found Mrs. Lumber silly enough to resent the refusal.

But,

But, to end this digreſſion, which I am afraid has already tired you, and to proceed to my own ſtory.——Mr. Lumber being my banker while I was abroad, on coming to Scotland, I was often invited to his houſe, where I was treated with great hoſpitality and attention. Miſs Lucy Lumber, his only daughter, was young, handſome, good-natured, and ſprightly. Her vivacity, her good-humour, and her good looks, attracted my attentions, and I thought I diſcovered that ſhe was not diſpleaſed with them. I was in that ſituation in which the world ſuggeſts the propriety of a man's looking out for a wife, and in which he begins to think it his duty to be married. The qualities Miſs Lumber poſſeſſed were attractive; and I never thought of thoſe ſhe might want. In ſhort, I was in love: I courted; I was accepted of; and as every man in my ſituation would ſay, made completely happy.

After paſſing ſome weeks in a round of mirth and diſſipation, I carried my Lucy, with a companion of hers, to my houſe in the north.

The viſits of my neighbours, and our returns to them, with the little parties which we made, gave me but little opportunity for obſervation, or a thorough knowledge of my wife's qualities or turn of mind. She wanted not ſenſe at bottom, had good-nature, and, bating a little tinc-

ture

ture of that pride of anceſtry, or rather vanity, for it never was offenſive, which had early been inculcated into her by her aunt Bridget, ſhe had a ſweetneſs and affability that was extremely engaging. We paſſed the ſummer very agreeably. When winter ſet in, I began to know more intimately my wife's diſpoſition. I had preſented her with a ſmall ſelection of books for her cloſet; the beſt of the Britiſh Poets and Hiſtorians, ſome of moral entertainment, ſuch as, the Spectators, Guardians, &c. and ſome for mere amuſement. But I ſoon found that my Lucy was no reader. She read *Tom Jones*, indeed; and on my recommendation to her and Miſs Flounce, they went through the greateſt part of *Gil Blas*; but of the two ſcholars of Salamanca, I am afraid they ranked with the firſt.

By the good management of an experienced houſekeeper, who had been brought up in the family by my mother, and who, I knew, had a real liking to the family, my houſe, table, and domeſtics had been regulated. On my marriage, I was in hopes that, without entering into the executive part, my Lucy would now, as miſtreſs of the family, ſuperintend the whole domeſtic œconomy: But in this I was diſappointed. She never had been uſed to look into houſehold management; it was a province, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was not adapted for, and wiſhed not to engage

engage in. She would now and then quote maxims which I could perceive ſhe had learned in the *Loftus* ſchool. They ſignified, that houſehold cares might become ordinary women, but were degrading to the deſcendants of people of quality.

When we were not engaged with company, my farm and planting, my dog and my gun, kept me a great part of the day in the field. When I returned, I did not always find from my wife that cheerful animated look that uſed to welcome me home. When at times I remarked this, ſhe would ſuddenly reſume a gaiety of countenance, and endeavour to ſmile away my obſervation. But as this gaiety was aſſumed, its continuance was ſhort; and with great uneaſineſs I now began to ſee a change of diſpoſition in my Lucy, and that a lowneſs of ſpirits at times hung upon her. This I attributed, however, to her ſituation, as, to my great joy, ſhe was, as my friend John Home expreſſes it, "As women "wiſh to be who love their Lords."——Mr. Lumber had kindly invited us to town, and we determined to paſs the winter with him. We were received with great joy, and found that family much the ſame as we had left it.

My Lucy brought me a fine boy; and while ſhe recovered her health, I flattered myſelf that ſhe ſhould ſoon alſo regain her former ſprightlineſs

neſs and good humour. In this I was not diſappointed; we got into the faſhionable circle of company, and that continual round of diſſipation that goes on in the metropolis: the whole forenoon generally ſpent amidſt a ſucceſſion of viſitants, a mob of idlers; the reſt of the day in dinners, public places, and evening parties.

Although in my own mind I deſpiſed the giddy reſtleſs inſignificants that figured in this perpetual drama; yet as I conſidered myſelf as a paſſenger only for the time, I ſubmitted to be carried along with the ſtream, and partook of the flying amuſements as they occurred. I did not loſe ſight, however, of my own ſcheme; as the ſpring approached, I gave hints of my return to Homely Caſtle, and announced the day for our departure. My Lucy, who never diſputed my will, prepared herſelf; but I could obſerve that ſhe became grave and thoughtful, as the time approached for our ſetting out. We left our friends, and got ſafely home.

The ſmiles of our little infant were for ſome time his mother's ſole amuſement; but this, as mere amuſement, for it carried no active employment along with it, after ſome months began to loſe its reliſh. The feeble exertions, which too late ſhe endeavoured to call to her aid, were too weak to reſiſt the demon of Indolence, with Languor and Melancholy in his train,

that

that now had invaded her. Such are the fruits of an education now, I am afraid, but too common! Good natural parts, in place of being trained to exercise, in the several branches of knowledge, and useful employments of life, had either been neglected, or misapplied to frivolous and desultory amusements! Now, when out of the giddy round of the fashionable town entertainments that used to fill up her hours, my Lucy feels a vacant mind, that affords no resources within itself. Her reflections of course are painful and bitter; or if lulled at all, only sink into a lassitude, and listless unconcern for every thing around her. Her few former amusements, her tambour and harpsichord, have long become insipid; and even the smiles of her child, which used to give delight, now I can observe, force a sigh from her, and sometimes the tear will start into her eye, from the painful reflection, no doubt, of her inability to perform to him the duty of a mother.

In this situation, Mr. Lounger, judge of my distress and disappointment. Instead of family happiness and domestic enjoyment, I find at home a constant source of disquiet and melancholy. Perhaps I am more unhappy than husbands whose wives are more blameable. In the greater offences against the marriage duty, the injured

injured party has the privilege of complaint, the ſupport of reſentment, the conſolation of indifference, or of hatred. I have no contradiction of which to complain, no injuries to reſent: I pity, nay I ſtill love my wife; and yet I am moſt unhappy.

Tell my ſituation, Sir, to thoſe young men, who, like me——or rather tell it to mothers, who, like Mrs. Lumber, have daughters to educate. Remind them, that, however important the education may be that teaches to adorn the miſtreſs, and captivate the lover, there is ſtill another, and a higher, which requires ſome little attention;—that which inſtructs them to perform the duties of the wife, to retain the affections, and to conſtitute the happineſs of the huſband.

I am, &c.

HORATIUS.

N° 17. SATURDAY, *May* 28, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IF I am not misinformed, you have taken up the same sort of business which was formerly carried on by a Gentleman who published his performances under the title of the MIRROR, with whom I had once or twice occasion, not very agreeable ones, to correspond. As I suppose you have got that Gentleman's *good-will*, I am inclined to deal with you as his successor; and I trust you will use me as well as he did, by giving place to this letter, containing an account of grievances, which I know not where else to seek redress for. You will find my correspondence, though not elegant, at least authentic. The family of the *Homespuns*, though I say it who should not, were always to be trusted in a story; truth and plain-dealing was their motto, and I hope will continue so, if bad neighbours don't spoil them.

The neglect of the great Lady, which my daughter Elizabeth thought fit to complain of in the *Mirror*, was of singular use in my family. My young Lady came back to the country so

quiet and ſo reaſonable a girl, that her mother and I had not once occaſion to chide her for a twelvemonth; at the end of which we had propoſals of marriage for her from her uncle's partner, whom ſhe mentions in the paper I allude to; and ſhe conſented to become the wife of a plain, virtuous, thriving young man, though he had nothing of finery or faſhion about him. They are as happy as can be, and have two ſtout cherry-cheeked boys, who, I am told, are the pictures of their grandfather.

The reſt of us remain as we were; at leaſt we did ſo till within theſe two months. My Lady —— made ſome overtures towards a renewal of our acquaintance about a twelvemonth ago: but it was agreed to decline them; and I ſtaid at home to lay down a field of ſpring-wheat, inſtead of going to vote for a parliament-man. The waiſts of my wife and daughters had returned to their natural ſize, and the heads of the latter had moulted of their feathers. Their hoops were ſent to the lumber-garret, and powder and pomatum were ſcarcely ever uſed but on Sundays. I fondly thought, that all the follies of the family were over, and that henceforth we ſhould be reaſonable and happy. Alas, Sir, I have diſcovered, that opportunity only was wanting to renew them; the weeds were all in the ground, though my Lady ——'s coldneſs had chilled

chilled their growth. Within these two months they have sprung up with a vengeance.

About that time my neighbour *Mush*room*'s son, who had been sent out to India about a dozen years ago, returned home with a fortune, as we are told, of 100,000*l.* and has taken up his residence at his father's, till some finer place shall be found out for him. Before his arrival, he had made several large remittances to his father, for the purpose of dressing up the old house a little, so as to make it fit for his reception, and had sent a trunk full of fineries to dress up his mother and sisters for the same purpose. The good old Lady, however, restrained her daughters from wearing them (as indeed they did not well know how to make them up or put them on) till her son should arrive. His arrival furnished them with a very able assistant: the young man had made a love-match before he left this country, with a good-looking girl of our neighbourhood, who, not altogether with his inclination, had gone out to him soon after his establishment in India. This Lady returned hither with him, and has edified all the family amazingly.

But her instructions are not confined to her own family; mine is unluckily included. This is a favour which my wife is very proud of; as Mrs. Mushroom has forgot most of her old acquaintance in the parish, and associates only

with us, and one or two more of her neighbours, who have what she calls *capability*; that is, Sir, as I understand it, who will listen to all the nonsense she talks, and ape all the follies she practises. These are strong words; but it would put any man in a passion to see how she goes on. I don't know how it is, but I am ten times angrier at this new plague than I was with Lady ——. For her I had many apologies; but to think of that little chit Peg Mushroom playing all this mischief among us!—Why, Sir, I remember her but as it were yesterday, when she used to come draggled to our house of a morning a-foot, and ride home double, on my blind mare, behind one of the plough-boys.

But I interrupt my account of things in my anger at them. The Sunday after these newcomers' arrival, they appeared in church, where their pew was all carpeted and cushioned over for their reception, so bedizened—there were flowered muslins and gold muslins, white shawls and red shawls, white feathers and red feathers; and every now and then the young Mushroom girls pulled out little bottles that sent such a perfume around them.—Nay, my old friend, their father, like a fool as he was, had such a mixture of black sattin and pink sattin about him, and was so stiff and awkward in his finery, that he looked for all the world like the *King of Clubs*, and

and ſeemed, poor man! to have as little to ſay for himſelf.

But all this, Sir, is no joking matter to me. Some of the neighbours, indeed, laugh at it; but we who are favourites ſay that is nothing but envy. My wife and daughter *Mary* have rummaged out their tetes and feathers; and the hoops, that had ſuffered a little from the moths, have been put in complete repair again. I was ſilly enough to let my wife get hold of a draught on town for the price of my laſt year's barley; and I verily believe ſhe and Mary alone carry the produce of ten acres on their backs. My wife ſaid, a ſhawl was a decent comfortable wear for a middle-aged woman like her (my Rachel, by the way, has been fifty theſe ten years); and ſo ſhe gave orders to purchaſe one at a ſale in town, which ſhe got a monſtrous bargain, though I am aſhamed to tell you, that it ſtood me in two fat oxen and a year-old cow.

I am glad to take this eſtimate of things, becauſe in the value of money we are now got into a ſtyle of expreſſion which loſes all idea of ſmall ſums. Hundreds and thouſands of pounds carried a ſound of ſome importance, and could eaſily be divided into leſſer parts; but Madam Muſhroom's *Lack*, or half a Lack, ſounds like nothing at all; and ſhe has ſtories which ſhe tells to my poor gaping girls, of a ſingle ſupper in the Eaſt,

given by ſome Nabob with half a dozen hard names, that coſt one or two of thoſe Lacks, beſides half a Lack in *trifling* preſents to the company. In thoſe ſtories, the Eaſt-Indian Lady, being ſubject to no contradiction, goes on without interruption or commentary, till my poor wife and daughters' heads are turned quite topſy-turvy. Even mine, though reckoned tolerably ſolid, is really dizzy with hearing her. There are ſuch accounts of Nabobs, Rajahs, and Rajah-Pouts, elephants, palanquins, and proceſſions; ſo ſtuck full of gold, diamonds, pearls, and precious ſtones, with epiſodes of dancing girls and *otter* of roſes!—I have heard nothing like it ſince I was a boy, and uſed to be delighted with reading the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

The effect of all this on my family you will eaſily gueſs. Not only does it rob me of my money, but them of their happineſs. Every thing that uſed to be thought comfortable or convenient formerly, is now intolerable and diſguſting. Every thing we now put on, or eat, or drink, is immediately brought into compariſon with the dreſs, proviſions, and liquors at *Muſhroom-Hall*, for ſo they have new-chriſtened my neighbour's farm-houſe. My girls home-made gowns, of which they were lately ſo proud, have been thrown by with contempt ſince they ſaw Mrs. Muſhroom's muſlins from Bengal; our barn-

barn-door fowls, we uſed to ſay, were ſo fat and well-taſted, we now make awkward attempts, by garlic and pepper, to turn into the form of *Curries* and *Peelaws*; and the old October we were wont to brag all our neighbours with, none of the family but myſelf will condeſcend to taſte, ſince they drank Mr. Muſhroom's India Madeira.

In ſhort, Sir, I am ten times worſe off with this freſh diſaſter than I was with the former unlucky intimacy with Lady ——. My Lady —— was at ſome diſtance in point of place, and ſtill more in point of rank from us; but this new plague is cloſe at our doors, and Mrs. Muſhroom is ſo obliging as to be a conſtant viſitor. I am really afraid that I muſt ſell my little eſtate, and leave this part of the country altogether; that I muſt try to find out ſome new place of reſidence, where Nabobs, Rajahs, and Lacks of Rupees, were never heard of, and where people know no more of Bengal than of the Man in the Moon.——I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

It is with peculiar ſatisfaction that the Lounger has received this commencement of Mr. Homeſpun's correſpondence, of which he knows the value, and hopes for the continuance.

Z

N° 18. SATURDAY, *June* 4, 1785.

IT has been obſerved, that the world is generally juſt in the opinions which it forms of the characters of the different perſons who appear on the ſtage of life; that few have been held high in the eſtimation of the public who have not deſerved it; and that inſtances as rarely occur of its cenſure miſapplied, as of its applauſe miſplaced. But though this remark, it muſt be allowed, is true in the general, yet experience teaches that it cannot be admitted without exceptions; and that the truly virtuous and deſerving, particularly in the private walks of life, may often paſs unnoticed, while the leſs worthy may become the objects of favour.

Cleora was married at an early period of life. Gaily educated, and thoughtleſs in diſpoſition, ſhe was incapable of any ſtrong attachment. She married *Lothario*, becauſe he was a man of the *ton*, dreſſed well, kept good company, and profeſſed himſelf her humble admirer. He married her, becauſe ſhe was reckoned pretty, danced well, was a toaſt, and was as much in the faſhion as he was. As they went together without affection, ſo neither of them allowed their love to be troubleſome to the other. Pleaſure, diſſipation,

tion, ſhow was the taſte of both. Lothario was ſometimes at home, and in his wife's company; but then it was only in a crowd, and amidſt a variety of gueſts. Abroad they ſometimes met at dinner and ſupper parties; but as frequently their parties were not the ſame, and their amuſements lay in different quarters.

Such a life of diſſipation could not be ſupported without great expence. Though Lothario was poſſeſſed of a conſiderable land-eſtate, yet when he ſucceeded to it, it was much incumbered with debt; and that debt was now greatly increaſed by his own extravagance. Every year made a new bond or mortgage neceſſary.

Cleora knew all this; but ſhe allowed it not to make any impreſſion on her mind. It was too ſerious a ſubject to be ſuffered to intrude itſelf in the midſt of her enjoyments. The mother of a numerous family, ſhe is equally inattentive with Lothario, to giving them proper habits and impreſſions. The boys, neglecting every uſeful branch of ſtudy, by a ſtrange combination, are both beaux and blackguards. At public places they are reckoned faſhionable, while, at the ſame time, in their private amuſements they value themſelves on their coarſeneſs and intemperance. The daughters are now come to the age of women; but Cleora has no other object as to them than to increaſe their fondneſs for public

places and late hours: devoted to these herself, she makes her daughters the pretext for her own indulgences.

Thus Cleora, if she were to think, if she were to stop her course of dissipation for a moment, would see bankruptcy at hand, and her children, if not herself and her husband, reduced to want; her children brought up without education, and initiated in nothing but the ways of idleness and folly. With all this, Cleora retains a good character in the world: her cheerfulness, her gaiety, make her a favourite wherever she goes. "'Tis a pity," it is sometimes said, "that her "husband was not more attentive to her and "her children; but it is not her fault. She is "indeed to be commended for submitting with "so much ease to her fate; one would never "discover that she was married to Lothario." ——Such is the general character which Cleora bears; and if any one ever expresses a hint to the contrary, it is considered as the remark of a person disposed to be censorious.

How shall I contrast with Cleora the conduct of *Aurelia?* She also married young, before she had learned to feel and judge for herself, and at a time when she was entirely given up to the direction and disposal of her parents. It has been unfortunately the fate of some of the best of women, to become the wives of men in many respects

reſpects their inferiors both in underſtanding and in character. Amidſt the chances of life, the intricacies of ſituation, or from the deception of minds whoſe very virtues betray their caution, this will ſometimes happen. *Cleanthes*, the huſband of Aurelia, is of a character very ſimilar to that of Cleora's huſband, Lothario, and on many accounts an unfortunate match for Aurelia. But Cleanthes being reputed to be a man of fortune, poſſeſſing a good addreſs, and believed to be poſſeſſed of good-nature, it was the fate of Aurelia to be joined to him for life. Thoſe habits of thoughtleſſneſs and extravagance, however, which Cleanthes had acquired before marriage, never forſook him: he even became indifferent and negligent of Aurelia, and a family of fine children which ſhe brought him. Intemperate in his pleaſures, and inordinate in his expence, he plunged headlong into every faſhionable folly, into every ſpecies of diſſipation. Aurelia felt much anguiſh at this conduct of her huſband: ſhe endeavoured by every gentle method in her power to reclaim him, and to gain his mind to virtue and domeſtic enjoyment. All her efforts proved ineffectual. Cleanthes was not yet, however, ſo loſt as not to feel at times the reproaches of his conſcience; but, inſtead of endeavouring to remove, he tried to avoid them. In this ſituation, Aurelia was

like another conſcience: the reflection on her quiet and gentle virtues was like a mirror that did but ſhew him his own uglineſs, and, frightened at the ſight, he only thought how to eſcape it. Thus abandoned by himſelf, thus having forſaken Aurelia, and every better feeling, he has gone more and more headlong into vice—intemperance has become his companion, and expence much beyond his income has attended it.

What a ſituation for Aurelia! With a mind fitted for every domeſtic enjoyment, ſhe ſees her huſband a prey to folly and extravagance, ruining his fortune, and dead to every proper ſentiment. One only comfort remains—the pleaſure ſhe receives from her children. Her only ſon, who promiſes to be all a parent could wiſh, has been placed at a diſtant academy; and a rich uncle, who has no children of his own, has adopted him as his ſon. Her three daughters live with herſelf, and her great object is to educate and inſtruct them; and in this ſhe is well rewarded, by the appearance of their promiſing virtues, and the diſplay of their opening talents.

With all theſe amiable parts of Aurelia's conduct, juſtice is not done her in the opinion of the world. Her virtues are unknown, or paſs unnoticed. It is frequently ſaid, "That Cle-

"anthes

" anthes is a good fellow; pity he had not a wife " of a leſs grave diſpoſition, more ſuited to his " taſte. If he had, he might have been leſs ex- " penſive, and his pleaſures been more fixed at " home."

It was but the other evening that in making a courſe of viſits, or, to uſe an expreſſion more conſonant to my character, in *lounging* from one place to another, I called at a houſe, where I found Cleora engaged in deep play, and her eldeſt daughter ſitting by her, attending to the game. At that moment Lothario happened to come into the room. He drew a chair near ſome ladies at another table, and gave a nod of indifference to his daughter. " La! Sir," ſaid Miſs, " we did " not look for you; we thought you were at Sir " John's."——Her mother gave one look be- hind; aſked her partner if ſhe had not held the king; and then deſired her to ſet up two by honours and the odd trick.

The ſame evening I called at the houſe of Cle- anthes. Him I found abroad, but Aurelia was at home. I was ſhewn into the room where ſhe was, where I found her ſeated with her three girls around her. On the table lay ſeveral books, among which were the *Spectator*, the *Man of Feeling*, and the *Theatre of Education*. She her- ſelf was buſy with her needle; and her two youngeſt girls were occupied in the ſame man-

ner,

ner, under her direction. The eldeſt was employed in reading. When I entered the room, one of the girls took me by the hand, and kindly welcomed me. "I thought, however," ſaid ſhe, with a moſt expreſſive look, "it had been "Papa; my Mamma expected him." A tear ſtarted into Aurelia's eye. She ſoon, however, reſumed her chearfulneſs; and I remained for a conſiderable time in this domeſtic party, receiving a pleaſure which I cannot deſcribe, in the converſation of Aurelia, the amiableneſs and propriety of her conduct, her behaviour to her children, and theirs to her.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting on the different characters of Aurelia and Cleora, placed in ſituations not diſſimilar; one drawing from her very want of feeling and of duty, the ſuffrage of the world! the other, from the very exerciſe of the moſt diſintereſted virtue, ſuffering its neglect, and incurring its cenſure! Yet with all her afflictions and all her ſorrows, who would not rather wiſh to be the ſuffering and virtuous Aurelia, than the gay and thoughtleſs Cleora? The one may enjoy the diſſipation of the world, and the good-liking of its votaries; but the other muſt poſſeſs that approbation from her own mind, which infinitely ſurpaſſes all the external enjoyment which the world is able to beſtow.

N° 19. SATURDAY, *June* 11, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Hi sunt invidiæ, nimirum, Regule, mores,
Præferat antiquos semper ut illa novis.

MARTIAL.

SIR,

THERE are a set of cynical old men, who are perpetually dinning our ears with the praises of times past, who are fond of drawing comparisons between the ancients and moderns, much to the disparagement of the latter, and who take a misanthropical delight in representing mankind as degenerating from age to age both in mental and corporeal endowments. With these people, all science is held to be upon the decline; arts are retrograde; the greater virtues absolutely annihilated; and morality itself tending fast to utter extinction. Even the human figure is dwindling away in stature, and diminishing in strength; the climates are altered, the seasons become yearly more inclement; the earth is losing its fertility, and the sun its heat.

heat. Now, Sir, although I am diſpoſed to admit that there is ſome foundation for theſe complaints in a very few particulars, and will, for inſtance, readily allow, that the muſic of the moderns is not quite ſo powerful in its effects as that of Orpheus; that *Auguſtus* King of Poland, though he could bend a horſe-ſhoe, could not have pitched a bar with *Hercules*; that ſwans have loſt the faculty of ſinging; and that, even in the period of my own remembrance, there is a great decay in the art of making plumbcakes and penny pies: yet I think it might be eaſily proved, that in other reſpects the picture is a very falſe one; and I am thoroughly convinced, that upon an impartial eſtimate of the merits of the ancient and modern world, the ſcale of the latter would very greatly preponderate.

I do not intend at preſent to enter into a complete diſcuſſion of this important ſubject, but ſhall content myſelf with advancing a very few arguments in refutation of the opinion of thoſe old grumblers I have mentioned: and I think it will be no difficult matter to ſhew, that the fault lies entirely in their own ſplenetic and peeviſh humours; and that the world, ſo far from growing worſe, is in reality much better now than in ancient times. You will excuſe my neglect of methodical arrangement; for as this

this is a picture consisting of many detached groups, it does not signify at which end we begin.

I have been often much amazed at hearing it seriously maintained, that mankind are more vicious and abandoned in modern times, than they were in the days of antiquity. The moderns, no doubt, have made many notable discoveries in the arts and sciences; but I do not find that murder, robbery, perjury, adultery, &c. are among the number. It is true, that as there is a fashion in all human affairs, which alters with the times, its influence may be observed in crimes, as well as in every thing else: but here the advantage, I will be bold to say, lies entirely on the side of the moderns. Long ago, in committing crimes, they had a barbarous and brutal method of going directly to the point. If a man had an ill-will at his neighbour, he knocked him on the head the first time he met him, or perhaps set fire to his house, and made a *holocaust* of him, his wife, and children. But now the mode is altered much for the better. We see none of those wild beasts in society. An enemy now wears the countenance of a friend: he shews you all the politeness in the world to your face, and only ruins your reputation behind your back: he lends you money, if you are much in need of it, and only throws you into

into jail when you are ſtarving out of it: he would be the laſt man in the world to revenge himſelf on you by ſhooting or ſtabbing; but if through his means you grow ſo tired of life as to cut your own throat, to be ſure it is no fault of his.

In caſe, however, it ſhould be neceſſary for him to be your executioner, which often happens where the injury is of a very atrocious nature; ſuch as, if you ſhould by chance joſtle a gentleman in the ſtreet, ſpit by accident on his ſhoe, or diſturb him in a private converſation with your wife; he gives you warning, in the politeſt manner, of his intentions; ſays he believes you to be in every reſpect a man of honour; and only requeſts you, by a civil card, to come and be ſhot through the head.

The ancients, it muſt be owned, were remarkably inferior to the moderns, both in good taſte and in good manners. That refinement of taſte which manifeſts itſelf by a polite contempt of all home-productions, and a generous admiration of every thing that is foreign, ſeems indeed to be a qualification peculiar to the moderns. A well-educated Britiſh gentleman, it may be truly ſaid, is of no country whatever. He unites in himſelf the characteriſtics of all different nations: he talks and dreſſes *French*, and ſings *Italian*: he rivals the *Spaniard* in indolence,

lence, and the *German* in drinking: his houſe is *Grecian*, his offices *Gothic*, and his furniture *Chineſe*. He preſerves the ſame impartiality in his religion; and, finding no ſolid reaſons for preferring *Confucius* to *Brama*, or *Mahometaniſm* to *Chriſtianity*, he has for all their doctrines an equal indulgence.

But how different from this the character of the Greeks and Romans! Servilely attached to their own manners and cuſtoms, they treated foreigners with contempt. What, in effect, could be expected of them, who were ſuch *barbarians* themſelves, as to ſtigmatiſe all other nations by that opprobrious epithet?

There is no virtue for which the ancients have got greater credit than for their patriotiſm; yet on examination it will appear, that their merits in this article have been very much exaggerated. It it true, that we find among them ſome ſtriking inſtances of this virtue in individuals; but it never was diffuſed, as with us, among the great body of the people. The porters and hackney coachmen at Rome and Athens were deplorably ignorant of the affairs of ſtate. There were no clubs in thoſe capitals for *Conſtitutional Reformation*. Carpenters and bricklayers reformed the boroughs only by the axe and hammer; ſhoemakers and tailors were

dexterous

dexterous enough at the awl and needle, but could not mend the government.

Perhaps even the patriotism of individuals among the ancients has got more than its due share of praise; and upon a fair estimate it might be found, that the moderns could produce equal, if not superior examples of the same heroic virtue. What is there, for instance, so remarkable in the boasted example of *Themistocles* and *Aristides?* They were bitter enemies, but forgot their quarrels when their country was in danger, and joined their interests to prevent its falling a prey to the Persians: so our modern statesmen, who the one day declare the most rooted abhorrence and detestation of each other, both in their public and private characters, the next day shake hands for the good of their country, agree in every measure, and profess for each other the most sincere esteem and veneration. *Decius*, it is true, devoted himself for his country, and, by sacrificing his own life, won a great victory over the enemies of Rome: but our commanders go much farther; for they devote whole armies, from a pure spirit of patriotism. In short, it may be confidently asserted, that all those bright examples we read of in ancient story, may find their parallels in a modern news-paper.

And

And now, Sir, that I have mentioned a newspaper, allow me to obſerve, that thoſe brief chronicles of the times afford every day numberleſs proofs of the ſuperiority of the moderns to the ancients, in many of the moſt uſeful arts and ſciences. In that moſt noble of all arts, the art of healing, ſo great is the perfection to which the moderns have attained, that one of your predeceſſors has very juſtly expreſſed his aſtoniſhment at reading in the bills of mortality the great number of people who chuſe to die of ſuch and ſuch diſtempers, for every one of which there are infallible and ſpecific cures. To be ſure, there is no helping the folly of ſome people, who will perſiſt in refuſing a cure till they are in a manner *in articulo mortis* (in the laſt agony); but it is to be hoped we ſhall hear no more of ſuch determined ſuicide, when we read, that ſome of thoſe modern Eſculapiuſes chooſe only ſuch patients as are preciſely in the ſituation of *incurables*, to be the ſubjects of their practice. One of thoſe excellent phyſicians profeſſes, in his advertiſements, that he wiſhes none (his words are ſtrongly excluſive) to apply to him, but ſuch as have been deemed incurable, or made ſuch by the *faculty*; thereby encouraging the diſeaſed of all kinds firſt to take every poſſible means to render themſelves incurable, that they may thus be qualified for being perfectly cured by him.

Somewhat

Somewhat analogous to the ſcience of medicine, is the art of repairing the human figure. And here, Sir, the pre-eminence of the moderns is equally diſtinguiſhed. In this moſt uſeful art, the ſkill of the ancients went no farther than to give a little exterior embelliſhment to the countenance. They knew nothing of that creative power which extends to the making of limbs and organs as well as features. The parchment-calves, the cork-rump, and bolſter'd ſpring boddice; the making of glaſs-eyes, and the tranſplantation of teeth, are all inventions abſolutely modern. And ſince we know for certain, that mechaniſm is now ſo perfected, that a wooden man can be made to perform a ſolo on the violin, play a game at cheſs, walk, and even utter articulate ſounds; I ſee no reaſon to doubt, that in proceſs of time we may have artificial men currently walking the ſtreets, performing all the functions of life, and diſcharging their duty in ſociety juſt as well, and more peaceably than the real ones. When the art of making *automatons* has attained to this perfection, which we may reaſonably hope will happen in a very few years, we may congratulate ourſelves on the very great political benefits which muſt ariſe from this admirable invention. As there is no doubt that the merits of this claſs of men will entitle them to the higheſt promotions, it is then we may expect every department of the ſtate to be

be supplied by a set of *upright* and *inflexible* magistrates: the great *machine* of government will be most ably conducted: judges will administer justice with the most *rigid* impartiality; and (what is the great *desideratum* of the present age) a *wooden king* may sit at the helm of affairs, who will support the dignity of the crown with no expence to the nation, and relieve them at the same time of all their anxious fears about the extension of his prerogative.

I could easily, Sir, draw out this estimate to a much greater length; but believing I have already said enough to produce a thorough conviction of the truth of my proposition, I subscribe myself, with great respect, yours,

PAUL PASQUIN.

N° 20. SATURDAY, *June* 18, 1785.

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. HOR.

NO ſpecies of compoſition is more generally read by one claſs of readers, or more undervalued by another, than that of the *Novel*. Its favourable reception from the young and the indolent, to whom the exerciſe of imagination is delightful, and the labour of thought is irkſome, needs not be wondered at; but the contempt which it meets from the more reſpectable claſs of literary men, it may perhaps be entitled to plead that it does not deſerve. Conſidered in the abſtract, as containing an intereſting relation of events, illuſtrative of the manners and characters of mankind, it ſurely merits a higher ſtation in the world of letters than is generally aſſigned it. If it has not the dignity, it has at leaſt moſt of the difficulties, of the Epic or the Drama. The conduct of its fable, the ſupport of its characters, the contrivance of its incidents, and its developement of the paſſions, require a degree of invention, judgment, taſte, and feeling, not much, if at all, inferior to thoſe higher departments of writing, for the compoſition of which a very uncommon portion of

genius is ſuppoſed to be requiſite. Thoſe difficulties are at the ſame time heightened by the circumſtance, of this ſpecies of writing being of all others the moſt open to the judgment of the people; becauſe it repreſents domeſtic ſcenes and ſituations in private life, in the execution of which any man may detect errors and diſcover blemiſhes, while the author has neither the pomp of poetry, nor the decoration of the ſtage, to cover or to conceal them.

To this circumſtance, however, may perhaps be imputed the degradation into which it has fallen. As few endowments were neceſſary to judge, ſo few have been ſuppoſed neceſſary to compoſe a Novel; and all whoſe neceſſities or vanity prompted them to write, betook themſelves to a field, which, as they imagined, it required no extent of information or depth of learning to cultivate, but in which a heated imagination, or an excurſive fancy, were alone ſufficient to ſucceed; and men of genius and of knowledge, deſpiſing a province in which ſuch competitors were to be met, retired from it in diſguſt, and left it in the hands of the unworthy.

The effects of this have been felt, not only in the debaſement of the Novel in point of literary merit, but in another particular ſtill more material, in its perverſion from a moral or in-

ſtructive purpoſe to one directly the reverſe. Ignorance and dulneſs are ſeldom long inoffenſive, but generally ſupport their own native inſignificance by an alliance with voluptuouſneſs and vice.

Even of thoſe few Novels which ſuperior men have written, it cannot always be ſaid, that they are equally calculated to improve as to delight. Nor is this only to be objected to ſome who have been profeſſedly leſs ſcrupulous in that particular; but I am afraid may be alſo imputed to thoſe whoſe works were meant to convey no bad impreſſion, but, on the contrary, were intended to aid the cauſe of virtue, and to hold out patterns of the moſt exalted benevolence.

I am not, however, diſpoſed to carry the idea of the dangerous tendency of all Novels quite ſo far as ſome rigid moraliſts have done. As promoting a certain refinement of mind, they operate like all other works of genius and feeling, and have indeed a more immediate tendency to produce it than moſt others, from their treating of thoſe very ſubjects which the reader will find around him in the world, and their containing thoſe very ſituations in which he himſelf may not improbably at ſome time or other be placed. Thoſe who object to them as inculcating precepts, and holding forth examples,

ples, of a refinement which virtue does not require, and which honeſty is better without, do not perhaps ſufficiently attend to the period of ſociety which produces them. The code of morality muſt neceſſarily be enlarged in proportion to that ſtate of manners to which cultivated æras give birth. As the idea of property made a crime of theft, as the invention of oaths made falſehood perjury; ſo the neceſſary refinement in manners of highly-poliſhed nations creates a variety of duties and of offences, which men in ruder, and, it may be (for I enter not into that queſtion), happier periods of ſociety, could never have imagined.

The principal danger of Novels, as forming a miſtaken and pernicious ſyſtem of morality, ſeems to me to ariſe from that contraſt between one virtue or excellence and another, that war of duties which is to be found in many of them, particularly in that ſpecies called the *Sentimental*. Theſe have been chiefly borrowed from our neighbours the French, whoſe ſtyle of manners, and the very powers of whoſe language, give them a great advantage in the delineation of that nicety, that ſubtilty of feeling, thoſe entanglements of delicacy, which are ſo much interwoven with the characters and conduct of the chief perſonages in many of their moſt celebrated Novels. In this rivalſhip of virtues

and of duties, thoſe are always likely to be preferred which in truth and reaſon are ſubordinate, and thoſe to be degraded which ought to be paramount. The laſt, being of that great cardinal ſort which muſt be common, becauſe they apply to the great leading relations and circumſtances of life, have an appearance leſs dignified and heroic than the others, which, as they come forth only on extraordinary occaſions, are more apt to attract the view and excite the admiration of beholders. The duty to parents is contraſted with the ties of friendſhip and of love; the virtues of juſtice, of prudence, of œconomy, are put in competition with the exertions of generoſity, of benevolence, and of compaſſion: and even of theſe virtues of ſentiment there are ſtill more refined diviſions, in which the overſtrained delicacy of the perſons repreſented always leads them to act from the motive leaſt obvious, and therefore generally the leaſt reaſonable.

In the enthuſiaſm of ſentiment there is much the ſame danger as in the enthuſiaſm of religion, of ſubſtituting certain impulſes and feelings of what may be called a viſionary kind, in the place of real practical duties, which in morals, as in theology, we might not improperly denominate *good works*. In morals, as in religion, there are not wanting inſtances of refined ſentimentaliſts,

timentaliſts, who are contented with talking of virtues which they never practiſe, who pay in words what they owe in actions; or, perhaps, what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to *impreſſions* which never have any effect upon their *conduct*, but are conſidered as ſomething foreign to and diſtinct from it. This ſeparation of conſcience from feeling is a depravity of the moſt pernicious ſort; it eludes the ſtrongeſt obligation to rectitude, it blunts the ſtrongeſt incitement to virtue; when the ties of the firſt bind the ſentiment and not the will, and the rewards of the latter crown not the heart but the imagination.

That creation of refined and ſubtile feeling, reared by the authors of the works to which I allude, has an ill effect, not only on our ideas of virtue, but alſo on our eſtimate of happineſs. That fickly ſort of refinement creates imaginary evils and diſtreſſes, and imaginary bleſſings and enjoyments, which embitter the common diſappointments, and depreciate the common attainments of life. This affects the temper doubly, both with reſpect to ourſelves and others: with reſpect to ourſelves, from what we think ought to be our lot; with regard to others, from what we think ought to be their ſentiments. It inſpires a certain childiſh pride of our own ſuperior delicacy, and an unfortunate contempt of

the plain worth, the ordinary but useful occupations and ideas of those around us.

The reproach which has been sometimes made to Novels, of exhibiting "such faultless "monsters as the world ne'er saw," may be just on the score of entertainment to their readers, to whom the delineation of uniform virtue, except when it is called into striking situations, will no doubt be insipid. But, in point of moral tendency, the opposite character is much more reprehensible; I mean, that character of mingled virtue and vice which is to be found in some of the best of our Novels. Instances will readily occur to every reader, where the hero of the performance has violated, in one page, the most sacred laws of society, to whom, by the mere turning of the leaf, we are to be reconciled, whom we are to be made to love and admire, for the beauty of some humane, or the brilliancy of some heroic action. It is dangerous thus to bring us into the society of Vice, though introduced or accompanied by Virtue. In the application to ourselves, in which the moral tendency of all imaginary characters must be supposed to consist, this nourishes and supports a very common kind of self-deception, by which men are apt to balance their faults by the consideration of their good qualities; an account which, besides the fallacy of its principle, can scarcely fail

fail to be erroneous, from our natural propenſity to ſtate our faults at their loweſt, and our good qualities at their higheſt rate.

I have purpoſely pointed my obſervations, not to that common herd of Novels (the wretched offspring of circulating libraries) which are deſpiſed for their inſignificance, or proſcribed for their immorality; but to the errors, as they appear to me, of thoſe admired ones which are frequently put into the hands of youth for imitation as well as amuſement. Of youth it is eſſential to preſerve the imagination ſound as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amidſt the intricacies of Sentiment, or the dreams of Senſibility, the truths of Reaſon, or the laws of Principle.

Z

N° 21. SATURDAY, *June* 25, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR, *London*, 1785.

I Propose, by this letter, to give you the history of a few particulars in a life of too little consequence to be worthy the attention of the public, were it not that it may possibly afford some useful materials for instruction.

My father was the descendant of an ancient family in the county of —— in Scotland, possessed only of a moderate fortune. His ancestors had uniformly lived in the country, except occasionally for a few months in the winter; and he himself would probably have observed the same plan, had it not been for the following occurrence.

The county where his estate lay had long been divided into two parties, who had tried to get the political direction of it. They came at length to be tired of the trouble and expence to which this contest put them; and a connection which happened to be formed by the heads of both sides with the minister at the time, was an additional inducement to drop it.

In

In this ſituation the election of a member of parliament happened to come on; but as the chiefs of neither party, though their hoſtilities had ceaſed, inclined to pay the other the compliment of electing a perſon who was keenly attached to it, my father was fixed upon as a perſon who was generally beloved, and diſagreeable to nobody.

Though becoming a member of parliament was certainly a hazardous ſtep, conſidering the ſmallneſs of my father's fortune, yet his vanity could not reſiſt the temptation. To parliament accordingly he went; where, after ſome years' attendance, as he attached himſelf cloſely to the miniſter, was a ſure vote, and was not without ſome talents for buſineſs, he arrived at the height of his wiſhes, and obtained a conſiderable poſt for life.

This change in his ſituation made him form new plans and new views for his family.

It was now reſolved that the place of our reſidence ſhould be changed, and that for the future it ſhould be ſettled in London. Accordingly, he and his two daughters, of whom the writer of this letter is one (our mother had died ſome time before), removed from Scotland, and took up their abode in the capital.

I was fourteen years of age, and my ſiſter Harriet eleven, when this material change in

our ſituation took place.—I ſhall not eaſily forget the giddy joy I felt when the plan was firſt propoſed; nor the expectations with which my heart beat when the meaſure was reſolved on.

Upon our arrival in town, my father's affection for his daughters, not to ſay his vanity, which led him to think that nothing was too high for them, made him ſpare no expence to get us inſtructed in every faſhionable accompliſhment. No attention was neglected, to beſtow upon us every qualification which the beſt maſters, and an introduction into the beſt company, could produce.

Though my father's revenue was now conſiderable, yet the expence of having a family in London went far beyond his income. The diſtreſſes which this occaſioned (as is commonly the caſe with ſuch diſtreſſes) were felt long before they were endeavoured to be remedied; at laſt, however, they became ſo urgent, as to oblige my father to think of retrenching his expences, by returning for a while to the country.

Thither accordingly we repaired. I will not trouble you with giving a compariſon of the different ſenſations I felt when I firſt left the country, with thoſe which I entertained on my return. Suffice it to ſay, that we were received with the utmoſt reſpect and attention. My father's ſituation, and his general popularity, were ſufficient

ſufficient to ſecure this; and our conduct was certainly ſuch as not to give offence.

My father was now advanced in years. Notwithſtanding the emoluments of his office, he found his fortune not increaſing, and he became anxious to have my ſiſter and me ſettled in the world. No opportunity of this kind however occurred. The gentlemen of our part of the country, though they treated us with reſpect, never thought of us for wives. A London, a faſhionable, and ſhowy education, they conſidered as incompatible with their plans and views of life. They married girls like themſelves whoſe habits were like their own.

After having ſomewhat repaired the waſte o London by the œconomy of the country, we returned once more to the metropolis. By the greateſt accident in the world, my ſiſter Harriet happened to catch the fancy of a young nobleman of faſhion and addreſs. Dining one day with a groupe of his companions, he gave Harriet G—— for his toaſt,—ſwearing a great oath,—ſhe was the fineſt girl in the world—"I have a great mind," ſaid he, "to marry "her."—He was as good as his word, and their marriage ſoon after followed.

A marriage of this kind, made with levity, and entered upon without affection, had little chance to be a happy one. Harriet's huſband

ſoon not only became indifferent, but was not even at pains to conceal his indifference. His amuſements lay in hunting, in drinking, in cock-fighting, in gaming;—all her accompliſhments, her muſic, her knowledge in modern languages, her taſte in dreſs, her ſkill in painting, &c. he valued not, nor cared for. This negligence for a while ſunk deep into her heart; it threw her into melancholy, and I was apprehenſive of the conſequences of it to her health. In time, however, her ſpirits revived, and ſhe became as indifferent about her huſband as he was about her. She even went the length of wiſhing to ſhew him marks of her indifference.

In this ſituation they now are: more than indifferent, they hate one another; and their only pleaſure conſiſts, though they do it with the moſt finiſhed good-breeding, in giving mutual vexation. He never at home, ſhe always abroad;—he extravagant in his pleaſures, ſhe no leſs ſo in hers;—he in one gaming party, ſhe in another.

You will naturally, Sir, wiſh to know what is my ſituation. I can aſſure you it is by no means agreeable. My father has been for ſome time dead. He died without leaving a ſhilling, his debts being fully equal to his eſtate. In theſe circumſtances, it became a matter of neceſſity, not of choice, that I ſhould live with my ſiſter;

but from what I have already ſaid, you muſt eaſily ſee my reſidence in her family cannot be deſirable. The bad terms in which my ſiſter and her Lord live, make me neither loved nor truſted by either. The huſband is jealous that I poſſeſs the confidence of his Lady, and know more than I ſhould know; ſhe again thinks me a ſpy upon her enjoyments, and is diſpleaſed that I ſhould diſapprove of that diſſipation to which ſhe has ſo entirely devoted herſelf.

A thouſand times have I wiſhed to leave this houſe, where no proſpect of enjoyment for me now remains; but as often have I found every ſuch ſcheme impracticable. My relations in the country have now forgotten me; and even if they remembered me with more intereſt than I am afraid they do, would not willingly receive into their family one whom they naturally think a faſhionable reſidence in London muſt have ſo much ſpoiled. I have frequently thought of hiring a ſmall houſe, and living by myſelf, but I find I am unable to afford it. In this ſtate I muſt remain where I am, neglected by the Earl of ——, and not truſted by the Counteſs. My ſituation I have often thought worſe than that of their houſekeeper; for while ſhe receives their wages, ſhe has it in her power to leave them whenever ſhe has a mind.

With

With what bitter reflections do I now recollect the time when I firſt left the country! How different has been the fate of Lucy R—— from mine! She was the early companion of my youth. She married, when ſhe was young, a gentleman without fortune, but poſſeſſed of every good quality. Though the friends of both ſides conſidered the match as imprudent, they yielded to the inclination of the parties. It certainly was not a marriage either of intereſt or ambition; but it was a marriage of choice, of affection. Heaven has rewarded it.——The very narrowneſs of their circumſtances, the mutual inconveniences, the hardſhips they had to undergo, but endeared them the more to each other. Theſe were an additional incitement to the induſtry of Lucy's huſband, and contributed to the proſperous ſituation at which he has now arrived. I received lately a letter from Lucy, giving me an account of her ſituation, which, though expreſſed in the ſimpleſt terms, went to my heart. "How happy am "I," ſays ſhe; "the greateſt part of my hap- "pineſs conſiſts in my having added to the "comfort of my dear Charles. It was but "yeſterday he told me, that but for me he "would have ſunk under the difficulties of life, "but for me he would not have been able to

"bear

" bear up againſt them ; but with you," ſaid he, ——" It is needleſs to add the remainder of his " affectionate addreſs."

Such is the letter of Lucy R——. I ſhall not trouble you with any remarks on the difference of her ſituation and mine.—The quiet ordinary path is the road to real and laſting enjoyment ; and if parents wiſh to make their children happy, they ſhould educate them for that ſtation in which fortune has placed them ; they ſhould know that, for one of my ſex at leaſt, there is more chance of felicity in the private ſtations of life, than in all the noiſe, and pomp, and ſhow of a more exalted ſituation.

I am, &c.

A. G.

N° 22. SATURDAY, *July* 2, 1785.

EVERY periodical writer, like every knight-errant of old, in assuming his office, is understood to swear fealty to the Ladies. I presume, therefore, it is now so much an acknowledged quality of the profession, that it is needless for any individual to declare it. Above all others, the *Lounger* would wish to attract their notice and conciliate their favour. It is possible to be busy independent of the Ladies; but he must be a brute indeed who can be idle without 'em.

I hope, then, I may take credit for a particular attention to their interests, their employments, and their amusements. I shall consider no circumstance, however minute, as below my regard, which can any how affect them; and every thing in the female form will be entitled to the immediate notice of the *Lounger*.

From a correspondent who is well aware of this part of my plan, I have just received intelligence, that a very little, but a very wonderful Lady, intends to do herself the pleasure of visiting Edinburgh this season; and I take the first opportunity of announcing her intention to my readers.

readers. The Lady I mean is the "*Merveil-*
"*leuſe Poupée parlante ;*" the wonderful ſpeaking figure, who has ſo much ſurpriſed and amuſed the beſt company, both on the continent, where ſhe was firſt produced, and in England, where ſhe has ſpent the laſt year of her life. I had the honour of waiting on her firſt at *Bruſſels*, and then at *London ;* and ſhall take the liberty, by way of uſhering her into Scotland, to relate ſome particulars that paſſed in the courſe of my laſt viſit, during the Lady's reſidence in the pariſh of *St. James*.

That part of the company which more particularly attracted my notice, conſiſted of a gentleman and his lady, accompanied by a thin tall elderly gentlewoman, who appeared to be a relation, on whoſe arm the lady leaned as ſhe came up ſtairs, and who carried a ſmall white lap-dog, on whom her kinſwoman beſtowed a great many careſſes, but the huſband looked with rather leſs complacency. There were two very young ladies, attended by a ſiſter ſomewhat older ; but who ſeemed to have put on the womanly garb rather from ſize than age. Next them was placed an old gentleman, wrapped up in a warm ſurtout, with ſhrivelled cheeks, a ſallow complexion, a laced ſhoe on one foot, and "his
"youthful hoſe a world too wide for his ſhrunk
"ſhanks," who took great pains to accommodate

date the eldeſt of the ſiſters with a convenient feat, and had huſtled himſelf on the end of the bench beſide her. In his devoirs he was aſſiſted by a lively-looking little man, ſeemingly not much younger, but much freſher than him, who very ſoon told us, in the only Engliſh words he ſeemed maſter of, that he was a native of Gaſcony, and had been but a few weeks in London. He was dreſſed in a full ſuit of black, had his hair tied in a thin queue, and his curls much indebted to a large quantity of powder and pomatum. Seeing me the only *iſolé* perſon near him, he made a ſign for me to approach the place where the *Poupée* was to give audience; and with a continuation of the ſame friendly action of his hand, offered me a pinch of ſnuff out of a very beautiful *papier maché* ſnuff-box. I thanked him in French, and we were immediately on an intimate footing. "Et vous, "Monſieur,"——ſaid he, holding out the box to the gentleman with the ſlender legs. The old gentleman took the box, and examined very curiouſly ſome figures that were painted on the lid.

The maſter of the exhibition now made his appearance, and addreſſed the company (as nearly as I can recollect, after hearing the ſame piece of eloquence twice) in the following words: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Ave de good-"neſs to regard dis young Lady. She has had

"de

" de honneur to be ſeen by de Emperor of Ger-
" many, de King of Pruſſe, de King and Queen
" of France, and Monſeigneur le Dauphin,
" when he was but tri monts old, at which
" time ſhe had de honneur of being exactly of
" de ſame ſize vid Monſeigneur. You ſee her
" attach'd to de plafond of de chamber only by
" dis ſmall chain, no bigger dan one ſilk trid,
" and I hold myſelf here at long diſtance from
" her, ſo dat it is impoſſible der can be commu-
" nication vid any perſon. You ſee dat trom-
" pette which ſhe wears at her mout; in dat if
" you ſpeak any queſtion it pleaſe you to put,
" in ever ſo low a viſper, Ma'moiſelle will ave
" de honneur of making anſwer."

There was a ſhort pauſe, nobody ſeeming to chooſe being the firſt to addreſs her; till my Gaſcon roſe, and making a bow, firſt to the old gentleman, by way of apology, and then to the young lady who ſat next him, handed her, who ſeemed not well to know whether to refuſe going or not, up to the place, and, with another bow, preſented her to the figure, to whom her queſtion was to be addreſſed. Having been a viſitor of the lady's before, I knew how to make the moſt of my viſit; and contrived to place myſelf in ſuch a ſituation as not only to hear the queſtions that ſhould be put aloud, but to make a pretty ſhrewd gueſs at thoſe which the queſ-

tioner

tioner might not quite ſo much incline ſhould be audible to the company, as well as at the anſwers. The young lady bluſhed, ſmiled, and bit her fan; but being re-aſſured by her conductor, and the reſt of the company, at laſt put her mouth to the little trumpet that conveys the queſtion, and aſked Mademoiſelle in a half whiſper, "How many lovers ſhe had?"—"More "than are good for me."——Miſs ſmiled again, but looked as if ſhe did not agree with her.

The exhibitor made a ſign to the French gentleman, who had handed back the young lady to her ſeat, to aſk his queſtion next. "Place "aux Dames," ſaid he, pointing to the married lady I mentioned before; who, recommending her lap-dog, who was ſleeping on the bench by her, to the care of her relation, whom ſhe now called Couſin *Martha*, advanced to the figure, and aſked her, "If ſhe was married?" —"Dieu m'en garde—Heaven forbid," anſwered the Poupée.——The Lady looked at her huſband, and ſeemed as if ſhe perfectly agreed with her.

As the gentleman got up to make way for his lady, he diſcompoſed the lap-dog; for which his wife chid him, and ſcolded Martha. "Does "Monſieur chooſe to aſk any thing?" ſaid the ſhew-man to him.—"Not I," ſaid he ſurlily. "Does your Doll never ſpeak but when ſhe is "ſpoken

" ſpoken to?"——" Never, Sir; ſhe is too " well bred."——He interpreted the queſtion and his anſwer to the Frenchman. " C'eſt " dommage," ſaid he in return. " That's a " pity, the gentleman thinks;" re-interpreted the exhibitor to the married man. " No, by " G—, that it is not," replied the other.—— The ſhew-man interpreted again;—the Gaſcon received it with one of thoſe ſignificant ſhrugs with which the philoſophers of this country reconcile to themſelves and others every diſpenſation of Providence.

A lady, whom I had not obſerved before, now came forward. She was in a much fuller dreſs than any of the reſt of the company, and had one of the fineſt complexions in the world. She looked very narrowly at the Poupée's headdreſs, and the particular fit of her tucker. " What ſort of paint do you uſe?" ſaid ſhe, loud enough to be heard by us who were near her.—" Vous n'en avez pas beſoin,—You have " no need on't," anſwered the figure, the equivoque was a very polite one. " C'eſt char- " mant!" ſaid the Frenchman, looking firſt on the Poupée, and then on the lady; the lady drew back, and ſeemed inclined to bluſh—but could not.

" Do you chooſe, Sir?" ſaid our exhibitor to me. I declined putting the lady to the trouble, having

having been convinced of her abilities at Bruſſels. On this the old gentleman came forward. Like the laſt queſtioner he examined Mademoiſelle very cloſely, putting on his ſpectacles to aſſiſt his examination. "Pray, Miſs," ſaid he with a ſort of chuckle, "do you garter above "or below the knee?" The anſwer was ſo low I could not hear it; but the old gentleman hobbled back to his ſeat, apparently not quite ſatisfied with his reception. The married lady now preſſed her kinſwoman to put her queſtion in turn: but ſhe would by no means conſent to it, hinting that ſhe could not think of putting her mouth to a trumpet that had ſo lately been polluted by the lips of a male. My friend the Gaſcon, on being told of her refuſal, ſeemed to enjoy ſome joke that had ſtruck him, and, as they ſometimes think aloud, was muttering to himſelf. I heard the words, "d'une certain "age;" but he ſtopped ſhort, and ſaid aloud that the lady certainly thought it was more *ſelon les règles* for her to be aſked queſtions than to aſk them. Miſs Martha purſed up her lips, and ſaid ſomething of impertinence and mixed companies. It is almoſt four, ſaid her kinſwoman; and taking up the lap-dog, walked out of the room, leaning upon Miſs Martha, and telling her huſband to follow them. The Frenchman was on his feet in an inſtant; and, ſkipping over

over the benches, got down ſtairs in time enough to call her ſervant, and to hand, firſt her lap-dog, and then its miſtreſs, into the carriage, that waited for them. He offered his hand to Miſs Martha, who would not accept of it. The huſband bruſhed paſt him with a look that did not ſeem to thank him for his attentions. Go home, ſaid the Lady to the footman, who looked to her for the order; and the coach drove from the door. The French gentleman turned to me, who was ſtanding behind in the entrance; "En Angleterre le marriage eſt une "affaire ſi ſombre,—In England marriage is "ſo gloomy a buſineſs."—"Quelquefois,—— "ſometimes," ſaid I ſmiling.——My Frenchman caught himſelf immediately.—"Aſſurément, Monſieur n'eſt pas marié."—I aſſured him I was not married.——"Il n'en a pas l'air, "—You have not the look on't."——This, in his opinion, was both a felicitation and a compliment; and ſo it had one of my beſt bows at parting.

V

N° 23. SATURDAY, *July* 9, 1785.

IT has been remarked, that in proportion as a nation advances from barbariſm to civilization, the women riſe into eſteem, hold a more important ſtation in ſociety, and become more and more objects of attention. Upon a fair eſtimate, we ſhall probably find a higher degree of true refinement in the poliſhed nations of modern Europe, than what prevailed even in the brighteſt days of Greece and Rome. Accordingly, a lady at the court of Verſailles, or of London, is treated with a reſpect, attention, and obſervance, to which an Athenian beauty or a Roman matron was not accuſtomed.

One would naturally expect to meet with the ſame progreſs of refinement among writers who treat of the female character. We find, however, that this is not the caſe; and that women are often treated in books with the moſt ſovereign contempt by the moſt elegant writers. An Engliſh author, diſtinguiſhed for the elegance and the politeneſs of his manners, while he acknowledges the influence of the fair ſex, and inculcates the neceſſity of gaining their good graces by every man who wiſhes to advance in the road

road of ambition, at the same time talks of women in general as beings of an inferior order. He does not scruple to call them, "*children of a larger growth*," and to say, that he never knew one woman capable of reasoning or of acting consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together.

It is not my intention at present to enter the lists with the *Earl of Chesterfield*. I flatter myself it is an unnecessary task, and that few of my readers require any other argument than their own feelings and observation, to be satisfied of the injustice of his Lordship's invective against the loveliest part of the creation, "the last, best "work of Heaven."

This injustice of our sex towards the other often arises from a want of duly considering the different conditions of each. The law in some instances considers women in a state of pupillage; and they frequently may be reckoned so in conduct. They are necessarily under the tutelage of circumstances and of situation, governed by the decorum of sex, by the forms of the world. If we picture to ourselves a woman divested of that pliability of mind, firm in resolve, unshaken in conduct, unmoved by the delicacies of situation, by the fashions of the times, by the fear even of common-place obloquy, or of flippant censure; in the delineation of such a cha-

racter, we immediately change the idea of the ſex, and like the ſon of *Peleus* diſcovered amidſt the daughters of *Lycodemes*, we ſee under the form of woman the virtues and qualities of a man.

There is one particular in which we hear the ſex daily blamed, and in which their conduct has afforded matter for much ſevere cenſure; I mean, a predilection they are ſuppoſed to bear to frivolous men, poſſeſſing no one valuable talent, no one quality ſufficient to procure either reſpect or eſteem. In this, as in other things, I am inclined to believe, that it is not always in the freedom of choice, but in that vaſſalage of ſituation and circumſtances which I mentioned, that their ſociety is formed. But were I even to admit that women are apt to prefer the ſociety of men of light and ſhowy parts to that of men of more cultivated minds; I cannot, for my part, allow, that they merit all the obloquy that has been thrown upon them on that account.

There is in the female character a fear of offending, a ſelf-diffidence, a delicate ſenſe of propriety, which renders a woman unhappy when ſhe ſays or does, or thinks ſhe has ſaid or done, a thing not perfectly as it ought to have been. A quick perception, and a delicate ſenſibility, render her feelingly alive to the opinions of thoſe around her. Hence proceeds that modeſt ſhyneſs, that bewitching ſoftneſs, the moſt

attractive

attractive charm which Heaven has beſtowed on womankind. Afraid of an inferiority, a woman of ſenſibility feels a certain degree of uneaſineſs in the company of men of high ability and profound learning. Diffident of being able to converſe with ſuch men on equal terms, ſhe fancies ſhe is contemned by them; ſhe feels a diſagreeable reſtraint in their preſence, from which ſhe is glad to be relieved, and to find herſelf in a circle where, though ſhe may meet with leſs genius, leſs knowledge, and leſs wit, ſhe is more upon a footing with thoſe around her, and leſs afraid of betraying any defect in herſelf.

Perhaps, too, men poſſeſſed of uncommon talents and great genius, are apt to truſt too much to their intrinſic merit, and to deſpiſe, as beneath their regard, thoſe graces and accompliſhments, the ſole end of which is to render a man agreeable in ſociety. As gold, without being highly poliſhed, will always be valued, they ſeem to think they may reſt ſecure upon their ſterling merit, as ſufficient to procure them the eſteem and conſideration of mankind. How many men of genius and of knowledge could we name, whoſe manners are diſguſting, and to whom nothing could reconcile us but a conſciouſneſs of their ſuperiority in the higher endowments of the mind? A Locke or a New-

ton may be very unpleasing companions, and may be deficient in every quality requisite to render a man agreeable in the common intercourse of life. But the same quick and delicate perception which gives pain to a woman when she imagines she herself has been guilty of any impropriety in behaviour or in manner, leads her to observe with attention the manners of others, to be charmed with the ease, the elegance, the politeness of a well-bred man, and to be disgusted with the first appearance of any thing harsh, vulgar, or illiberal.

It may also be observed, that there is something in the female mind which delights more in the beautiful than the sublime, more in the amiable than the splendid, more in what engages and captivates, than in what awes with its grandeur, or astonishes with its vastness. A woman must be *masculine* to a certain degree before she can prefer *Homer* to *Virgil*, *Milton* to *Tasso*, and *Shakespeare* to *Metastasio*, or the bold strokes of *Michael Angelo*, to the graceful touches of *Guido*. May not the same softness and delicacy dispose her to prefer those gentle manners and amiable qualities which adorn private and domestic scenes, to the more splendid talents which fit a man to shine in public life, in the senate, or in the field, to those which qualify him to instruct and inform mankind

mankind by philoſophical inquiry or deep inveſtigation?

In this, as in every thing elſe, we have reaſon to admire the wiſdom and benevolence of the Author of nature. It falls to the lot of a very ſmall portion of the human race, to poſſeſs thoſe talents which enable a man "*to read his* "*hiſtory in a nation's eyes.*" Were the regard, the eſteem, the confidence of the women, confined to ſuch alone, the bulk of mankind would be deprived of the beſt, the pureſt ſource of happineſs which this world affords. What enjoyment can be compared with the felicity flowing from a union with a virtuous woman, who pours out her ſoul into the boſom of him ſhe loves, who repoſes in him with unbounded confidence, and whoſe great object of ambition it is to ſoften every care, to alleviate every calamity? What object can be more beautiful, or more engaging, than ſuch a woman in the midſt of her family, diffuſing happineſs on all around her? There, to uſe the words of the eloquent *Rouſſeau*, "Son "empire eſt un empire de douceur, d'addreſſe, "et de complaiſance; ſes ordres ſont des careſſes, "ſes menaces ſont des pleurs."

Conſiderable uſe, however, might be made of the difference, in diſpoſition, in feeling, and in ſituation, between the ſexes, if in their intercourſe with one another, thoſe qualities which

are moſt eſtimable in each were allowed their influence in a beneficial, not an extravagant degree. Were the men to derive from the ſociety of the women gentleneſs, complaiſance, ſenſibility; were the women to borrow from that of the men ſteadineſs, deliberation, and fortitude; characters might be formed not leſs amiable than uſeful, not leſs engaging than enlightened. Wiſdom would no longer be accuſed of ſeverity, nor Sprightlineſs cenſured for levity. Virtue would aſſume her moſt winning as well as her moſt reſpectable form; and many votaries would be fixed by her ſmiles, whom her precepts had been unable to retain.

N° 24. SATURDAY, *July* 16, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Dis ille adverſis genitus, fatoque ſiniſtro.

JUVENAL.

SIR,

I AM one of that claſs of men called *Valetudinarians*, people whoſe ordinary ſtate of health is ſickneſs, and who are never well enough to live without the aid of a phyſician. My father, who was a cadet of a family of quality, died of old age at thirty-four. I was born in the ſeventh month, and paſſed the firſt three years of my life in a baſket lined with cotton, which was carefully placed by the fire-ſide of my mother's bed-chamber, and carried with great caution round the room once a-day for the ſake of exerciſe. In my fourth year I was allowed to breathe the freſh air in the arms of my nurſe; and by the time I had reached my ſeventh, was able to walk round the parlour by the aid of a go-cart. But to record minutely the tranſactions of my infancy is not to my preſent purpoſe. Suffice it to ſay, that by the care of the excellent parent I have mentioned, and the power

of medicine, I attained to the age of thirty-five; and bating my asthma and a nervous atrophy, enjoyed, thank God, a very tolerable state of health. At this unlucky period, death deprived me of the best of mothers, and left me a helpless orphan with a fortune of L.20,000.

Among the gentlemen of the faculty, whom, from my unhappy constitution, it was necessary to keep in constant pay, there was one whose attentions seemed to partake so much of personal attachment, that I resolved to retain him in my house by a fixed salary. Dr. *Doddipoll* was a valetudinary like myself; and I had always experienced from him that tender condolence which the distressed feel for each other. His skill was very great; and he had at the same time so little of the quackery of his profession, that he openly derided all pretensions to mystery, and plainly declared, that he regarded his brethren of the faculty as solemn impostors. The long studies preparatory to this profession, and the extensive learning supposed to be necessary to attain a knowledge of its doctrines, he treated with the utmost ridicule. I have often heard him say, that he would engage to communicate the whole science of medicine to any person of common intellects in a couple of hours. My friend Doddipoll held but one maxim in physic, which was, that all diseases have their seat in the stomach,

ſtomach, and proceed either from too great a richneſs and viſcidity, or an extreme thinneſs of the gaſtric juices. The former was to be corrected by the uſe of attenuating food, the latter by that which is more nutritive. To the former claſs he referred my caſe; as it was evident, he ſaid, from the thinneſs of my legs and the paleneſs of my complexion, that the juices were too thick to circulate freely through the minute lymphatics, and thus the parts were deprived of their due nouriſhment. His own caſe he decided to belong to the contrary claſs, as was apparent from the unwieldy ſize of his legs and belly, and the ſcurvy in his face. The thinneſs of the juices gave riſe to a ſuperabundant ſecretion, which diſtended all the veſſels, occaſioned too great a determination of blood to the head, and ſwelled the whole body. His regimen and mine were therefore totally oppoſite. To attenuate my juices, I was fed chiefly on ſkim-milk, panada, and vegetables; while Doddipoll, to correct the tenuity of his fluids, was reſtricted to beef and pudding, turkey and chine, &c. a tankard of mild ale, and a bottle of old claret. You will forgive my uſe of *medical* terms, Mr. Lounger; they are, ſtrictly ſpeaking, my mother-tongue, and I cannot eaſily expreſs myſelf without them.

My family conſiſted at this time, beſides the Doctor and myſelf, of my man-ſervant Peter,

and my maid Betty, two honeſt and faithful domeſtics; and I may ſay with great truth, there never was a better regulated or more orderly houſehold. It was Peter's province to rub me down in the morning with the fleſh-bruſh, to make my water-dock tea, to attend me at noon with the dumb-bells, and meaſure out my hour of exerciſe, make up my electuaries, cook my ſago and panada, boil my water-gruel and white-wine whey, air my flannel-ſhirt, and put me to bed. Betty's ſervices were chiefly dedicated to my worthy friend the Doctor, who always gave her the commendation of an excellent and diſcreet young woman, and perfectly acquainted with all the duties of an handmaid.

Such, Sir, was the courſe of my life, during thoſe which may be termed my halcyon-days; when, ah, the inconſtancy of human affairs! my friend, my companion, my Eſculapius, was carried off by a fit of apoplexy. The poor Doctor—how ſhall I deſcribe the melancholy ſcene! A fillet of veal ſtood upon the table.—It was ſtuffed, which was his favourite way of dreſſing it.—He looked at it for ſome time, muttered ſomething about butter and oranges, fell back in his chair, and expired.

Alas, poor Doddipoll!

On this melancholy occaſion, I had many conſolatory viſits from my friends and relations. Among

Among theſe laſt, I was much ſtruck with the tender ſympathy of one of my female couſins, the Honourable Miſs *Angelica Tempeſt*. This Lady, though paſt her bloom, had ſtill the appearance of a fine woman. Though ſhe had no fortune, having had an excellent education, ſhe wanted none of the accompliſhments of a Lady of faſhion. But what ſtruck me moſt in her character was the ſenſibility of her diſpoſition, and that affectionate concern ſhe ſhewed for all ſort of diſtreſſes. She would often ſit by me for hours, liſten to my complaints with the moſt ſympathiſing attention, and inquire into their particular ſymptoms with the tenderneſs of a ſiſter, and the ſolicitude of a ſick-nurſe. To cut the matter ſhort, Sir, ſhe ſo far won upon me, that in an evil hour, and tempted I believe by the devil, I threw myſelf at her feet, and propoſed marriage. She did not diſdain my ſuit; and after a reaſonable time for the adjuſtment of all punctilios, we became man and wife.

For the firſt week all went ſmoothly enough; but at the end of that period I began to perceive a riſing ſpirit of innovation, which gave me ſome diſquiet. I had made my account with ſome changes; as the family-eſtabliſhment which was ſuitable to my batchelor ſtate might be thought too contracted for that into which I had now entered. I therefore readily enough ac-

quiefced in the propofal of hiring a larger houfe, and adding two to the number of our domeftics; but it was with much concern I learned that the reform was to be begun by the difmiffion of the truſty Peter and the diſcreet Mrs. Betty. It was in vain I urged the merits of both, their long ſervices, and perfect acquaintance with the complicated ſyſtem of my poor conſtitution, its wants, and its regimen. My wife declared, that to attend to theſe was no leſs her duty than her pleaſure, and that, while ſhe lived, no other hands than her own ſhould touch the body of her deareſt Lord. It was however very ſoon perceived, that in this ſhe had undertaken a taſk more laborious than ſhe was aware of. The exerciſe of the fleſh-bruſh was found ſo fatiguing that on the third morning, in pure compaſſion to her, I propoſed to make trial of one of our new footmen. This raſcal, who ſeemed endowed with the ſtrength of Hercules, began as if he had been currying a centaur, and actually diſlocated my ſhoulder at the firſt experiment.

During a painful confinement to my chair, which was the conſequence of this unlucky accident, it was not unnatural to have expected that my wife, who was ſo remarkable for the tender feelings, would have exerciſed her utmoſt aſſiduity in adminiſtering conſolation under a diſaſter, of which it was plain ſhe had been the cauſe.

cauſe. But what, Sir, was the method ſhe took to comfort me? Why, by endeavouring to perſuade me that there was nothing the matter with me. She had the cruelty to tell me, that I had no other diſeaſe than vapours, and undertook, with equal folly and preſumption, that ſhe would completely cure me in the ſpace of a month. A pragmatical coxcomb of a phyſician, who now ſupplied the place of my late worthy friend, declared my wife's notion of my diſorder to be altogether juſt, and concurred with her in opinion as to the method of cure. Moderate exerciſe was ordered for bracing my nerves, and company and amuſements were preſcribed for keeping up my ſpirits.

For theſe purpoſes the chariot was ordered to attend every morning immediately after breakfaſt; and for the benefit of air and exerciſe, I was rattled for four hours upon the ſtones, through a tour of twenty viſits, and the complete circuit of all the mercers' and milliners' ſhops in town. My deareſt contrived to have a ſelect company of a few friends to dine with us every day, and a ſmall whiſt-party in the evening, except on Monday, which was our private concert, and every ſecond Thurſday, when ſhe had a rout of ſix tables. Once a-week I was conveyed to the play, and had the pleaſure of ſeeing *the Siddons*, at the repeated hazard of ſuffocation: but here, I own, it alleviated

alleviated my feelings to obſerve the greateſt part of the audience undergoing, without compulſion, apparently the ſame agonies with myſelf.

I always delighted, Sir, in tranquillity. Judge, therefore, of my mortification, in now finding that my life was deſtined to be one continued ſcene of tumult and turmoil. We are informed, that in the days of witchcraft, when it was the misfortune of any old woman to incur that imputation, it was cuſtomary with her accuſers to prevent her intercourſe with the devil, which was ſuppoſed to be chiefly during ſleep, by keeping her continually awake. My wife, Sir, ſeems to hold ſome opinions very analogous to that now mentioned. Apprehending a ſtate of quiet to be of the worſt conſequences to my diſorder, it is her conſtant ſtudy to guard againſt and prevent it by every poſſible means. As, with all her induſtry to find employment for the day, there muſt be ſome few moments unoccupied, ſhe has provided ſeveral domeſtic companions of ſuch of the animal tribe as are moſt averſe to reſt and ſilence. We have three dogs, who wage eternal warfare with as many cats. A parrot is ſuſpended in the ſtair-caſe, a magpie in the antichamber, and ſix Canary birds in the parlour. A monkey, I am informed, has been commiſſioned, and is actually upon the road: but this additional curſe I believe I ſhall effectually prevent, having

ing taken meaſures to have him waylaid and aſſaſſinated.

But theſe are the leaſt of my grievances. I muſt now inform you of ſomewhat more ſerious. I have of late but too good reaſon to believe, that my loving ſpouſe has actually formed a plot againſt my life. Exerciſe, Sir, and change of air, have been the pretence for frequent expeditions to the country, with one or two friends, which ſhe calls parties of pleaſure, but which I have generally found to end in ſome curſed diſaſter, which has gone near to be my death. I have been twice caught in a thunder-ſtorm on horſe-back, thrice in a hurricane upon the water, four times broke down in a carriage, and the laſt time compelled to ride ten miles in the night air upon a hard-trotting coach-horſe. I underſtand it is now reſolved by the advice of the family-phyſician above mentioned, to ſet out in a few days hence upon a tour through the north of England, and in our way to make trial of the mineral waters of Buxton, Matlock, or Harrow-gate. What may be the iſſue of this expedition, is hid in the womb o f fate. The deſign of it, however, is ſufficiently apparent; and I cannot help regarding it as intended for my *coup de grace*. If I ſurvive it, you may once again hear from me; if not, you may perhaps beſtow a tear on the memory of the ill-fated

JEREMIAH DY-SOON.

N° 25. SATURDAY, *July* 23, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH I presume, from your account of yourself, that you occasionally visit the Theatre, and go there like your friend Colonel Caustic, to see the Play as well as the Company; I do not observe that you have yet favoured us with any remarks on the entertainments of the stage. This I regard in a manner as part of your duty. Whatever has so powerful an effect in forming the *manners* as the Theatre, falls properly within the department of one who wishes to mark their progress. Even as a mere amusement, that which occupies so great a space in the time of the idle, should attract the notice of the *Lounger*. The field, you know, Sir, is wide: for even in the best of our English pieces there is great room for improvement, and much to be found fault with. The *Fair Penitent*, for example, which stands high in the list, is in many respects imperfect, if not reprehensible; which censure that I may

juſtify (as alſo to take a ſhare in the labour which I exhort you to), let me attempt to ſhew wherein it is that the piece is chiefly defective.

For this purpoſe, we muſt firſt direct our attention to the characters; which are by no means ſuch as to ſupport or promote the intereſt of the ſituation. The heroine herſelf is very far from being an amiable or unexceptionable lady. Her ſlight pretenſions to the title of *Penitent* have often been remarked; and indeed the whole ſtyle of her character, excluſive of the objections that lie againſt it in a moral view, is of that fierce, unbending, and unfeminine ſort, which we cannot eaſily pity in misfortune or forgive in error. For the weakneſs and the guilt of her love, ſhe has not that apology which ſome unfortunate females derive from the bewitching qualities of their ſeducers. The object of her paſſion is a vain, a profligate, and undiſguiſed libertine, whoſe treatment of her had been ſo utterly baſe and unmanly, as even to make her dread that the ſecret of her favours might not be ſafely lodged with him. The "fineneſs of his form," is the only attractive quality we perceive about him; a motive to love which ſinks the Lady equally in our eſtimation of her virtue, and in our opinion of her underſtanding.

If

If such is the impression that *Calista* makes on her first appearance, her conduct in the course of the piece by no means removes it. Her behaviour to Horatio, when he intimates his suspicions of her guilty correspondence, and holds up to her her own letter in support of the charge, is the very height of effrontery; as indeed the attempt which follows, to turn the sword of her injured husband against the bosom of his best friend, because he had detected her falsehood, is a stroke of wickedness (for it deserves no gentler name), which deprives her of all title to sympathy. We remain accordingly, till the beginning of the fifth act, almost indifferent about her fate; or perhaps we rather enjoy her difficulties and embarrassments. Then indeed, after her shame has been divulged; when the object of her guilty flame is now no more; when she is set before us, forsaken of every friend, and without prospect of peace but in the grave; when now the stormy passions that had transported her, having subsided, are followed by settled sorrow; and her haughty soul, bowed down by misfortunes, at length submits to own that she had done amiss, to intreat forgiveness, and to be grateful for a little tenderness:—in these circumstances our tears begin to take her part, as they would that of any object, however undeserving, reduced to so wretched a situation,

and

and throwing herſelf entirely on our pity. The ſcene between her and Altamont, where ſhe makes confeſſion of her own demerit, and prays for a companion to him more deſerving of his virtues, is intereſting: and ſtill more ſo that which precedes it between her and *Sciolto*; which is indeed by far the beſt in the play. We ſhould miſtake however in attributing its effect to our intereſt in Caliſta; for the venerable good old man has by much the greateſt ſhare in it; whoſe affection for his child, contending with his rigid ſenſe of honour, forms a ſpectacle that draws at once our admiration and our love. Sciolto, indeed, is the moſt intereſting, as well as moſt reſpectable perſon of the drama; his ſituation, his character, and his feelings, equally inſpire our reverence for his virtue, and our pity for his misfortunes.

If the character of Caliſta offend us by its fierceneſs, that of *Altamont* diſguſts us by its inſignificance. Of him we know little more than this, which is far from being enough, that he is an ardent admirer of Caliſta. We are told indeed by the other perſons of the piece, that he is "*an excellent young man*," and inherits all his father's virtues. But theſe encomiums by his friends make him no favourite with the ſpectator, who knows nothing of his father, and is attached only by what he himſelf ſees, and obſerves,

ferves, and finds reaſon for; not by what he hears related, or is deſired to believe. Now, what of Altamont is preſented, is boyiſh, ſilly, and extravagant; we neither ſympathiſe with his joy for the acquiſition, nor in his deſpair for the loſs of a miſtreſs who receives his adoration with ſuch indifference, and yields him her hand with ſuch unwillingneſs. We feel the meanneſs as well as indelicacy of his ſituation, and are tempted to deſpiſe him for accepting a bride on ſuch mortifying conditions.

When love, as in the caſe of Altamont, is the only prominent part of a character, its object ſhould be rendered worthy of its ardour. Neither for Altamont's affection for Caliſta, nor Caliſta's for Lothario, has the poet furniſhed ſuch an apology. The firſt is mean, though it may be honeſt; the laſt is nearly as contemptible, and much leſs pure; here it is ſilly, there it is criminal.

Horatio's character is of a better ſtamp: but he is not a principal in the action. At the ſame time, the behaviour of this "*far-fam'd friend* "*of noble Altamont*," is not in every inſtance juſt what we expect of him; eſpecially in the firſt meeting between him and that unfortunate youth, after the full diſcovery of Caliſta's guilt: on which occaſion, inſtead of conſidering the bitter diſappointment his young friend had met with,

with, and preventing him by an unſolicited forgiveneſs, which is what we look for from the calm and generous temper of Horatio; he abuſes and reviles him with all the ſharpneſs of an enemy, and can hardly be won to forget his offence.

There is one other perſon of the Drama, whom we had almoſt forgot to take notice of; a lady too; *Lavinia*, the ſpouſe of Horatio; a very deſerving perſon doubtleſs, as well as her brother Altamont, but withal extremely inſipid; and ſo much the leſs allowed for, that ſhe is quite unneceſſary; her preſence ſerving only to introduce two dull ſcenes of conjugal endearment between her and her huſband.

The conduct of the piece, though by no means ſo exceptionable as the manners, is not without a fault. We may obſerve of many Engliſh plays, and ſome of theſe among the beſt in the language, Mr. Home's *Douglas*, for example, that they are languid towards the concluſion, owing to the inability of the Poet to ſuſpend the unravelling of his ſtory; or, as the Poet will tell us, owing to the arbitrary rule which preſcribes, that a Tragedy ſhall not conſiſt of fewer acts than five; to comply with which, he is obliged either to continue the ſtory beyond its natural and proper term, or elſe to ſwell the piece with artificial ſcenes, that contribute little

to

to heighten our intereſt, or to advance the action. The embarraſſment of this rule has been felt by the author of the Fair Penitent. After the death of Lothario, which happens as early as the beginning of the fourth act, he is evidently at a loſs to fill up the remainder of the play, and not a little puzzled how to keep the Heroine alive till the end of it. This was indeed no ſmall difficulty; as it is not eaſy to imagine what ſhould reſtrain ſo proud and violent a perſonage one moment from eſcaping deſpair and infamy, and ſetting herſelf at liberty, after "the broad ſhame" of her diſcovery with Lothario. Mr. Rowe ſeems by no means ſucceſsful in the attempt. Soon after Lothario's fall, we are informed that a tumult has ariſen in conſequence of it among the partiſans of that young nobleman, and that Sciolto's palace is attacked. The old man goes forth to repel their violence: the event we are never told of; but we muſt ſuppoſe it favourable, as he afterwards appears in ſafety. Horatio is in like manner aſſaulted in the ſtreets: but this ſcuffle produces not, more than the former, any conſequence whatever; if it be not, that Lavinia comes forward to diſtreſs us with her alarms about the ſafety of her Lord. We are next preſented with the long ſuperfluous ſcene of reconciliation between him and Altamont. Follows,

lows, in the beginning of the fifth act, the spectacle of Lothario's dead body, with the music, the book, the bones, and the black hangings; by what means so furnished out, or for what service intended, it is not easy to discover. And in the end, Sciolto, who had given orders to have his gates well guarded, and had summoned his friends to attend him in his palace, having, against all probability, stolen out alone and unattended, on some errand unknown to any body, receives his death by means which we have not seen prepared, and in a manner which we do not understand. It is this circumstance that determines Calista's resolution: for though there had before this been much talking about death, and a great deal of preparation for it, still she had unaccountably delayed the execution of a purpose, which she had from the beginning prepared us to expect whenever her guilt should be discovered; and which the desperate and horrid circumstances attending the discovery should have confirmed and accelerated. Thus, in the middle of the fourth act, a new spring of movement is brought into play; and the action is afterwards forced on, not by the passions of the principal personages, which had till then advanced it, and which alone ought to do that duty, but by the party-zeal of (we know not who) Lothario's friends: a power which we may

may ſuppoſe, if we pleaſe, but which we feel ourſelves under no manner of neceſſity to ſuppoſe. Farther, the death of Sciolto is not well interwoven with that freſh thread, detached from the texture of the piece as it is, but figures as a mere accident; inſomuch that we are almoſt equally ſurpriſed on being told of it, as if we were to hear that he had dropped down in a fit of apoplexy.

With all this, the play has beauties that muſt be reliſhed by every reader of taſte. It is particularly eminent for elegance and richneſs of expreſſion throughout. The deſcriptions (with which it abounds) are equal to any in the language. And the ſubordinate degrees of all the paſſions, eſpecially the amiable, are touched for the moſt part both with ſpirit and with delicacy. The high pathetic, however, is not any where to be met with in it (if we except one ſtroke, in the ſcene already taken notice of between Caliſta and her father). We muſt particularly remark the want of genuine pathos in Caliſta's noted ſoliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act, where that lady is by far too much miſtreſs of herſelf, and diſcourſes in a ſtyle very foreign to her circumſtances: inſtead of being loſt in the thoughts of her ſituation, ſhe remarks on the ſcene, as a ſpectator might, that *here is ample room for meditation*. She tries the book, and deſcants

descants upon the vanity of its precepts: she listens to the music, and approves the style of it: she expatiates on the pageantry of the death's head and bones; while the corse of the loved youth who had wrought all her troubles is noticed in fewer words than are bestowed on any of the other topics; and these words, only an exclamation at the ghastliness of its appearance. This composure and unconcern are by no means what we look for from the ardent spirit of Calista, sitting at midnight by the dead body of her "dear betrayer." She had loved Lothario with passion; and her fondness for him had confessedly a little while ago full possession of her breast.—Only a few hours have passed since he was slaughtered in her presence. His faults are now expiated in his blood.—She is a woman, not a Cato; and she had hitherto been represented as of a violent temper, rather than firm: so that we now indulge in the full hope to hear the genuine voice of grief and despair, uttering not a single word but what immediately relates to her situation, and is suggested by it. It is not enough that she tell us, the mind may here burst with thinking, and that she is full of anguish which no discipline can cure; nor that she feed the phrenzy of her soul with solemn sounds, and invoke the infernal gods to match the horror around her. A thousand such

fanciful exclamations expreſs not truly any diſtreſs. They are not the language of anguiſh, which dwells, like every other ſtrong feeling, ſteadily on its object, and is occupied with that alone, and not with talking of itſelf. It is the very griefs of Caliſta, the ſources of pain opened afreſh by the ſight of Lothario, as he there lies, —compaſſion for his fate,—revived affection for his perſon,—the preſent ſcene compared with their ſtolen interview of love,—the deſolation ſhe has ſpread around her,—her deſpair of relief; —theſe are the ſubjects we expect to ſee purſuing one another in her thoughts: and till theſe appear, ſay Caliſta what ſhe may about her agonies, we are neither diſpoſed to believe nor to pity them. Yours, &c.

THEATRICUS.

To ſhew that I take in good part the ſuggeſtion of my correſpondent at the beginning of his letter, I will add to his obſervations on the Tragedy in queſtion a few lines, to inform him that I was one of the audience who attended its repreſentation ſome evenings ago, and received that very high entertainment which the performance of Mrs. Siddons always affords. Amidſt the defects which *Theatricus* very juſtly remarks in the character of *Caliſta*, there is however, a

variety of high and ſtormy paſſion, which gives ſcope to the aſtoniſhing powers of this incomparable actreſs. Theſe ſhe diſplayed ſo forcibly, that ſome who had not inveſtigated the character ſo cloſely as my correſpondent, thought "ſhe "o'erſtepp'd the modeſty of nature in the force "and whirlwind of her paſſion." But let it be remembered, that Caliſta is a woman haughty and impetuous in the higheſt degree, and that the defence of guilt is always loud in proportion as it is hollow. In this, indeed, lay the admirable art with which ſhe played the ſcene with Horatio; ſhe roſe in violence as the accuſation was preſſed upon her, and met his reproof and admonition with the fierceneſs of reſentment and of pride, ſtruggling with the anguiſh of guilt and of ſhame. Nor did ſhe fail to give the Poet (as is uſual with her) ſome merit not his own, by infuſing into the latter part of the play that tenderneſs of which ſhe knows ſo well how to unlock the ſprings. In the laſt interview with her father particularly, and in her dying ſpeech to Altamont, ſhe conveyed this impreſſion ſo ſtrongly, that we quite forgot the blame which our juſtice ſhould have laid upon Caliſta, and our tears flowed for her misfortunes with all the intereſt of compaſſion, and all the conſciouſneſs of virtue.

But the language of encomium is so familiar to this Lady, that it were trite to continue it. In recalling her performance, I tried a much more difficult task, to remember some defect. One trifling error I imagined I discovered. In marking the sentiments of contempt and insolence, she sometimes used a voice, and assumed a countenance, rather of too familiar a kind. When she uttered the following lines,

" And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous"—
" Is this the famous friend of Altamont ?"—
" ————a tale-bearing officious fellow"—
" Who guiltless dies because her fool ran mad"—

And the evening before, in *Lady Macbeth*,

————" Was the Hope drunk
" In which you dress'd yourself ?"—
" Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
" Like the old cat i'the adage."

Methought in her speaking of such passages, there was a tone and look more allied to the Comic than the Tragic Muse, and hardly dignified enough for the importance of the situation, or the high feeling of the moment in which they were pronounced. It was an observation of some of the great French actors upon *Garrick*, that

that he ſpoke admirably well the language of paſſion, but not quite as a hero would ſpeak it. Though one might trace ſomething of the *coſtume* of *Paris* in this remark, yet undoubtedly there is a form which paſſion puts on, different in different ſituations. Perhaps, too, there is a certain deception in our ideas of what the ſtation or character of the perſon ſhould impreſs upon his feelings, which the very truth and genuine colour of nature may ſometimes offend. We have all our prejudices, like *Partridge*, though they may not be altogether ſo ſimple. It is very ſeldom, however, that we have any room for a complaint of this ſort. It is only in a *Garrick* or a *Siddons* that nature preſſes ſo cloſe on us, that ſhe "galls our kibe."

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N° 26. SATURDAY, *July* 30, 1785.

I HAVE obſerved, that the authors of former periodical publications have commonly given ſome account of their life and ſituation in the world. Hitherto, "for certain good cauſes "and conſiderations," I have been very ſparing in theſe particulars. Stepping the other day into a box in the Playhouſe, I was very much entertained with overhearing part of a converſation between two young ladies. I found they had been talking about the *Lounger;* and at the time I chanced to come in, they were diſputing whether the author was a married or an unmarried man. "I don't truſt much," ſaid one of the young ladies, "to his own hint in a late "paper; authors I know take liberties that "way: but he certainly muſt be a bachelor; for "had he been married, he would before now "have told us ſomething about his wife and chil-"dren."—"No," ſays the other, "he has cer-"tainly a wife, and children too, I believe, "otherwiſe he could not have deſcribed do-"meſtic ſituations ſo well as he does; he could "not"—Here ſhe mentioned ſome of my papers in a ſtyle which it would not be proper for me

me to repeat. The two ladies at laſt agreed to refer their diſpute to an elderly lady, Mrs. B. who ſat by them. "My dear," ſaid Mrs. B. addreſſing herſelf to the young lady next her, "if "he is not married, he certainly ought to be."

I am ſorry that for the preſent I muſt leave this matter in the ſame uncertainty in which Mrs. B. has left it; poſſibly at ſome other time I may clear up the point, and amuſe my readers with ſome other incidents in my life.

Meanwhile it is to my preſent purpoſe to obſerve, that, whether a married man or a bachelor, there is nothing in either of theſe ſituations which can incapacitate me from carrying on my preſent undertaking. In the courſe of my obſervations, I have had occaſion to remark, that there are Loungers in all ſituations; ſome with a wife and family at home, and others who, when they leave their houſe, may put the key in their pocket, all their friends and acquaintance being without doors.

I remember a ſtory of two gentlemen who were very fond of the game of backgammon; and being both excellent players, and nearly a match for each other, ſeldom met but they fell to it with great keenneſs. One evening they encountered at a coffeehouſe, and continued playing during the whole courſe of the night. The ſaunterers in the coffee-room, who were nume-

rous when they firſt began, had all dropped off. One man only continued to ſit by them, and had his eye fixed the whole time with a ſteady look on the backgammon table. A nice point in the game having occurred, and the players being unable to ſettle it, were likely to get into ſome heat. It was agreed to refer the diſpute to the gentleman looker-on. The appeal, therefore, being made to him, he told them he could not determine it, for he knew nothing at all about the game.——"What, ſit here all night, "and know nothing of the game?"——"Yes; "I have a wife at home."

Though from this ſtory, and from a variety of obſervations of my own, I have no doubt that there are many Loungers among the married men, which may be accounted for from a variety of reaſons; yet, as far as I can diſcover, the number of Loungers among the bachelors greatly exceeds thoſe among the other claſs. Whoever walks the ſtreets of this populous city, will ſee a number of bachelor Loungers prowling wherever he goes.

At the very moment in which I write this, I ſee paſſing by the window of the little parlour where I ſit, Captain N. a Lounger of this denomination. Thirty years ago, I am told, the Captain was one of the gayeſt and moſt faſhionable men in town. He entered early into the army;

army; but an indolent diſpoſition, and a little parliamentary intereſt, which he had by accident acquired, induced him to give up all proſpects of riſing in his profeſſion, and content himſelf with the office of deputy-governor of a garriſon, with a tolerable, though not large appointment.

The Captain's garriſon not requiring his reſidence, he fixed his habitation in this city, where he has ſince continued. He was then about thirty-five years of age, with a good appearance, good temper, good ſpirits, attentive to his dreſs, and circumſpect in his conduct. The Captain ſung a good ſong; and, when occaſion required it, could ſwallow a ſufficient quantity of liquor. He had ſenſe enough never to ſay any thing that was fooliſh, and underſtanding enough to make himſelf paſs for having more underſtanding than he had. He took care never to offend; and, while he was always pleaſed with holding a ſecond place in any company he was in, he never created envy or diſquiet by aiming at the firſt. The Captain was no party-man, having made an obſervation, that there were as good dinners among the Whigs as among the Tories.

With theſe qualifications, about thirty years ago, Captain N. was a welcome gueſt at every table in town. He filled up a place with a moſt becoming propriety; and while he never diminiſhed the pleaſure of any company, he moſt

commonly added to its enjoyment. His mornings were ſpent in paying viſits: and though he might now and then diſturb the family œconomy of a *Mrs. Careful* *, and interrupt her inſtructions to her daughters; yet there were ſo many perſons as idle as himſelf, that he could eaſily contrive ſo to beſtow his viſits as to have them received with a welcome face. Theſe viſits were ſure to produce ſome future dinners, and theſe future dinners ended in as many ſuppers.

Thirty years have made a great change in poor N.'s ſituation. He is no longer the gay-looking faſhionable man he was; his legs are ſhrivelled; his face bears upon it the marks of bumpers; his voice is broken, and the whole man has the appearance of a ſuperannuated beau.

The tables where he uſed to dine and to ſup are no longer open to receive him. Death has removed ſome of his friends, change of reſidence others; in ſome places his chair is occupied by younger men, and in others it is occupied by nobody at all. Poor N. dares no longer offer his hand to conduct a young lady through the crowd in an aſſembly-room, leſt the lady ſhould ſhow a deſire to be conducted by ſome younger beau. He is no longer invited to dine with my Lady *Rumpus*, that he may attend her to the theatre, my Lady having beſpoke ſome other attendant;

* Vide N° 8.

and

and he is no longer *Croupier* at Lord E.'s, his place there being filled up by Tom Toaſtwell.

In this ſituation, the Captain is frequently obliged to go home and dine by himſelf on a cold chicken; or he is forced to ſpend his evenings in the coffeehouſe, amidſt the hubbub of waiters, and the hum of coffeehouſe politicians, over a bit of toaſted cheeſe and a can of punch, becauſe he is afraid of the ſolitarineſs and want of ſtir in his own home.

At a dancing-ſchool ball, where I happened to be not long ago, I was ſtruck with the ſolitary figure of Captain N. looking demure, and ſtuck up in a corner. It attracted my attention the more, from the circumſtance of obſerving, not far from him, my friend Mr. H. This gentleman is a Lounger, like Mr. N. and with fewer abilities to ſupport the character. He poſſeſſes, however, a good plain underſtanding, which nobody can deſpiſe and nobody envies, and obtains the good will and regard of all his companions and acquaintance, by an honeſt openneſs of diſpoſition, and a ſocial warmth of heart. He married early in life a lady agreeable in her perſon, though not a beauty; poſſeſſed of good underſtanding, though not a wit; and endowed with very amiable diſpoſitions. By her he has a family of very fine children, for the purpoſe of whoſe education he now lives in

town, and only viſits his paternal eſtate now and then to ſuperintend its management, in which he is reckoned very ſkilful. H— ſaunters like N— ; but he has that eaſy good-humoured look, that reſults from his being independent of the idlers around him ; from whom, if he ſhould tire of them, his houſe is open to receive him. His houſe is not ſplendid, but he contrives to make it hoſpitable ; and the happineſs of the family-ſcene which his gueſts now and then witneſs, gives him a certain rank, a certain reſpectability in life, which neither the abilities nor the accommodating complacence of N— could ever procure him. At that ſame ball I mentioned, it would have done one's heart good to have ſeen how Mr. H.'s eyes gliſtened, when he ſaw two of his daughters make a moſt elegant appearance in a cotillon, and heard every one around the place where he and Mrs. H. were ſeated, aſking whoſe pretty children theſe were. He led them out of the room himſelf, and was particularly careful that they ſhould be protected from the cold air in getting out. I went away at the ſame time ; and we left poor N— in his corner, with the ſame grave face as ever, ſeemingly weary of being there, but afraid to go home.

After all, N.'s fate is a hard one ; for on the whole he has many good qualities, which might have

have been put to a very good account. What is worſt, he is now ſenſible of this himſelf.—I knew not whether to ſmile or to cry, when, the other day, I heard him ſay, he was now growing old: but one comfort he had, that die when he would, he would not leave one ſad heart behind him on that account.—"I ſhall "ſlip out of the world," ſaid he, "without "being miſſed."

N° 27. SATURDAY, *August* 6, 1785.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. HOR.

IN forming the minds and regulating the conduct of men, nothing seems to be of greater importance than a proper system of what may be termed *domestic morality*; the science of those relative duties, which do not apply only to particular situations, to large fortunes, to exalted rank, to extensive influence, but which constitute that part and character in life which almost every one is called to perform.

Of all above the lower ranks, of all who claim the station or the feelings of a gentleman, the knowledge of this science is either inculcated by family precept and example, or is endeavoured to be instilled by reading. In the latter case, the works made use of for that purpose are either purely didactic, which speak the language of authoritative wisdom; historical, which hold forth the example of past events to the judgment; or they are of that sort which are calculated to mould the heart and the manners through the medium of the imagination. Of this last class, the

the principal are *ſtories* or *novels*, and *theatrical* compoſitions. On the ſubjects of Novels, I have in a former paper delivered a few general remarks, calculated to aſcertain their moral tendency. In this I propoſe extending my conſideration to Dramatic writing; and, as it is neareſt to the Novel, at leaſt to that ſpecies which I principally conſidered in the paper alluded to, I ſhall begin with a ſimilar examination of *Tragedy*.

The engines which Tragedy profeſſes to uſe for moral inſtruction, are the *paſſions*. The father of dramatic criticiſm has told us, that Tragedy "purges the paſſions by exciting them:" a propoſition, which, from its ſhort apothegmatical form, is ſubject to conſiderable obſcurity. A modern writer, in his defence of Tragedy as a moral exhibition, explains its meaning, by the analogy of the Spartan cuſtom of making their ſlaves drunk, and ſhewing them in that beaſtly ſtate to their children, in order to inſpire a deteſtation for the vice of intemperance. But if this is to furniſh us with an illuſtration of Ariſtotle's aſſertion, I am afraid it will not aid the cauſe of Tragedy as a ſchool of morals. It was from the previous contempt of the rank and manners of the drunkard, that the Spartan boy was to form his eſtimate of drunkenneſs. The vice of a *ſlave* could hardly fail to diſguſt him.

But

But had they ſhewn him the vice itſelf, how loathſome and degrading ſoever in its own nature, in a perſon of ſuperior reſpect and eſtimation, what would have been the conſequence? The faireſt anſwer may be drawn from the experience of thoſe countries where freemen get drunk, where ſenators and leaders of armies are ſometimes intoxicated. The youths who behold theſe examples the oftenеſt are not the leaſt liable to follow them. I am afraid it is even ſo with Tragedy. Scenes preſenting paſſions and vices, round which the Poet throws the veil of magnanimity, which he decorates with the pomp of verſe, with the ſplendor of eloquence, familiariſe the mind to their appearance, and take from it that natural diſguſt which the crimes, preſented in their native form, would certainly excite. Cruelty, revenge, and murder, are often the attributes of the hero; for he muſt always be the hero on whom the principal ſtreſs of the action lies. What puniſhment awaits, or what misfortunes attend his crimes, is little to the purpoſe; if the villain is the prominent figure of the piece, he will be the hero of the Tragedy, as the robber, though he is about to be hanged, is the hero of the trial or the execution. But even of the nobler characters does not the morality of ſentiment often yield to the immorality of ſituation? Treachery is often the fruit of

wiſdom

wiſdom and of reſolution; murder, and exertion of valour; and ſuicide, the reſource of virtuous affliction. It will be remembered, that it is not ſo much from what the hero ſays, as from what he does, that an impreſſion is drawn. The repentant lines which *Cato* ſpeaks when he is dying, are never regarded. It is the dagger only we remember, that dagger by which he eſcaped from chains, and purchaſed immortality.

But the leading paſſion of modern Tragedy is one to which Ariſtotle could ſcarce have meant his rule to apply; becauſe in ancient Tragedy it was almoſt unknown. The paſſion I allude to is *Love*. The manners and ſociety of modern times neceſſarily led to this change in the Drama. For the obſervation which ſome authors have made is perfectly juſt, that the ſentiments of the Stage will always be ſuch as are flattering, rather than corrective of national manners and national failings; ſuperſtition in Greece, gallantry in France, freedom and courage in England. In every popular exhibition this muſt be the caſe. Even the ſacredneſs and authority of the Pulpit is not exempted from its influence. In polite chapels, preachers exhort to morality: in crowded churches of leſs faſhionable people, they enlarge on doctrinal ſubjects, on faith and ſanctification. But the very exiſtence of the Stage depends on that public opinion which it is not to reform

reform but to conciliate; and Dr. Johnson's expreſſion is not the leſs true for its quaintneſs;

"They that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live."

To this neceſſary conformity to the manners of the audience is owing the introduction of love into almoſt all our dramatic compoſitions; and thoſe, as might be expected, are moſt in favour with the young, where this paſſion is allowed the moſt extenſive influence, and the moſt unlimited power. It was this which, when it was the faſhion for genteel people to pay attention to Tragedies, drew ſuch audiences to Lee's *Theodoſius*, and to Dryden's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, where the length of the ſpeeches, and the thinneſs of the incidents, would have been as tireſome to them as a ſermon, had it not been for a tenderneſs and an extravagance of that paſſion, which every girl thought ſhe could feel, and believed ſhe could underſtand. The moral conſequences of ſuch a Drama it is unneceſſary to queſtion. Even where this paſſion is purified and refined to its utmoſt degree, it may be fairly held, that every ſpecies of compoſition, whether narrative or dramatic, which places the only felicity of life in ſucceſsful love, is unfavourable to the ſtrength and purity of a young mind. It holds forth that ſingle object to the ambition and purſuit of both ſexes, and thus tends to enfeeble and repreſs every

every other exertion. This increaſes a ſource of weakneſs and corruption, which it is the buſineſs of a good inſtructor to correct and overcome, by ſetting before the minds of his pupils other objects, other attainments, of a nobler and leſs ſelfiſh kind. But in that violence, in that tyranny of dominion, with which Love is inveſted in many of our Tragedies, it overbears every virtue and every duty. The obligations of juſtice and of humanity ſink before it. The king, the chief, the patriot, forgets his people, his followers, and his country; while parents and children mention the deareſt objects of natural attachment only to lead them in the triumph of their love.

It is the buſineſs of Tragedy to exhibit the paſſions, that is, the weakneſſes of men. Ancient Tragedy ſhewed them in a ſimple manner; virtue and vice were ſtrongly and diſtinctly marked, wiſdom and weakneſs were eaſily diſcriminated; and though vice might be ſometimes palliated and weakneſs excuſed, the ſpectator could always diſcover the character of each. But in the modern Drama there is an uncertain ſort of outline, a blended colouring, by which the diſtinction of theſe objects is frequently loſt. The refinement of modern audiences calls for ſhades of character more delicate than thoſe which the Stage formerly exhibited;

bited; the conſequence is, that the bounds of right and wrong are often ſo uncertainly marked as not to be eaſily diſtinguiſhed; and if the powers of poetry, or the eloquence of ſentiment, ſhould be on the ſide of the latter, it will require a greater firmneſs of mind than youth or inexperience is maſter of, to reſiſt it.

Reaſon condemns every ſort of weakneſs; but paſſion, enthuſiaſm, and fickly ſenſibility, have dignified certain weakneſſes with the name of *amiable;* and the young, of whom ſome are ſuſceptible, and others affect ſuſceptibility, think it often an honour to be ſubject to their control. In Tragedy, or tragic writing, they often find ſuch characters for their imitation. Such characters, being various, complicated, and fluctuating, are the propereſt for Tragedy. The poets have not neglected to avail themſelves of that circumſtance: their dramas are filled with ſuch characters, who ſhift the hue and colour of their minds, according to the change of ſituation or the variety of incident; or ſometimes, whoſe minds, in the hands of the poet, produce that change, and create that variety. Wiſdom and virtue, ſimple, uniform, and unchanging, only ſuperior artiſts can draw, and ſuperior ſpectators enjoy.

V

N° 28. SATURDAY, *August* 13, 1785.

Continuation of the Remarks upon TRAGEDY.

THE high heroic virtue we ſee exemplified in Tragedy, warms the imagination and ſwells the mind; but being diſtant from the ordinary feelings and exertions of life, has, I ſuſpect, but little influence upon the conduct. On the contrary, it may be fairly doubted, whether this play of the fancy, in the walks of virtue and benevolence, does not leſſen the exertion of thoſe qualities in practice and reality. "Indocilis pri-"vata loqui," ſaid Lucan, of Cæſar: So in ſome meaſure, he who is deeply converſant in the tragic phraſe, in the ſwelling language of compaſſion, of generoſity, and of love, finding no parallel in his common intercourſe with mankind, will not ſo readily open his heart to the calls on his feeling, which the vulgar diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, or the ordinary relations of life, may occaſion. In ſtage misfortunes, in fancied ſufferings, the drapery of the figure hides its form; and real diſtreſs, coming in a homely and unornamented ſtate, diſguſts the eye which had

had poured its tears over the hero of tragic misery, or the martyr of romantic woe. Real calamity offends with its coarseness, and therefore is not produced on the scene, which exhibits in its stead the fantastic griefs of a delicate and high-wrought sensibility. Lillo, in his *Fatal Discovery*, presented extreme poverty as the distress of the scene; and the moral of his piece was to inculcate, that poverty was not to be shunned, nor wealth pursued, at the expence of honesty and virtue. A modern audience did not relish a distress so real, but gave their tears to the widow of *St. Valori*, who was mad for the loss of a husband killed twenty years before. From the same cause, the *Gamester*, one of the best and most moral of our latter tragedies, though successively represented by the greatest players, has never become popular. And even now the part of *Mrs. Beverly* (the first character of the first actress in the world) is performed to indifferent houses.

The tragic poet is striving to distress his hero that he may move his audience: it is not his business to equalize the affliction to the evil that occasions it; the effect is what he is to exhibit, which he is to clothe in the flowing language of poetry, and the high colouring of imagination; and if the cause be not very disproportionate indeed, the reader, or the spectator, will not find fault

fault with it. *Caſtalio*, in the *Orphan* (a play ſo groſsly immoral, that it were unfair in me to quote it, except as illuſtrative of this ſingle argument), is mad with anguiſh and with rage, becauſe his wife's maid refuſes him acceſs to her apartment, according to the previous appointment they had made; and *Oroſmane*, in *Zayre*, remains "immobile, et ſa langue glacée," becauſe his bride begs him to defer their marriage for a day. Yet theſe were diſappointments which the lover of *Otway*, and much more the hero of *Voltaire*, might ſurely have borne with greater fortitude.

If we are to apply all this in example, it ſeems to have a tendency to weaken our mind to our own ſufferings, without opening it to the ſufferings of others. The real evils which the dignity of the ſcene hides from our view, are thoſe which we ought to pity in our neighbours; the fantaſtic and imaginary diſtreſſes which it exhibits, are thoſe we are apt to indulge in ourſelves. Here then Tragedy adds to the liſt of our calamities, without increaſing the catalogue of our virtues.

As Tragedy thus dignifies the diſtreſſes, ſo it elevates the actions of its perſonages, their virtues, and their vices. But this removes virtue at a greater diſtance from us, and brings vice nearer; it exalts the firſt to a point beyond our imitation, and ennobles the latter to a degree above our abhorrence.

horrence. Shakeſpear, who generally diſcriminates ſtrongly the good and ill qualities of his characters, has yet exhibited a *Macbeth*, a tyrant and a murderer, whom we are diſpoſed rather to pity than to hate. "Modern Tragedy," ſays a celebrated critic, "has become more a ſchool of "virtue than the ancient, by being more the "theatre of paſſion: an *Othello*, hurried by jea-"louſy to murder his innocent wife; a *Jaffier*, "enſnared by reſentment and want, to engage "in a conſpiracy, and then ſtung with remorſe "and involved in ruin; a *Siffredi*, through the "deceit which he employs for public-ſpirited "ends, bringing deſtruction on all whom he "loved: theſe are the examples which Tragedy "now diſplays, by means of which it inculcates "on men the proper government of their paſ-"ſions." I am afraid, if we appeal to the feelings of the audience at the concluſion of any of thoſe pieces, we ſhall not find the effect to be what is here ſuppoſed. *Othello* we rather pity for his jealouſy, than hate as a murderer. With *Jaffier* and his aſſociates we are undoubtedly leagued againſt the rulers of Venice; and even the faith and tenderneſs of *Belvidera* hardly make us forgive her for betraying their ſecret. The ſentiments of *Siffredi*, however wiſe and juſt, are diſregarded where they impeach the dignity and ſupereminence of love. His deceit indeed

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is blamed, which is said to be the moral of the piece; but it is blamed because it hindered the union of *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, which, from the very beginning of the play, is the object in which the reader or spectator is interested. Reverse the situation, make it a contrivance to defeat the claim of the tyrant's daughter, to give the throne to Tancred, and to place Sigismunda there at his side, the audience would admire its ingenuity, and rejoice in its success.

In the mixture of a plot, and amidst the variety of situations, where weaknesses are flattered and passions indulged, at the same time that virtues are displayed and duties performed, one set of readers will enjoy the pleasure of the first, while those only who have less need to be instructed will seize the instruction of the latter. When *Marcus* dies for his country, the ladies in the side-boxes only consider his death as removing the bar to the marriage of *Lucia* with his brother *Portius*.

In Tragedy as in Novel, which is sometimes a kind of tragedy, the author is obliged in justification of weak characters, to elevate villanous ones, or to throw round their vices a bewitching address and captivating manners. *Lovelace* is made a character which the greater number of girls admire, in order to justify the seduction of *Clarissa*. *Lothario*, though very inferior, is some-

thing of the same cast, to mitigate the crime of *Calista*. The story would not be probable else; —granted: but in proportion to the art of the poet in rendering it probable, he heightens the immoral effect of which I complain.

As the incidents must be formed, so must the sentiments be introduced according to the character and condition of the person speaking them, not according to the laws of virtue, or the dictates of prudence. To give them this propriety, they must often be apologies for vice and for fraud, or contain ridicule against virtue and honesty. It is not sufficient to answer, that if the person uttering them is punished in the course, or at the end of the play, the expiation is sufficiently made; if the sentiments at the time are shrewdly imagined, and forcibly expressed, they will have a powerful effect on the mind, and leave impressions which the retribution of *poetical justice* will hardly be able to efface.

On poetical justice, indeed, I do not lay so much stress as some authors have done. I incline to be of the opinion of one of my predecessors, that we are frequently more roused to a love of virtue, and a hatred of vice, when virtue is unfortunate, and vice successful, than when each receives the recompence it merits. But I impute more to striking incidents, to the sentiments running through the tenor of a piece,

than

than to the general impreſſion of its *denouement*. Monſ. d'Alembert ſays, that in any ſort of ſpectacle which would leave the poet more at liberty than tragedies taken from hiſtory, in the *Opera*, for example, the author would not eaſily be pardoned, for allowing vice to go unpuniſhed. "I "remember to have ſeen," continues he, "a "MS. opera of *Atreus*, where that monſter pe- "riſhed by a thunderbolt, exclaiming, with a "ſavage ſatisfaction,

"*Tonnez, Dieux impuiſſans;*
"*Frappez; je ſuis vengé!*"

"This would have made one of the happieſt "*denouements* that can well be imagined." As to theatrical effect, I am quite of his opinion; but as to the moral, I cannot agree with him. The line which he quotes, brilliant, forcible, and bold, would have remained with the audience, not to recal the puniſhment of guilt, but to mark the pleaſure of revenge.

But it is not only from the vices or imperfections of tragic characters that we are to fear the danger of familiariſing the approach of evil, or encouraging the growth of error. Their very virtues, I fear, are often dangerous to form the principles, or draw the imitation of their readers. Theirs are not ſo much the uſeful, the productive virtues (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) of real life, as the ſhining and ſhowy qua-

lities which attract the applause, or flatter the vanity of the unthinking. The extreme, the enthusiasm even of a laudable propensity, takes from its usefulness to others, and degenerates into a blind and headlong indulgence in the possessor. In the greatest part of modern Tragedies, such are the qualities of the persons that are most in favour with the public. In what relates to passive excellence, prudence to avoid evils, or fortitude to bear them, are not the virtues of Tragedy, conversant as it is with misfortune; it is proud to indulge in sorrow, to pour its tears without the control of reason, to die of disappointments which wisdom would have overcome. There is an æra in the life of most young people, and those too the most amiable, where all this is their creed of excellence, generosity, and heroism, and that creed is drawn from Romance and Tragedy.

In the remarks which in this and two former papers I have made on *Novel* and on *Tragedy*, two of the most popular of all kinds of writing, I have ventured, in the hardihood of a Moralist, rather beyond the usual caution of a periodical paper that wishes to conciliate the favour of the Public. By those whose daily and favourite reading is crossed by my observations, I shall be asked, if I mean to proscribe every Novel and every Tragedy, or of what kind of each I am disposed

to

to allow the perusal, and to what class of readers their perusal may be trusted. To such I would answer in general, that if I had influence enough to abridge the list of both species of reading, I believe neither morals nor taste would suffer by the restriction. I have pointed out the chief dangers to which I conceive the perusal of many such works is liable.

I am not, however, insensible of the value, perhaps but too sensible of the power, of these productions of fancy and of genius. Nor am I so much a bigot to the opinions I have delivered, as to deny that there are uses, noble uses, which such productions may serve, amidst the dangers to which they sometimes expose their readers. The region of exalted virtue, of dignified sentiment, into which they transport us, may have a considerable effect in changing the cold and unfeeling temperament of worldly minds; the indifferent and the selfish may be warmed and expanded by the fiction of distress, and the eloquence of feeling. In the present age, and among certain ranks, indifference and selfishness have become a sort of virtues, and fashion has sometimes taught the young to pride themselves on qualities so unnatural to them. To combat these "Giants of the Rock," Romance and Tragedy may be very usefully employed; and that race must have become worth-

leſs and degenerate indeed, whom their terrors ſhall fail to rouſe, and their griefs to melt.

Nor, as an amuſement, can the elegance of that which is drawn from the peruſal of a well-written novel, or the repreſentation of a well-compoſed tragedy, be diſputed. It certainly is as much a nobler, as it is a more harmleſs employment of time, than its waſte in frivolous diſſipation, or its abuſe in the vigils of play. But there is a certain ſort of mind common in youth, and that too of the moſt amiable kind, tender, warm, and viſionary, to which the walks of fancy and enthuſiaſm, of romantic love, of exaggerated ſorrow, of trembling ſenſibility, are very unſafe. To readers of this complexion, the amuſement which the works above mentioned afford, ſhould, I think, be ſparingly allowed, and judiciouſly choſen. In ſuch boſoms, feeling or ſuſceptibility muſt be often repreſſed or directed; to encourage it by premature or unnatural means, is certainly hurtful. They reſemble ſome luxuriant ſoils which may be enriched beyond a wholeſome fertility, till weeds are their only produce; weeds, the more to be regretted, as, in the language of a Noveliſt himſelf, "they grow in the ſoil from which virtue "ſhould have ſprung."

V

N° 29. SATURDAY, *August* 20, 1785.

THE advantages and use of *Biography* have of late been so often mentioned, and are now so universally allowed, that it is needless for any modern author to set them forth. That department of writing, however, has been of late years so much cultivated, that it has fared with biography as with every other art; it has lost much of its dignity in its commonness, and many lives have been presented to the public, from which little instruction or amusement could be drawn. Individuals have been traced in minute and ordinary actions, from which no consequences could arise, but to the private circle of their own families and friends, and in the detail of which we saw no passion excited, no character developed, nothing that should distinguish them from those common occurrences,

"Which dully took their course, and were
"forgotten."

Yet there are few even of those comparatively insignificant lives, in which men of a serious and

thinking caſt do not feel a certain degree of intereſt. A penſive mind can trace, in ſeemingly trivial incidents and common ſituations, ſomething to feed reflection, and to foſter thought; as the ſolitary naturaliſt culls the trodden weeds, and diſcovers in their form and texture the principles of vegetative nature. The motive, too, of the relater, often helps out the unimportance of his relation; and to the ingenuous and ſuſceptible, there is a feeling not unpleaſant in allowing for the partiality of gratitude, and the tedioufneſs of him who recounts his obligations. The virtuous connections of life and of the heart it is always pleaſing to trace, even though the objects are neither new nor ſtriking. Like thoſe familiar paintings that ſhew the inſide of cottages, and the exerciſe of village duties, ſuch narrations come home to the boſoms of the worthy, who feel the relationſhip of Virtue, and acknowledge her family wherever it is found. And perhaps there is a calmer and more placid delight in viewing her amidſt theſe unimportant offices, than when we look up to her inveſted in the pomp of greatneſs, and the pride of power.

I have been led to theſe reflections by an account, with which a correſpondent has furniſhed me, of ſome particulars in the life of an individual, a native of this country, who died a few weeks

weeks ago in London, *Mr. William Strahan*, Printer to his Majesty. His title to be recorded in a work of this sort my correspondent argues from a variety of considerations unnecessary to be repeated. One which applies particularly to the public office of the Lounger, I will take the liberty to mention. He was the author of a paper in the *Mirror*; a work in the train of which I am proud to walk, and am glad of an opportunity to plead my relation to it, by inserting the *eloge* (I take that word as custom has sanctified it, without adopting its abstract signification) of one of its writers.

Mr. Strahan was born at Edinburgh in the year 1715. His father, who had a small appointment in the customs, gave his son the education which every lad of decent rank then received in a country where the avenues to learning were easy, and open to men of the most moderate circumstances. After having passed through the tuition of a grammar-school, he was put apprentice to a printer; and when a very young man, removed to a wider sphere in that line of business, and went to follow his trade in London. Sober, diligent, and attentive, while his emoluments were for some time very scanty, he contrived to live rather within than beyond his income; and though he married early, and

without ſuch a proviſion as prudence might have looked for in the eſtabliſhment of a family, he continued to thrive, and to better his circumſtances. This he would often mention as an encouragement to early matrimony, and uſed to ſay, that he never had a child born that Providence did not ſend ſome increaſe of income to provide for the increaſe of his houſehold. With ſufficient vigour of mind, he had that happy flow of animal ſpirits, that is not eaſily diſcouraged by unpromiſing appearances. By him who can look with firmneſs upon difficulties, their conqueſt is already half atchieved; but the man on whoſe heart and ſpirits they lie heavy, will ſcarcely be able to bear up againſt their preſſure. The forecaſt of timid, or the diſguſt of too delicate minds, are very unfortunate attendants for men of buſineſs, who, to be ſucceſsful, muſt often puſh improbabilities, and bear with mortifications.

His abilities in his profeſſion, accompanied with perfect integrity and unabating diligence, enabled him, after the firſt difficulties were overcome, to get on with rapid ſucceſs. And he was one of the moſt flouriſhing men in the trade, when, in the year 1770, he purchaſed a ſhare of the patent for King's Printer of Mr. Eyre, with whom he maintained the moſt cordial intimacy during all the reſt of his life.

Beſides the emoluments ariſing from this appointment, as well as from a very extenſive private buſineſs, he now drew largely from a field which required ſome degree of ſpeculative ſagacity to cultivate; I mean that great literary property which he acquired by purchaſing the copy-rights of ſome of the moſt celebrated authors of the time. In this his liberality kept equal pace with his prudence, and in ſome caſes went perhaps rather beyond it. Never had ſuch rewards been given to the labours of literary men, as now were received from him and his aſſociates in thoſe purchaſes of copy-rights from authors.

Having now attained the firſt great object of buſineſs, wealth, Mr. Strahan looked with a very allowable ambition on the ſtations of political rank and eminence. Politics had long occupied his active mind, which he had for many years purſued as his favourite amuſement, by correſponding on that ſubject with ſome of the firſt characters of the age. Mr. Strahan's queries to Dr. Franklin in the year 1769, reſpecting the diſcontents of the Americans, publiſhed in the London Chronicle of 28th July 1778, ſhew the juſt conception he entertained of the important conſequences of that diſpute, and his anxiety as a good ſubject to inveſtigate, at that early period, the proper means by which their griev-

ances might be removed, and a permanent harmony reſtored between the two countries. In the year 1775, he was elected a member of parliament for the borough of Malmſbury, in Wiltſhire, with a very illuſtrious colleague, the Hon. C. J. Fox; and in the ſucceeding parliament for Wotton-Baſſet, in the ſame county. In this ſtation, applying himſelf with that induſtry which was natural to him, he attended the Houſe with a ſcrupulous punctuality, and was a uſeful member. His talents for buſineſs acquired the conſideration to which they were entitled, and were not unnoticed by the Miniſter.

In his political connections he was conſtant to the friends to whom he had firſt been attached. He was a ſteady ſupporter of that party who were turned out of adminiſtration in ſpring 1784, and loſt his ſeat in the Houſe of Commons by the diſſolution of parliament, with which that change was followed; a ſituation which he did not ſhew any deſire to reſume on the return of the new parliament.

One motive for his not wiſhing a ſeat in the preſent parliament, was a feeling of ſome decline in his health, which had rather ſuffered from the long ſittings and late hours with which the political warfare in the laſt had been attended. Though without any fixed diſeaſe, his ſtrength was viſibly declining; and though his

his ſpirits ſurvived his ſtrength, yet the vigour and activity of his mind were alſo conſiderably impaired. Both continued gradually to decline, till his death, which happened on Saturday the 9th July 1785, in the 71ſt year of his age.

Of riches acquired by induſtry, the diſpoſal is often ruled by caprice, as if the owners wiſhed to ſhew their uncontrolled power over that wealth which their own exertions had attained, by a whimſical allotment of it after their death. In this, as in other particulars, Mr. Strahan's diſcretion and good ſenſe were apparent: he bequeathed his fortune in the moſt rational manner; and of that portion which was not left to his wife and children, the diſtribution was equally prudent and benevolent. Like his predeceſſor in trade, the celebrated Mr. *Bowyer*, he left L. 1000 to the Stationers' Company, of which he was a member, to be ſtocked, for the benefit of decayed bookſellers and printers.

Endued with much natural ſagacity, and an attentive obſervation of life, Mr. Strahan owed his riſe to that ſtation of opulence and reſpect which he attained, rather to his own talents and exertion, than to any accidental occurrence of favourable or fortunate circumſtances. His mind, though not deeply tinctured with learning, was not uninformed by letters. From a habit of attention to ſtyle, he had acquired a conſiderable portion

portion of critical acuteneſs in the diſcernment of its beauties and defects. In one branch of writing himſelf excelled, I mean the epiſtolary, in which he not only ſhewed the preciſion and clearneſs of buſineſs, but poſſeſſed a neatneſs as well as fluency of expreſſion which I have known few letter-writers to ſurpaſs. Letter-writing was one of his favourite amuſements; and among his correſpondents were men of ſuch eminence and talents as well repaid his endeavours to entertain them. One of theſe, as we have before mentioned, was the juſtly celebrated *Dr. Franklin*, originally a Printer like Mr. Strahan, and his fellow-workman in early life in a printing-houſe in London, whoſe friendſhip and correſpondence he continued to enjoy, notwithſtanding the difference of their ſentiments in political matters, which often afforded pleaſantry, but never mixed any thing acrimonious in their letters. One of the lateſt he received from his illuſtrious and venerable friend, contained a humourous Allegory of the ſtate of politics in Britain, drawn from the profeſſion of *Printing*, of which, though the Doctor had quitted the exerciſe, he had not forgotten the terms.

There are ſtations of acquired greatneſs which make men proud to recal the lowneſs of that from which they roſe. The native eminence of

of Franklin's mind was above concealing the humbleneſs of his origin. Thoſe only who poſſeſs no intrinſic elevation are afraid to ſully the honours to which accident has raiſed them, by the recollection of that obſcurity whence they ſprung.

Of this recollection Mr. Strahan was rather proud than aſhamed; and I have heard thoſe who were diſpoſed to cenſure him, blame it as a kind of oſtentation in which he was weak enough to indulge. But methinks "'tis to "conſider too curiouſly, to conſider it ſo." There is a kind of reputation which we may laudably deſire, and juſtly enjoy; and he who is ſincere enough to forego the pride of anceſtry and of birth, may, without much imputation of vanity, aſſume the merit of his own elevation.

In that elevation, he neither triumphed over the inferiority of thoſe he had left below him, nor forgot the equality in which they had formerly ſtood. Of their inferiority he did not even remind them, by the oſtentation of grandeur, or the parade of wealth. In his houſe there was none of that ſaucy train, none of that ſtate or finery, with which the illiberal delight to confound and to dazzle thoſe who may have formerly ſeen them in leſs enviable circumſtances. No man was more mindful of, or more ſolicitous to oblige, the acquaintance or companions

companions of his early days. The advice which his experience, or the assistance which his purse could afford, he was ready to communicate; and at his table in London every gentleman found an easy introduction, and every old acquaintance a cordial welcome. This was not merely a virtue of hospitality, or a duty of benevolence with him; he felt it warmly as a sentiment: and that paper in the Mirror of which I mentioned him as the author (the Letter from London in the 94th number), was, I am persuaded, a genuine picture of his feelings on the recollection of those scenes in which his youth had been spent, and of those companions with which it had been associated.

Such of them as still survive him will read the above short account of his life with interest and with pleasure. For others it may not be altogether devoid of entertainment or of use. If among the middling and busy ranks of mankind it can afford an encouragement to the industry of those who are beginning to climb into life, or furnish a lesson of moderation to those who have attained its height; if to the first it may recommend honest industry and sober diligence; if to the latter it may suggest the ties of ancient fellowship and early connection, which the pride of wealth or of station loses as much dignity as it foregoes satisfaction by refusing to acknow-

acknowledge; if it ſhall cheer one hour of deſpondency or diſcontent to the young; if it ſhall ſave one frown of diſdain or of refuſal to the unfortunate; the higher and more refined claſs of my readers will forgive the familiarity of the example, and conſider, that it is not from the biography of heroes or of ſtatſmen that inſtances can be drawn to prompt the conduct of the bulk of mankind, or to excite the uſeful though leſs ſplendid virtues of private and domeſtic life.

N° 30. SATURDAY, *August* 27, 1785.

To the LOUNGER.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH a ſtranger to your perſon, I have the honour of being pretty nearly allied to you. When you know who I am, I flatter myſelf you will not think yourſelf diſgraced by the alliance, and that you will permit me to claim kindred with you. Of this you may be aſſured, I would not do it, did I not entertain a favourable opinion of you; and having nothing to aſk, you may conſider my deſire to be ranked among your friends as a mark of approbation. Know then, Sir, that the perſon who has now the honour to addreſs you is a member of the *Mirror Club*.

Although long ſince dead as an author, you will readily believe that I am intereſted in the ſucceſs of the *Lounger*. Perſons placed in the ſame ſituations naturally feel a ſympathetic ſort of attachment for each other. When the Lounger was firſt advertiſed, I could not help recollecting the ſenſations I experienced when the publication of the *Mirror* was firſt announced in the papers; and when your introductory Num-

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ber appeared, I ſent for it with an impatience, and a ſolicitude, which I ſhould not have felt in the ſame degree had I not once been in a ſituation ſimilar to yours.

You, Sir, ſtarted with many advantages which we did not poſſeſs. The public are now taught to know, that it is poſſible to carry on a periodical work of this kind in Edinburgh; and that, if tolerably executed, it will be read, and will hold its place with other works of the ſame kind. But when we boldly gave the Mirror to the world, a very different notion prevailed. It was ſuppoſed that no ſuch work could be conducted with any propriety on this ſide of the Tweed. Accordingly, the Mirror was received with the moſt perfect indifference in our own country; and during the publication, it was indebted for any little reputation it received in Scotland, to the notice that happened to be taken of it by ſome perſons of rank and of taſte in England. Nay, Sir, ſtrange as you may think it, it is certainly true, that, narrow as Edinburgh is, there were men who conſider themſelves as men of letters, who never read a Number of it while it was going on.

But although in this and in many other reſpects the Lounger may poſſeſs advantages over the Mirror, there is one particular in which I am apt to believe, that we the members of the Mirror Club poſſeſſed an advantage over the author

author of the Lounger. You, Sir, if I miſtake not, conduct your work ſingle and alone, unconnected with any perſon whatever. We, Sir, were a Society, conſiſting of a few friends, cloſely united by long habits of intimacy. Not only, therefore, is your taſk much more arduous than ours, but, in the way of amuſement, we certainly had the advantage of you. I can never forget the pleaſure we enjoyed in meeting to read our papers in the Club. There they were criticiſed with perfect freedom, but with the greateſt good humour. When any of us produced a paper, which, either from the ſtyle or manner of it, or from the nature of the ſubject, ſeemed inadmiſſible, it was condemned without heſitation, and the author, putting it in his pocket, drank a bumper to its *manes*. We had ſtated meetings to receive the communications with which we were honoured, which afforded another ſource of amuſement. This pleaſure, however, was not without alloy. We were often, from particular circumſtances, obliged to reject compoſitions of real merit; and what perhaps was equally diſtreſſing, we were ſometimes obliged to abridge or to alter the papers which we publiſhed. Might I preſume to give you an advice, it would be, to uſe this liberty as rarely as poſſible. We authors know, that there is a certain complacency, not to call it vanity, which a man feels

feels for his own compoſitions, which makes him unwilling to ſubmit them to the correction of he does not know whom, or to acquieſce in an alteration made he does not know why. In juſtice, however, to our correſpondents, I muſt add, that they continued to honour us with their favours, notwithſtanding the liberties we took with their compoſitions, and although it was not in our power to explain the reaſons which induced us to take thoſe liberties.

But, Sir, one never-ceaſing fund of amuſement to us, was communicating the obſervations we had occaſion to hear, in different ſocieties and different companies, upon the Mirror, and its ſuppoſed authors. The ſupercilious, who deſpiſed the paper becauſe they did not know by whom it was written, talked of it as a catchpenny performance, carried on by a ſet of needy and obſcure ſcribblers. Thoſe who entertained a more favourable opinion of it, were apt to fall into an oppoſite miſtake, and to ſuppoſe that the Mirror was the production of all the men of letters in Scotland. This laſt opinion is not yet entirely exploded, and perhaps has rather gained ground from the favourable reception of the Mirror ſince its publication in volumes. The laſt time I was in London I happened to ſtep into Mr. *Cadell*'s ſhop, and while I was amuſing myſelf in turning over the prints in Cook's laſt Voyage, Lord B—

came

came in, and taking up a volume of the Mirror, aſked Mr. Cadell, who were the authors of it. Cadell, who did not ſuſpect that I knew any more of the matter than the Great Mogul, anſwered, "That he could not really mention par-"ticular names; but he believed that *all* the "*literati* of Scotland were concerned in it." Lord B—— walked off, ſatisfied that this was truly the caſe; and about a week after I heard him ſay at Lord M——'s levee, that he was well aſſured the Mirror was the joint production of all the men of letters in Scotland.

I will now, Sir, tell you in confidence, that (one of our number excepted, whoſe writings have long been read with admiration and delight, and whoſe exquiſite pencil every reader of taſte and diſcernment muſt diſtinguiſh in the Mirror) there was not one of our Club who ever publiſhed a ſingle ſentence, or in all likelihood ever would have done it, had it not been for the accidental publication of the Mirror.

But the moſt amuſing part of the whole was the application of the characters in the Mirror to real life; and I verily believe many a charitable lady and well-diſpoſed gentleman read it with no other view than to find out characters which they might apply to their friends and acquaintances. I dined in a large company the day on which the firſt letter ſigned *John Home-*

ſpun

Spun was publiſhed. At table Lady —— aſked if any body had ſeen the Mirror of that day. "Yes," anſwered Mrs. ——, "it is a charming paper; but there is a great Lady in the "Weſt, that won't be very fond of it. She is "drawn to the life: I knew her before I had "read half the paper." "In the *Weſt?*" replied Lady ——, "in the South, you mean. "I agree with you, that the picture is well "drawn; and if you knew the Counteſs of "—— as well as I have the honour to know "her, you could not doubt that ſhe is truly "the original." "Pardon me, Ladies," ſaid a little ſharp-looking man, in a northern accent, "I believe you are both miſtaken. I have read "the paper, and I think the great Lady ſo well "pointed out in it, is neither from the Weſt "nor from the South, but from my country; at "leaſt I am ſure we have two or three very like "the woman in the Mirror, who do no good to "us ſmall folks when we get among them, and "are apt to turn the heads of our wives and our "daughters,—ay, and of our ſons too," added he, with a ſignificant nod. The Ladies, however, would not yield their opinion; and a diſpute enſued, which was to me not a little amuſing, as I knew that the author had no particular Lady in view, either from the Weſt or from the Eaſt, from the South or from the North.

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One morning I called upon a Lady, and found her reading N° 47 of the Mirror, a paper of mine. "Well," said she, "I know every person "described here as well as if they had given us "their names at full length." She then named some of her acquaintance, whose persons and characters were equally unknown to me, and even whose names I never heard mentioned before.

But the most dangerous application of this sort was that of the character of Sir Bobby Button. Of our forty-five members it may, without offence, be said that some of them are *manu quam lingua promptiores*, readier at a blow than a word; and we were told, that they seriously intended to make the author of the Mirror speak out, and say whether, in the modern language of Parliament, *he meant any thing personal.* This intelligence produced some little uneasiness in our Society; but we resolved to act with becoming dignity and spirit, had the respectable body of our representatives called upon us for an explanation.

Thus, in the hands of many, the Mirror, innocent and well intended as it was, became a vehicle of slander; and the envious, the splenetic, and the malicious, found an entertainment in it which never was intended for them. Be not you, Sir, discouraged by this. Go on boldly to correct our follies and our vices, by painting them truly as they are. To attain this purpose,

purpose, I would advise you in the words of the bloody *Renault*,—" to spare neither age, " nor sex, nor condition." But while I say this, I must add, that it is only the vices and the follies themselves which you are entitled to attack, and not the individuals who may be guilty of them. You, Sir, will not prostitute your Paper, to make it the vehicle of slander or of censure against private characters: you will describe the general manners of the age, not those of this or that private person. Hitherto you have not offended in this way; and if you continue in the same proper course, I shall drink success to the Lounger at our next anniversary meeting; for you must know, that our Club still meets once a-year on the day our first number was published. There it would do your heart good to hear us talk over the little anecdotes which gave us so much pleasure in the Mirror. I shall propose, Sir, that you be received as a guest at our anniversary next year, that you may see what sort of folks your predecessors were. There is one point in which I trust you will agree with us, and that is, in preferring good claret to port wine. Hoping to have the honour of drinking a glass of our favourite liquor with you, I am, &c.

A Member of the Mirror Club.

I feel myſelf much honoured by this mark of attention from one of my predeceſſors, and much flattered by his approbation. At the ſame time, I heſitated whether I ought or ought not to publiſh his letter. Indeed I am not at this moment perfectly clear in my own mind whether he meant or wiſhed that it ſhould be publiſhed. It is written ſo much in the ſtyle of private confidence and friendſhip, that it ſeems not to have been intended for the public. Beſides, I was aware, that the ſcoffers might be apt to ſmile at that air of importance with which "we authors," even of periodical ſheets, are apt to regard every thing which concerns ourſelves and our works, and of which, it muſt be owned, there are ſome plain enough marks in this letter. Notwithſtanding all this, I at length reſolved to publiſh it, partly to gratify my own vanity, and partly becauſe I could in no other ſhape return my acknowledgments to my correſpondent for the notice with which he has been ſo kind as to honour me. I have only to add, that I have long felt a ſtrong deſire to be perſonally acquainted with the members of the Mirror Club, and therefore I am much pleaſed with the hint given in the cloſe of the letter, of an invitation to attend their anniverſary meeting.

N° 31. SATURDAY, *September* 3. 1785.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes.

VIRG.

ONE of the moſt natural, as well as one of the pureſt pleaſures, ariſing from the effect of external objects on the mind, is the enjoyment of rural proſpects and rural ſcenery. The ideas of health, contentment, peace, and innocence, are ſo interwoven with thoſe of the country, that their connection has become proverbial; and the pleaſures ariſing from it are not only celebrated by thoſe who have experienced their ſweets, but they are frequently ſuppoſed by thouſands to whom they never were known, and deſcribed by many by whom they have long been forgotten.

Of them, as of every other enjoyment, the value is enhanced by viciſſitude; and long excluſion is one great ingredient in the delight of their attainment. Few have been ſo unfortunate as to have an opportunity of forming a full idea of that pleaſure which a great ſtate-criminal is ſaid to have felt, when, on being taken from his dungeon, he ſaw the light, and breathed the open air, though but for that ſhort ſpace

which conducted him to his scaffold. But it may in some measure be conceived from the satisfaction which most men have at times experienced in changing the smoky atmosphere and close corrupted vapour of a crowded town, for the pure elastic breeze of a furze-hill, or the balmy perfume of a bean-field.

With such increased enjoyment do I now feel the pleasures of the country, after being, as Milton says, "long in populous city pent." A very pressing invitation from my friend *Colonel Caustic* prevailed over that indolence, which was always a part of my constitution, and which I feel advanced life nowise tend to diminish. Having one day missed half a dozen acquaintance, one after another, who I was informed had gone into the country, I came home in the evening, found a second letter from the Colonel, urging my visit, read part of Virgil's second Georgic, looked from my highest window on the sun just about to set amidst the golden clouds of a beautiful western sky, and coming down stairs, ordered my man to pack up my portmanteau, and next morning set out for my friend's country-seat, whence I now address my readers.

To me, who am accustomed to be idle without being vacant, whose thoughts are rather wandering than busy, and whose fancy rather various

various than vivid, the ſoft and modeſt painting of Nature in this beautiful retirement of my friend's is particularly ſuited. Here where I am ſeated at this moment, in a little ſhaded arbour with a ſloping lawn in front, covered with ſome ſheep that are reſting in the noon-day heat, with their lambkins around them; with a grove of pines on the right hand, through which a ſcarcely ſtirring breeze is heard faintly to whiſper; with a brook on the left, to the gurgle of which the willows on its ſide ſeem to liſten in ſilence; this landſcape, with a back-ground of diſtant hills, on which one can diſcover the ſmoke of the ſhepherd's fire, riſing in large lazy volumes to a thinly-fleckered ſky; all this forms a ſcene peaceful though enlivened, oblivious of care yet rich in thought, which ſoothes my indolence with a congenial quiet, yet dignifies it with the ſwellings of enthuſiaſm and the dreams of imagination.

On this ſubject of the enjoyment of rural contemplation, I was much pleaſed with ſome reflections lately ſent me by a correſpondent, who ſubſcribes himſelf *Eubulus*. "It is the great "error of mankind," ſays he, "that in the "purſuit of happineſs, they commonly ſeek for "it in violent gratifications, in pleaſures which "are too intenſe in their degree to be of long "duration, and of which even the frequent

" repetition blunts the capacity of enjoyment. " There is no leſſon more uſeful to mankind " than that which teaches them, that the moſt " rational happineſs is averſe to all turbulent " emotions; that it is ſerene and moderate in " its nature; that its ingredients are neither " coſtly in the acquiſition nor difficult in the " attainment, but preſent themſelves almoſt vo- " luntarily to a well-ordered mind, and are open " to every rank and condition of life, where abſo- " lute indigence is excluded.

" The intellectual pleaſures have this peculiar " and ſuperlative advantage over thoſe that are " merely ſenſual, that the moſt delightful of " the former require no appropriation of their " objects in order to their enjoyment. The " contemplative man, who is an admirer of the " beauties of nature, has an *ideal property* in all " its objects. He enjoys the hill, the vale, the " ſtream, the wood, the garden, with a pleaſure " more exquiſite, becauſe more unallayed, than " that of their actual poſſeſſor. To him each " enjoyment is heightened by the ſenſe of that " unremitting bounty which furniſhes it; nor " is he diſquieted by the anxiety of maintain- " ing a poſſeſſion of which he cannot be de- " prived. How truly may he exclaim with the " poet,

" I care

" I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
" You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
" You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
" Through which Aurora ſhews her bright-
" ening face;
" You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
" The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at
" eve:
" Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace;
" Of Fancy, Reaſon, Virtue, nought can me
" bereave *.

" To a mind of that happy conformation
" which the Poet here deſcribes, the ſources of
" pleaſure are infinite. Nature is not leſs de-
" lightful in her general impreſſions, than when
" ſurveyed in detail; and to the former of theſe
" the verſes above quoted ſeem chiefly to refer.
" It is certain that we experience a high degree
" of pleaſure in certain emotions, excited by
" the general contemplation of Nature, when
" the attention does not dwell minutely upon
" any of the objects that ſurround us. Sympa-
" thy, the moſt powerful principle in the hu-
" man compoſition, has a ſtrong effect in con-
" ſtituting the pleaſure here alluded to. The

* Thomſon's Caſtle of Indolence.

" ſtillneſs of the country, and the tranquillity " of its ſcenes, have a ſenſible effect in calming " the diſorder of the paſſions, and inducing a " temporary ſerenity of mind. By the ſame " ſympathy, the milder paſſions are excited, " while the turbulent are laid aſleep. That " man muſt be of a hardened frame indeed, " who can hear unmoved the ſong of the fea- " thered tribes, when Spring calls forth " all " Nature's harmony," or who can behold, with- " out a correſponding emotion of joy and of " gratitude, the ſprightlineſs of the young race " of animals wantoning in the exerciſe of their " new powers, and invigorated by the benig- " nity of the air and the luxuriancy of their " paſtures."

My friend Colonel Cauſtic, though I will venture to ſay for him, that he is neither without the ſenſibility of mind, nor the emotions of pious gratitude, which my coreſpondent juſtly ſuppoſes the contemplation of the rural ſcene to excite, yet ſurveys it not with feelings of quite ſo placid a ſort as in ſome other minds it will be apt to produce. Here, as every where elſe, he ſtamps on the ſurrounding objects ſomewhat of the particular impreſſion of his character. That ſentiment, which, like the genius of Socrates, perpetually attends him, the child of virtue and of philanthropy, nurſed by ſpleen, though here it

it puts on a certain tenderneſs which it has not in town, and is rather diſpoſed to complain than to cenſure, yet walks with him, not unemployed, through his woods and his fields, and throws on the fineſt of their beauties a tint of its own colouring, as the glaſs of the little inſtrument called a *Claude Loraine*, dims the landſcape which is viewed through it.

I have not been able to convince him that the weather is not very much changed from what it was in his younger days, and he quotes many obſervations in ſupport of the milder temperature of the air in thoſe long-paſt ſeaſons. But his ſiſter (a very reſpectable maiden lady, a few years younger than the Colonel, who keeps houſe for him) inſiſts on the difference in ſtronger terms, and is ſurpriſed at my unbelief, even though it is confirmed by the regiſter. Of her faith in this article ſhe ſhews the ſincerity, by her practice in houſehold-matters, having, as ſhe tells me, for theſe fifteen or ſixteen years paſt, taken out the greens from the fire-places at leaſt a fortnight earlier than formerly, and not uncarpeting the rooms, nor taking down the window-curtains, till near a month later than ſhe was wont to do.

On the appearance of his own fields the Colonel does not ſay quite ſo much, the culture he has beſtowed on them counteracting in that par-

ticular the natural deterioration; but wherever Nature has been left to herſelf, her productions, according to him, have grown more ſcanty. When we ſtart a hare, or fluſh a partridge in our walks, the Colonel always tells me there is not one for ten in his grounds that he uſed to ſee formerly; and he rather ſeemed to enjoy than condole with my want of ſport, when I went yeſterday a-fiſhing on the very ſame part of the river from which he informed me he was of old ſure of catching a diſh of trouts in an hour's time any day of the ſeaſon. Nor was he quite well pleaſed with his man John's attempting to account for it, by his neighbour *Lord Grubwell*'s having lately ſent down a caſting-net for the uſe of his gamekeeper.

On the ſubject of Lord Grubwell, however, in other matters, he is generally apt enough himſelf to expatiate. "This man," ſaid he, "whoſe "father acquired the fortune, which afterwards "procured the ſon his title, has ſtarted into the "rank, without the manners or the taſte, of a "gentleman. The want of the firſt would only "be felt thoſe two or three times in the year "when one is obliged to meet with him; but "the perverſion of the latter, with a full purſe "to give it way, makes his neighbourhood a "very unfortunate one. That riſing ground "on the left, which was formerly one of the "fineſt

"fineſt green ſwells in the world, he has put "yon vile Gothic tower on, as he calls it, and "has planted half a dozen little *carronades* on "the top of it, which it is a favourite amuſe-"ment with him to fire on holidays and birth-"days, or when ſome reſpected viſitor drinks "tea there." "That will frighten your Dry-"ads," ſaid I, ſmiling. "It often frightens my "ſiſter," replied the Colonel; "and I am weak "enough to let it fret me. I can bear the man's "nonſenſe, when it is not heard two miles off. "That ugly dry gap in the bank oppoſite to us "was the channel of a rill, of which he turned "the courſe, to make a ſerpentine river for his "Chineſe bridge, which he had built, without "knowing where to find water for it. And "from the little hills behind he has rooted out "all the natural fringe of their birch and oak "ſhrub-wood, to cover their tops with ſtiff "circular plantations. Then his temples and "ſtatues, with their white plaiſter and paint, "meet one's eye in every corner. I have been "fain to run up that hedge, to ſcreen me from all "thoſe impertinencies, though it loſt my fa-"fourite ſeat the beſt half of its proſpect."

But Colonel Cauſtic has other wrongs from the innovations of his neighbour, which he ſuffers without telling them. Lord Grubwell's improvements often trench on a feeling more

tender than the Colonel's taſte, though that is delicate enough. The ſcenes around him have thoſe ties upon my friend which long acquaintance naturally gives them over a mind ſo ſuſceptible as his. As the Mythology of the ancients animated all nature, by giving a tutelary power to every wood and fountain, ſo he has peopled many of the objects in his view with the images of paſt events, of departed friends, of warm affections, of tender regrets; and he feels the change, or ſometimes even the improvement, as a ſacrilege that drives the deity from the place. This ſentiment of memory is felt but very imperfectly in a town: in the country it retains all its force; and with Colonel Cauſtic it operates in the ſtrongeſt manner poſſible. Here he withdraws himſelf from an age which he thinks is in its decline, and finds in the world of remembrance that warmth of friendſhip, that purity of manners, that refinement of breeding, that elegance of form, that dignity of deportment, which charmed his youth. This is perhaps one cauſe of his ſeverity, when at any time he mixes with mankind; 'tis like leaving an enlightened company of friends, for the frivolous ſociety of ordinary men, which often overcomes the temper of the beſt-natured people, and, if it does not ſink them into ſadneſs and ſilence, will generally make them "*humorous and peeviſh.*"

Even the recollection of ſufferings endears to ſuch a mind as Cauſtic's the ſcene that recals them. I obſerved, that wherever our ſtroll began, it commonly ended in a *ſombre* walk, that led through a grove of beeches to a little ſequeſtered dell. Here I remarked one tree fenced round in ſuch a manner as ſhewed a particular attention to its growth. I ſtopped as we paſſed, and looked on it with a face of inquiry. "That "tree," ſaid the Colonel, obſerving me, "is "about forty years old."—He went on a few paces—"It was planted by a Lady,"—throwing his eye on the ground, and bluſhing, as I thought.—"It was planted"—He walked ſome ſteps farther; looked back, and ſighed.—"She "was then one of the fineſt women in the "world."

N° 32. SATURDAY, *September* 10, 1785.

I AM every day more and more disposed to congratulate myself on this visit to Colonel *Caustic*. Here I find him with all his good qualities brought forward, with all his failings thrown into the back ground, which only serve (to carry the simile a little farther) to give force and relief to the picture. I am now assured of what before I was willing to believe, that Caustic's spleen is of that sort which is the produce of the warmest philanthropy. As the admirer of painting is most offended with the scrawls of a dauber, as the enthusiast in music is most hurt with the discords of an ill-played instrument; so the lover of mankind, as his own sense of virtue has painted them, when he comes abroad into life, and sees what they really are, feels the disappointment in the severest manner; and he will often indulge in satire beyond the limits of discretion; while indifference or selfishness will be contented to take men as it finds them, and never allow itself to be disquieted with the soreness of disappointed benevolence or the warmth of indignant virtue.

I have

I have likewiſe made an acquiſition of no inconſiderable value in the acquaintance of Colonel Cauſtic's ſiſter. His affection for her is of that genuine ſort which was to be expected from the view of his character I have given. The firſt night of my being here, when Miſs Cauſtic was to retire after ſupper, her brother roſe, drew back the large arm-chair in which ſhe ſat at table with one hand, pulled the bell-ſtring with the other, opened the parlour-door while ſhe was making her curtſy to me, and then ſaluted her as ſhe went out, and bid her good night; and all this with a ſort of tender ceremony which I felt then, and feel ſtill (for it is a thing of cuſtom with them), as one of the pleaſanteſt pieces of good breeding I had ever witneſſed. "My ſiſter is an excellent woman," ſaid the Colonel, as he ſhut the door; "and I "don't like her the worſe for having ſomething "of the primeval about her. You don't know "how much I owe her. When I was a careleſs young fellow, living what we called a "faſhionable life about town, thinking perhaps, "like a puppy as I was, what ſort of a coat I "ſhould wear, or what ſort of ſtocking would "beſt ſhow off my leg, or perhaps practiſing "my ſalute before a glaſs, to enchant the ladies "at a review, my ſiſter Peggy, though ſeveral "years younger, was here at home, nurſing

"the

" the declining age of one of the beſt of mo-
" thers, and managing every ſhilling not only
" of mine, but of theirs, to make up a ſum for
" purchaſing me a company. Since my mo-
" ther's death, and my being ſettled here, her
" attentions have been all transferred to me;
" my companion in health, my nurſe in ſickneſs,
" with all thoſe little domeſtic ſervices which,
" though they are cyphers in the general ac-
" count, a man like me, whoſe home is ſo much
" to him, feels of infinite importance; and
" there is a manner of doing them, a quiet,
" unauthoritative, unbuſtling way of keeping
" things right, which is often more important
" than the things themſelves. Then I am in-
" debted to her for the tolerable terms I ſtand
" in with the world. When it grates harſhly
" on me (and I am old, and apt perhaps to be
" a little croſs at times), ſhe contrives ſome-
" how to ſmooth matters between us; and the
" apology I would not allow from itſelf, I can
" hear from her, knowing, as I do, her worth,
" and the affection ſhe bears me.——I were a
" brute to love her leſs than I do.

" There is ſomething," continued the Colo-
nel, after a little pauſe, " in the circumſtance
" of ſex, that mixes a degree of tenderneſs with
" our duty to a female, ſomething that claims our
" protection and our ſervice in a ſtyle ſo different

" from

" from what the other demands from us;—the " very ſame offices are performed ſo differently; " —'tis like graſping a crab-tree, and touching " a violet. Whenever I ſee a man treat a " woman not as a woman ſhould be treated, " be it a chambermaid or a kitchen-wench " (not to ſay a wife or a ſiſter, though I have " ſeen ſuch examples), let him be of what " faſhion or rank he may, or as polite at other " times as he will, I am ſure his politeneſs is " not of the right breed. He may have been " taught by a dancing-maſter, at court, or by " travel; but ſtill his courteſy is not his own, " 'tis borrowed only, and not to be relied on."

Miſs Cauſtic, with all thoſe domeſtic and houſehold accompliſhments which her brother commends, often ſhows that ſhe has been ſkilled in more refined ones, though ſhe has now laid them aſide, like the dreſſes of her youth, as unſuitable to her age and ſituation. She can ſtill talk of Muſic, of Poetry, of Plays, and of Novels; and in converſation with younger people, liſtens to their diſcourſe on thoſe topics with an intereſt and a feeling that is particularly pleaſing to them. Her own ſtudies, however, are of a more ſerious caſt. Beſides thoſe books of devotion which employ her private hours, ſhe reads hiſtory for amuſement, gardening and medicine by way of buſineſs: for ſhe is the phyſician

phyſician of the pariſh, and is thought by the country-folks to be wonderfully ſkilful. Her brother often jokes her on the number and the wants of her patients. "I don't know, Siſter," ſaid he t'other morning, "what fees you get; "but your patients coſt me a great deal of mo- "ney. I have unfortunately but one Recipe, "and it is a ſpecific for almoſt all their diſ- "eaſes."—"I only aſk now and then," ſaid ſhe, "the key of your cellar for them, Brother; "the key of your purſe they will find for them- "ſelves. Yet why ſhould not we be apothe- "caries that way? Poverty is a diſeaſe too; "and if a little of my cordials, or your money, "can cheer the hearts of ſome who have no "other malady"—"It is well beſtowed, Siſter "Peggy; and ſo we'll continue to practiſe, "though we ſhould now and then be cheated."

"'Tis one of the advantages of the coun- "try," ſaid I, "that you get within reach of "a certain rank of men often moſt virtuous "and uſeful, whom in a town we have no op- "portunity of knowing at all."—"Why, yes," ſaid Cauſtic; "but the misfortune is, that thoſe "who could do the moſt for them, ſeldom ſee "them as they ought. I have heard that every "body carries a certain atmoſphere of its own "along with it, which a change of air does "not immediately remove. So there is a cer-

"tain

" tain town-atmoſphere which a great man
" brings with him into the country. He has
" two or three laced lacquies, and two or three
" attendants without wages, through whom he
" ſees, and hears, and does every thing; and
" Poverty, Induſtry, and Nature, get no nearer
" than the great gate of his court-yard."—
" 'Tis but too true," ſaid his ſiſter. " I have
" ſeveral penſioners who come with heavy hearts
" from Lord Grubwell's door, though they
" were once, they ſay, tenants or workmen of
" his own, or, as ſome of them pretend, rela-
" tions of his grandfather."—" That's the very
" reaſon," continued the Colonel; " why will
" they put the man in mind of his father and
" grandfather? The fellows deſerve a horſe-
" pond for their impertinence."—" Nay, but
" in truth," replied Miſs Cauſtic, " my Lord
" knows nothing of the matter. He carries ſo
" much of the town atmoſphere, as you call it,
" about him. He does not riſe till eleven, nor
" breakfaſt till twelve. Then he has his ſteward
" with him for one hour, his architect for an-
" other, his layer out of ground for a third.
" After this he ſometimes gallops out for a little
" exerciſe, or plays at billiards within doors:
" dines at a table of twenty covers; ſits very
" late at his bottle; plays cards, except when
" my Lady chuſes dancing, till midnight; and

" they

" they seldom part till sun-rise." — " And so " ends," said the Colonel, " your *Idyllium* on " my Lord Grubwell's rural occupations."

We heard the tread of a horse in the court, and presently John entered with a card in his hand; which his master no sooner threw his eyes on, than he said, " But you need not de- " scribe, Sister; our friend may see, if he in- " clines it. That card (I could tell the chap- " lain's fold at a mile's distance) is my Lord's " annual invitation to dinner. Is it not, John?" " —It is my Lord Grubwell's servant, Sir," said John. His master read the card: " *And* " *as he understands the Colonel has at present a* " *friend from town with him, he requests that he* " *would present that gentleman his Lordship's com-* " *pliments, and intreat the honour of his company* " *also.*"—" Here is another card, Sir, for Miss " Caustic."—" Yes, yes, she always gets a coun- " terpart"—" But I shan't go," said his sister; " her " Ladyship has young Ladies enow to make " fools of; an old woman is not worth the " trouble."—" Why then, you must say so," answered her brother; " for the chaplain has a " note here at the bottom, that an answer is re- " quested. I suppose your great folks now-a- " days contract with their *maître d'hotel* by the " head; and so they save half-a-crown, when " one don't set down one's name for a cover."

—" But,

—" But, ſpite of the half-crown, you muſt go," ſaid the Colonel to me; " you will find food for " moraliſing; and I ſhall like my own dinner " the better. So return an anſwer accordingly, " Siſter; and do you hear, John, give my " Lord's ſervant a ſlice of cold beef and a " tankard of beer in the mean time. It is " poſſible he is fed upon contract too; and " for ſuch patients, I believe, Siſter Peggy, Dr. " Buchan's *Domeſtic Medicine* recommends cold " beef and a tankard."

N° 33. SATURDAY, *September* 17, 1785.

I Mentioned in my laſt Paper, that my friend Colonel Cauſtic and I had accepted an invitation to dine with his neighbour Lord *Grubwell*. Of that dinner I am now to take the liberty of giving ſome account to my readers. It is one advantage of that habit of obſervation, which, as a thinking Lounger, I have acquired, that from moſt entertainments I can carry ſomething more than the mere dinner away. I remember an old acquaintance of mine, a jolly carbuncle-faced fellow, who uſed to give an account of a company by the ſingle circumſtance of the liquor they could ſwallow. At ſuch a dinner was one man of three bottles, four of two, ſix of a bottle and a half, and ſo on; and as for himſelf, he kept a ſort of journal of what he had *pouched*, as he called it, at every place to which he had been invited during a whole winter. My reckoning is of another ſort; I have ſometimes carried off from a dinner, one, two, or three characters, ſwallowed half a dozen anecdotes, and taſted eight or ten inſipid things, that were not worth the ſwallowing. I have one advantage over my old

old friend; I can digeſt what, in his phraſe, I have *pouched*, without a headach.

When we ſat down to dinner at Lord Grubwell's, I found that the table was occupied in ſome ſort by two different parties, one of which belonged to my Lord, and the other to my Lady. At the upper end of my Lord's ſat *Mr. Placid*, a man agreeable by profeſſion, who has no corner in his mind, no prominence in his feelings, and, like certain chymical liquors, has the property of coaleſcing with every thing. He dines with every body that gives a dinner, has ſeventeen cards for the ſeven days of the week, cuts up a fowl, tells a ſtory, and hears a ſtory told, with the beſt grace of any man in the world. Mr. Placid had been brought by my Lord, but ſeemed inclined to deſert to my Lady, or rather to ſide with both, having a ſmile on the right cheek for the one, and a ſimper on the left for the other.

Lord Grubwell being a patron of the fine arts, had at his *board-end*, beſides the layer out of his grounds, a diſcarded fidler from the opera-houſe, who allowed that *Handel* could compoſe a tolerable chorus; a painter, who had made what he called Fancy-portraits of all the family, who talked a great deal about *Corregio*; a gentleman on one hand of him, who ſeemed an adept in cookery; and a little blear-eyed man on the other,

other, who was a connoiſſeur in wine. On horſe-fleſh, hunting, ſhooting, cricket, and cock-fighting, we had occaſional diſſertations, from ſeveral young gentlemen at both ſides of his end of the table, who, though not directly of his eſtabliſhment, ſeemed, from what occurred in converſation, to be pretty conſtantly in waiting.

Of my Lady's diviſion, the moſt conſpicuous perſon was a gentleman who ſat next her, Sir John——, who ſeemed to enjoy the office of her *Ciciſbeo* or *Cavaliere ſervente*, as nearly as the cuſtom of this country allows. There was, however, one little difference between him and the Italian Cavaliere, that he did not ſeem ſo ſolicitous to ſerve as to admire the Lady, the little attentions being rather directed from her to him. Even his admiration was rather underſtood than expreſſed. The gentleman, indeed, to borrow a phraſe from the grammarians, appeared to be altogether of the paſſive mood, and to conſider every exertion as vulgar and unbecoming. He ſpoke mincingly, looked ſomething more delicate than man; had the fineſt teeth, the whiteſt hand, and ſent a perfume around him at every motion. He had travelled, quoted Italy very often, and called this a *tramontane* country, in which, if it were not for one or two fine women, there would be no poſſibility of exiſting.

Beſides

Beſides this male attendant, Lady Grubwell had ſeveral female intimates, who ſeemed to have profited extremely by her patronage and inſtructions, who had learned to talk on all *town* ſubjects with ſuch eaſe and confidence, that one could never have ſuppoſed they had been bred in the country, and had, as Colonel Cauſtic informed me, only loſt their baſhfulneſs about three weeks before. One or two of them, I could ſee, were in a profeſſed and particular manner imitators of my Lady, uſed all her phraſes, aped all her geſtures, and had their dreſs made ſo exactly after her pattern, that the Colonel told me a blunt country gentleman, who dined there one rainy day, and afterwards paſſed the night at his houſe, thought they had got wet to the ſkin in their way, and had been refitted from her Ladyſhip's wardrobe. "But he was miſ-"taken," ſaid the Colonel; "they only bor-"rowed a little of her complexion."

The painter had made a picture, of which he was very proud, of my Lady attended by a group of thoſe young friends, in the character of *Diana*, ſurrounded by her nymphs, ſurpriſed by *Acteon*. My Lady, when ſhe was ſhowing it to me, made me take notice how very like my Lord Acteon was. Sir John, who leaned over her ſhoulder, put on as broad a ſmile as his good-breeding would allow, and ſaid it was one of the

moſt monſtrous clever things he had ever heard her Ladyſhip ſay.

Of my Lord's party there were ſome young men, brothers and couſins of my Lady's nymphs, who ſhowed the ſame laudable deſire of imitating him, as their kinſwomen did of copying her. But each end of the table made now and then interchanges with the other: ſome of the moſt promiſing of my Lord's followers were favoured with the countenance and regard of her Ladyſhip; while, on the other hand, ſome of her nymphs drew the particular attention of Acteon, and ſeemed, like thoſe in the picture, willing to hide his Diana from him. Amidſt thoſe different, combined, or mingled parties, I could not help admiring the dexterity of *Placid*, who contrived to divide himſelf among them with wonderful addreſs. To the landſcape-gardener he talked of *clumps* and *ſwells*; he ſpoke of harmony to the muſician, of colouring to the painter, of hats and feathers to the young ladies, and even conciliated the elevated and unbending Baronet, by appeals to him about the key at *Marſeilles*, the *Corſo* at *Rome*, and the gallery of *Florence*. He was once only a little unfortunate in a reference to Colonel Cauſtic, which he meant as a compliment to my Lady, "how "much more elegant the dreſs of the Ladies "was now-a-days than formerly when they re-

"membered

" membered it?" Placid is but very little turned of fifty.

Cauſtic and I were nearly " mutes and au- " dience to this act." The Colonel, indeed, now and then threw in a word or two of that *dolce piccante*, that ſweet and ſharp ſort in which his politeneſs contrives to convey his ſatire. I thought I could diſcover that the company ſtood ſomewhat in awe of him; and even my Lady endeavoured to gain his good-will by a very marked attention. She begged leave to drink his ſiſter's health in a particular manner after dinner, and regretted exceedingly not being favoured with her company. " She hardly ever " ſtirs abroad, my Lady," anſwered the Colonel; " beſides (looking ſlyly at ſome of her " Ladyſhip's female friends), ſhe is not young, " nor, I am afraid, baſhful enough for one of " Diana's virgins."

When we returned home in the evening, Cauſtic began to moralize on the ſcene of the day. " We were talking," ſaid he to me, " t'other morning, when you took up a volume " of *Cook's Voyages*, of the advantages and diſ- " advantages ariſing to newly-diſcovered coun- " tries from our communication with them; of " the wants we ſhew them along with the con- " veniencies of life, the diſeaſes we communi- " cate along with the arts we teach. I can

" trace a ſtriking analogy between this and the " viſit of Lord and Lady Grubwell to the ſa- " vages here, as I am told they often call us. " Inſtead of the plain wholeſome fare, the ſober " manners, the filial, the parental, the family " virtues, which ſome of our houſeholds poſ- " ſeſſed, theſe great people will inculcate extra- " vagance, diſſipation, and neglect of every re- " lative duty; and then in point of breeding " and behaviour, we ſhall have petulance and " inattention, inſtead of baſhful civility, becauſe " it is the faſhion with fine folks to be *eaſy*; and " ruſticity ſhall be ſet off with impudence, like a " grogram waiſtcoat with tinſel binding, that only " makes its coarſeneſs more diſguſting."

" But you muſt ſet them right, my good " Sir," I replied, " in theſe particulars. You " muſt tell your neighbours, who may be apt, " from ſome ſpurious examples, to ſuppoſe that " every thing contrary to the natural ideas of " politeneſs is polite, that in ſuch an opinion " they are perfectly miſtaken. Such a carica- " ture is indeed, as in all other imitations, the " eaſieſt to be imitated; but it is not the real " portraiture and likeneſs of a high-bred man " or woman. As good dancing is like a more " dignified ſort of walk, and as the beſt dreſs " hangs the eaſieſt on the ſhape; ſo the higheſt " good breeding, and the moſt highly poliſhed

" faſhion,

" fashion, is the nearest to nature, but to nature " in its best state, to that *belle nature* which " works of taste (and a person of fashion is a " work of taste) in every department require. " It is the same in morals as in demeanour; a " real man of fashion has a certain *retenue*, a " degree of moderation in every thing, and will " not be more wicked or dissipated than there is " occasion for; you must therefore signify to " that young man who sat near me at Lord " Grubwell's, who swore immoderately, was " rude to the chaplain, and told us some things " of himself for which he ought to have been " hanged, that he will not have the honour of " going to the devil in the very best com- " pany."

" Were I to turn preacher," answered the Colonel, " I would not read your homily. It " might be as you say in former times; but in " my late excursion to your city, I cannot say I " could discover, even in the first company, the " high polish you talk of. There was nature, " indeed, such as one may suppose her in places " which I have long since forgotten; but as for " her beauty or grace, I could perceive but " little of it. The world has been often called " a *theatre*; now the theatre of your fashionable " world seems to me to have lost the best part " of its audience; it is all either the yawn of

" the side-boxes, or the roar of the upper gal-
" lery. There is no *pit* (as I remember the
" pit); none of that mixture of good-breeding,
" discernment, taste, and feeling, which consti-
" tutes an audience, such as a first-rate per-
" former would wish to act his part to. For
" the simile of the theatre will still hold in this
" further particular, that a man, to be perfectly
" well-bred, must have a certain respect and va-
" lue for his audience, otherwise his exertions
" will generally be either coarse or feeble:
" though indeed a perfectly well-bred man will
" feel that respect even for himself; and were he
" in a room alone," said Caustic (taking an involuntary step or two, till he got opposite to a mirror that hangs at the upper end of his parlour), " would blush to find himself in a mean
" or ungraceful attitude, or to indulge a thought
" gross, illiberal, or ungentlemanlike." " You
" smile," said Miss Caustic to me; " but I
" have often told my brother, that he is a very
" *Oroondates* on that score; and your Edinburgh
" people may be very well bred, without coming
" up to his standard." " Nay but," said I,
" were I even to give Edinburgh up, it would
" not affect my position. Edinburgh is but a
" copy of a larger metropolis; and in every
" copy, the defect I mentioned is apt to take
" place; and of all qualities I know, this of
" fashion

" faſhion and good breeding is the moſt delicate, " the moſt evaneſcent, if I may be allowed ſo " pedantic a phraſe. 'Tis like the flavour of " certain liquors, which it is hardly poſſible to " preſerve in the removal of them." " Oh! now " I underſtand you," ſaid Cauſtic, ſmiling in his turn; " like *Harrowgate-water*, for example, " which I am told has ſpirit at the ſpring; but " when brought hither, I find it, under favour, to " have nothing but ſtink and ill taſte remaining."

N° 34. SATURDAY, *September* 24, 1785.

THAT we often make the misery, as well as "the happiness we do not find," is a truth which Moralists have frequently remarked, and which can hardly be too often repeated. 'Tis one of those specific maxims which apply to every character and to every situation, and which therefore, in different modes of expression, almost every wise man has endeavoured to enforce and illustrate. Without going so far as the Stoics would have us, we may venture to assert, that there is scarce any state of calamity in which a firm and a virtuous mind will not create to itself consolation and relief; nor any absolute degree of prosperity and success in which a naturally discontented spirit will not find cause of disappointment and disgust.

But in such extremes of situation it is the lot of few to be placed. Of the bulk of mankind the life is passed amidst scenes of no very eventful sort, amidst ordinary engagements and ordinary cares. But of these, perhaps, still more than of the others, the good or evil is in a great measure regulated by the temper and disposition of him to whom they fall out; like metals

metals in coin, it is not alone their intrinsic nature, but also that impression which they receive from us, that creates their value. It must be material, therefore, in the art of happiness, to possess the power of stamping satisfaction on the enjoyments which Providence has put into our hands.

I have been led into these reflections from meeting lately with two old acquaintances, from whom I had, by various accidents, been a long while separated, but whose dispositions our early intimacy had perfectly unfolded to me, and the circumstances of whose lives I have since had occasion to learn.

When at school, *Clitander* was the pride of his parents and the boast of our master. There was no acquirement to which his genius was not equal; and though he was sometimes deficient in application, yet whenever he chose he outshone every competitor.

Eudocius was a lad of very inferior talents. He was frequently the object of Clitander's ridicule, but he bore it with an indifference that very soon disarmed his adversary; and his constant obligingness and good-humour made all his class-fellows his friends.

Clitander was born the heir of a very large estate, which coming to the possession of at an early age, he set out on his travels, and conti-

nued abroad for a conſiderable number of years. In the accompliſhments of the man, he was equally ſucceſsful as he had been in the attainments of the boy, and attracted particular notice in the different places of his reſidence on the continent, as a young man from whom the higheſt expectations might reaſonably be formed. But it was remarked by ſome intelligent obſervers, that he rather acquired than reliſhed thoſe accompliſhments, and learned to judge more than to admire whatever was beautiful in nature, or excellent in art. At times he ſeemed, like other youthful poſſeſſors of ample fortunes, diſpoſed to enjoy the means of pleaſure which his ſituation enabled him to command. At other times, he talked with indifference or contempt both of thoſe pleaſures themſelves, and of the companions with whom they had been ſhared. He remained longer abroad than is cuſtomary, as his friends ſaid, to make himſelf maſter of whatever might be uſeful to his country or ornamental to himſelf; but in fact he remained where he was, as I have heard himſelf confeſs, from an indifference about whither he ſhould go; becauſe, as he frankly ſaid, he thought he ſhould find the ſame fools at Rome as at Paris, at Naples as at Rome. In going through Hungary, he viſited the quick-ſilver mines, where the miſerable workmen, pent

up for life, hear of the light of the ſun, as of the beauties of another world. One of thoſe, as Clitander and his party came up to him, was leaning on his mattock, under one of the diſmal lamps that unfold the horrors of the place, eating the morſel of brown bread that is allowed them. What wretched fare! ſaid one of the company. But he ſeems to enjoy it! replied Clitander.

When he returned to England, he was ſurrounded by the young and the gay, who allured him to pleaſure; and by more reſpectable characters, who invited him to buſineſs and ambition. With both ſocieties he often mixed, but could ſcarcely be ſaid to aſſociate: to both he lent himſelf, as it were, for the time; but became the property of neither, and ſeemed equally diſſatisfied with both.

When I ſaw him lately, he was at his paternal ſeat, one of the fineſt places in one of the fineſt parts of the country. To my admiration of its improvements he aſſented with the coolneſs of a ſpectator who had often looked on them; yet I found that he had planned moſt of them himſelf. In the neighbourhood I found him reſpected but not popular; and even when I was told ſtories of his beneficence, of which there were many, they were told as deeds in which he was to be imitated rather than be-

loved. His hoſpitality was uncommonly extenſive; but his neighbours partook of it rather as a duty than a pleaſure. And though at table he ſaid more witty and more lively things than all his gueſts put together, yet every body remarked how dull the dinner had been.

At his houſe I found *Eudocius*, who flew to embrace me, and to tell me his hiſtory ſince we parted. He told it rather more in detail than was neceſſary; but I thanked him for his minuteneſs, becauſe it had the air of believing me intereſted in the tale. Eudocius was now almoſt as rich as Clitander; but his fortune was of his own acquiſition. In the line of commerce, to which he had been bred, he had been highly ſucceſsful. Induſtry, the moſt untainted uprightneſs, and that ſort of claim which a happy diſpoſition had upon every good man he met, had procured him ſuch advantages, that in a few years he found himſelf poſſeſſed of wealth, beyond his moſt ſanguine expectations, and, as he modeſtly ſaid, much beyond his merits: but he did himſelf injuſtice; he had all the merit which enjoying it thankfully, and uſing it well, could give. At his houſe, to which I afterwards attended him, moſt things were good, and Eudocius honeſtly praiſed them all. He had a group of his neighbours aſſembled, all of whom were happy; but thoſe who came from viſiting

viſiting Clitander were always the happieſt. In his garden and grounds there were ſome beauties which Eudocius ſhowed you with much ſatisfaction: there were many deformities which he did not obſerve himſelf; if any other remarked them, he was happy they were diſcovered, and took a memorandum for mending them next year. His tenants and cottagers were contented and comfortable, or at leaſt in ſituations that ought to make them ſo. If any of them came with complaints to Eudocius, he referred them to his ſteward, but with injunctions to treat them indulgently; and when the ſteward ſometimes told him he had been impoſed on, he ſaid he would not truſt the man again; but repeated a favourite phraſe of his, which he had learnt from ſomebody, but adopted from pure good nature, "that he might be cheated of his mo-"ney, but ſhould not of his temper." In this, as in every thing elſe, it was not eaſy to vex him; while on the other hand he was made happy at very little expence: he laughed at dull jokes, was pleaſed with bad pictures, praiſed dull books, and patroniſed very inferior artiſts; not always from an abſolute ignorance in theſe things (though his taſte, it muſt be owned, was none of the moſt acute), but becauſe it was his way to be pleaſed, and that he liked to ſee people pleaſed around him.

It

It was not so with Clitander. Wanting that enthusiasm, that happy deception, which leads warmer, and indeed inferior minds, through life, he examined with too critical, perhaps too just an eye, its pleasures, its ambition, its love, its friendship, and found them empty and unsatisfying. Eudocius was the happy spectator of an indifferently played comedy; but Clitander had got behind the scenes, and saw the actors with all their wants and imperfections. Clitander, however, never shows the sourness or the melancholy of a misanthrope. He is not interested enough in mankind to be angry, nor is the world worth his being sad for. Thus he not only wants the actual pleasures of life, but even that sort of enjoyment which results from its sorrows.

Miserum te judico, quod nunquam fueris miser.
SEN.

The only satisfaction he seems to feel, is that sort of detection which his ability enables him to make of the emptiness of the world's pleasures, the hypocrisy of its affected virtues, the false estimation of its knowledge, the ridiculousness of its pretended importance. Hence he is often a man of humour and of wit, and plays with both, with the appearance of gaiety and mirth.

mirth. But this gaiety is not happineſs. Such a detection may clothe one's face in ſmiles, but it cannot make glad the heart. In the gaiety of Clitander, however excited, there is little enjoyment. Clitander undervalues his audience, and never delivers himſelf up to them with that happy-cheerfulneſs with which Eudocius tells his old ſtories, and every one laughs without knowing why.

In the apathy of a dull man, nobody is intereſted, and we conſign him to its influence without reflection and without regret. But when one conſiders how much is loſt to the world by the indifference of Clitander, one cannot help lamenting that unfortunate perverſion of talents, by which they are not only deprived of their value, but made inſtruments of ill fortune; which, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, diſappoints the bounty of Heaven, both to its poſſeſſor himſelf, and to thoſe around him, whom it ought to have enriched.

N° 35. SATURDAY, *October* 1, 1785.

AMONG the apologies for irregularity and diſſipation, none are of more pernicious tendency than thoſe which are drawn from the good qualities with which that irregularity and diſſipation are ſuppoſed to be generally accompanied. The warmth and openneſs of noble minds, it is ſaid, are apt to lead them into extravagancies which the cold and the unfeeling can eaſily criticiſe, and may plauſibly condemn. But in the ſame minds reſide the virtues of magnanimity, diſintereſtedneſs, benevolence, and friendſhip, in a degree to which the tame and the ſelfiſh, who boaſt of the prudence and propriety of their conduct, can never aſpire. The firſt reſemble a luxuriant tree, which, amidſt its wild and wandering ſhoots, is yet productive of the richeſt fruit; the others, like a dry and barren ſtock, put forth a few regular but ſtunted branches, which require no pruning indeed, but from which no profit is to be reaped.

It might be worth while to inquire into the juſtice of this account, to the truth of which the young and the gay are apt implicitly to aſſent; but the young and the gay have too much vivacity

city to reaſon, and as little inclination as leiſure for inquiry: Yet ſome of them who knew *Flavillus*, may liſten for a moment while I tell them his hiſtory. 'Tis the laſt time they will be troubled with his name, or his misfortunes!

He was the heir of an eſtate which was once reckoned very conſiderable. It deſcended to him burdened with a good deal of debt, and with a variety of incumbrances; but ſtill Flavillus was held to have ſucceeded to a great poſſeſſion, his nominal rent-roll being a large one. At an early period of life, he entered into the army; but he ſoon quitted a profeſſion where, in point of wealth, the proſpects were not alluring; and where, in point of ſtation, he had not patience to wait for the uſual ſteps of advancement. Flavillus, both while he was in the army, and after he quitted it, was accounted one of the moſt agreeable and moſt accompliſhed men that was any where to be met with. Nor was this reputation undeſerved. Having had a complete univerſity education, he had all the learning of a philoſopher, without any of that pedantry which often attends it; and having mixed a good deal in the world, he had all the eaſe of a man of faſhion, without any of that flippancy which mere men of faſhion are apt to acquire. Flavillus, from thoſe qualities, became the darling of ſociety. His company

was

was univerſally courted; and it was conſidered as a high recommendation to any party of pleaſure, that he was to be one of the number. Poſſeſſed of an indolence which unfitted him for buſineſs, having quitted the army, the only profeſſion he ever had the leaſt inclination to cultivate, and too negligent to think of retrieving the incumbrances on his eſtate by œconomy and ſchemes of prudence, he gave himſelf completely up to the pleaſures of ſociety, and allowed himſelf to be captivated by the popularity which his manners ſecured him, and by the general good-will with which he was conſtantly received.

It is eaſy to conjecture the effects of ſuch a courſe of life on the circumſtances of Flavillus. The debts and incumbrances on his eſtate were allowed to remain, and the expence he was led into added much to their amount. At firſt Flavillus felt a good deal of uneaſineſs on this ground; he made ſome feeble efforts to retrench his expence, and to mix leſs in expenſive ſociety; to dreſs more plainly, to give up public places, to go no more to taverns, to loſe no more money at play. But theſe better reſolutions ſunk under his love of pleaſure, and his temptations to habitual indulgence. He became at length afraid to think of his circumſtances; and the very deſpair which that occaſioned made him plunge more

more deeply into diſſipation. Painfully conſcious as he was of much miſpent time and miſpent fortune, he durſt not look into the account of either.

The deeper, however, he plunged into diſſipation, the fonder of him did his companions become. The circle of his acquaintance indeed came to be in ſome meaſure changed. At an early period of life, his company was ſelect; at a latter period he became leſs nice about his friends; but ſtill Flavillus was accounted one of the fineſt fellows in the world. His bottle-companions were ever loud in his praiſe; at the midnight riot his name was never mentioned without the higheſt panegyric, without the warmeſt profeſſions of friendſhip, confirmed by the moſt ſacred oaths, and accompanied with the moſt endearing expreſſions of delight. Amidſt the vociferations of merriment, and the jollity of debauch, to have liſtened to the ſounds which then were uttered, one would have thought that the Goddeſs of Friendſhip herſelf had deſcended upon earth, and was animating the voices of the companions of Flavillus.

With all this Flavillus was far from being happy. Superior to the companions he now lived with, he could not always avoid reflecting on the nothingneſs of his ſituation; and though he was afraid to think upon it, he could not help

help at times foreseeing that the means of his extravagance must draw to a close. His spirit on some occasions rose within him, and he formed unavailing plans to retrieve his situation, and act worthy of himself; but he had proceeded too far to be able easily to retract; he had sunk in his own esteem, and what was worse, was accustomed to feel that he had done so. In this state he remained for some time, the voice of reason and of right becoming more and more feeble, and the influence of present gratification strengthening with every fresh indulgence.

Matters, however, at length came to a crisis. Upon applying to his man of business, who had, without effect, made repeated remonstrances against his expensive course of life, he was told that there was no more money to be had—that his creditors, who had already had much patience, were now become too clamorous to be any longer flattered or amused; in short, he was informed in plain language, that without discharging his debts a jail must be the consequence.

Flavillus's mind was no longer what it had been. At a former period, had he foreseen such an event, it is hard to say what would have been the consequence. Now he stooped to the misery of his situation. The very night before he received this decisive intelligence, he had been

engaged

engaged in a debauch which laſted from dinner till morning; he had parted with his companions amidſt the loudeſt exclamations of ſocial joy and ſocial affection; the next night they had reſolved to repeat their bliſs and reiterate their enjoyment. At this ſecond meeting Flavillus ventured to mention his ſituation. I will ſpare my readers an account of the mortifying indifference with which his ſtory was received. Flavillus found that from thoſe friends whom he had frequently heard boaſt of the warmth and generoſity of their ſouls, when compared with the meaner and colder minds of the dull, the plodding, and the ſober; from thoſe men with whom he uſed to ſet the table in a roar, with whom he had a thouſand times come under the moſt ſacred bonds of attachment, and who had a thouſand times ſworn they could not live without him;—from all of them was he obliged to receive, in different terms, the ſame mortifying reply, that they could not afford him the ſmalleſt relief or aſſiſtance.

A gentleman, whom I ſhall here call *Marcus*, who had known Flavillus in his younger days, who knew his good qualities, his accompliſhments, ſo worthy of a better fate, who had often mourned over him, but who, from indignation at the diſſipated courſe he had followed, had avoided his company, heard accidentally

dentally of this incident in his life. In the moſt delicate manner in the world, without his ſo much as knowing from whom the relief came, he was relieved, and, by this gentleman's bounty, was freed from the impending horrors of a jail.

But Flavillus, though ruined by diſſipation, had not yet fully attained either its apathy or its meanneſs. The generoſity of Marcus, though it relieved his preſent diſtreſs, ſhewed him at once the ſtation he had loſt, and that to which he was reduced. His body, which his former courſe of life had enfeebled, was too weak to ſupport the agitation of his mind. He retired to a little country village, where he might equally avoid the neglect of thoſe companions by whom his former follies had been ſhared, and the reproach or the pity of thoſe by whom they had been cenſured or ſhunned. Here he lived on a ſmall penſion which the ſame benevolent interpoſition procured him, till a lingering nervous diſorder put a period to his ſufferings.

'Twas but a few weeks ago I aſſiſted at his funeral. There I ſaw one or two of his former aſſociates who had taken the trouble to attend, who, after a few inquiries after the cauſe of his death, and a few common-place regrets, that ſo agreeable and good-hearted a fellow ſhould have been

been ſo unfortunate, made an appointment for a ſupper in the evening. Marcus put a plain ſtone over his grave. I never look on it without the mortifying reflection, with how many virtues it might have been inſcribed! without lamenting that ſo excellent natural abilities as thoſe of Flavillus, ſo much improved by education, and ſo ſuſceptible of farther improvement, ſhould have been loſt to every worthy and valuable purpoſe; loſt in a courſe of frivolous or criminal diſſipation, amidſt companions without attachment or friendſhip, amidſt pleaſures that afforded ſo little real happineſs or enjoyment.

P

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